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Coronet

I Fight the Klan

the personal story of Georgia's battling Governor Ellis Arnall

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ANGER IS A WIND WHICH BLOWS OUT THE LAMP OF THE MIND

—ROBERT INGERSOLL

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Coronet

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

My Battle Against the Klan

by ELLIS ARNALL, *Governor of Georgia*

IF YOU DON'T PAY over your Klectoken to the Klaigrapp, the Kleagle may tell the Kludd to call out the Kavalier Klub to give you a going-over.

If you are a Catholic or a Jew or a foreign-born American, the Cyclops and his twelve Terrors may burn a fiery cross on your lawn some night and scare your children into convulsions.

If you are a Negro, the hooded hoodlums may chase you for sport. And if you are a public official who feels that all citizens should enjoy equal protection of the law, the whole hierarchy of Wizards, Titans, Dragons, Goblins, Cyclops, Kleagles, Kludds, Kligrapps, Genii, Hydras and Terrors will harass you politically, threaten you with injury and, perhaps, do a little casual conspiring against your life.

It's all according to the Kloran, as Ike Gaston found out before they beat him to death near East Point, Georgia. It's all according to the Kloran, as America found out when the Bund and the Klan held joint meetings in New Jersey. It's all according to the Kloran, as the State of Georgia is telling the courts in proceedings to smash the Klan by depriving it of its charter as a charitable, fraternal, non-profit and non-political organization.

What is the Kloran? It is the textbook, ritual and key to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. All of the "K" words and titles, except one, came from the fertile imagination of a little man named William J. Simmons, who founded the Klan in the hope of making a dollar or two out of folks who wanted to play dress-up. The other title, which he didn't devise, is that of Kludd.

Kludd is a word added to the Kloran by some hand later than

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Simmons'. It is the title of the supreme whipping boss of the Klavern, and is probably derived from the sound made by a lash, six feet long by five inches wide by two inches thick and studded with cleats, as it descends on the bare flesh of a victim—such as Ike Gaston, whose corpse was not pretty to look at. . . .

The rebirth of the Klan came just after the outbreak of World War I. Simmons was an obscure insurance salesman and organizer for fraternal groups, ambitious to start one of his own. His first publicity stunt was a pageant and cross-burning on Stone Mountain near Atlanta. Legend has it that more than half the masked figures in the first gathering were Negroes, lured from Decatur Street cafés at $2 a head, to swell the ranks.

Simmons made a little money out of his idea before a couple of shrewd promoters chiseled in, drove him out and started taking the Klectokens (dues and initiation fees) of the suckers for themselves. The Klan expanded most rapidly in those years over the Middlewest, with Indiana as a center. The Klectokens ran into the millions.

In Georgia, the Klan declined generally about 1927, although it continued to flourish in New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Louisiana and Alabama for three or four more years. In 1928, falling upon evil days financially, it took part in the Presidential campaign, devoting its energies to attacks upon Alfred E. Smith, a co-religionist of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only man who put his home address on the Declaration of Independence.

Smashed in Indiana when former Grand Dragon D. C. Stephenson, serving a life sentence for murder, exposed state officials; weakened in Louisiana when bodies of its victims were dredged from a lake; in disrepute in Georgia and a laughing stock everywhere in the East except in parts of New Jersey, the Klan lay quiet for a while. But the organization still exerted some political power, if only through the possession of a remarkable mailing list of suckers.

It exerted enough power in Georgia, for example, for the Imperial Wizard, Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, to dominate the sale of asphalt to the State Highway Department for several years. Dr. Evans and several oil companies, for which he acted as "bidding agent," paid fines in the U. S. District Court on an anti-trust indictment, and later, as Attorney-General, I brought suit and compelled them to disgorge some of their extra profits to the State.

ABOUT 1939, however, a change came over the Klan. The old leaders, who were not unwilling to capitalize on a little rough stuff to make a dollar, went into retirement when the Klan, especially in the East, began to ally itself with the Bundists, with the Christian Fronters, with the Silver Shirts. Burning crosses, scaring Negroes, playing politics, grafting a little and skinning the suckers of Klectokens was not anything for the old crowd, but they were apprehensive about being accused of seditious activities with Nazis and Fascists.

Officially, the Klan suspended operations in 1943. But the Klaverns did not disperse; the Kleagle did not cease to get his share of the

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Klectoken from the Klaigrapp; the Kludds did not disband the Kavalier Klubs. Then, on March 7, 1940, the body of Ike Gaston was found.

There was an investigation of the Klan, especially of the notorious Oakland City and East Point Klaverns. The murderers of Gaston were never identified, but eight floggers were convicted in other cases. They were pardoned promptly by Governor Eugene Talmadge.

But for the time being, in Georgia, the Klan went underground. In the East, when war came, it also went underground as the FBI closed in on the Bund and its friends.

THIS YEAR, as Georgia moved toward a campaign for Governor, one of the candidates seized upon the fact that Negroes would vote for the first time in many years in the Democratic primary, where nomination is the equivalent to election. He reduced his campaign to the simple formula of yelling "Nigger, Nigger!" from the stump.

The Klan came back to life.

Already it had shown signs of reviving in adjacent Tennessee, where it had absorbed the remnants of the Silver Shirts, and in Michigan, where the Black Shirts had been powerful and sinister. In Georgia, too, the East Point and Oakland City Klaverns began to do business again.

Officially, the Imperial Wizard and Supreme Emperor of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan (Incorporated) had disbanded the hooded hoodlums. He denied there were any Klans in Georgia. Since he was in Miami, basking in the sun, and since apparently no share of the Klectokens was being forwarded to him, he may have believed this.

But the Dragons, Titans, Cyclops, Klaigrapps, Kludds, Terrors, Furies, Genii, Goblins and Kavaliers laughed at the official "disbanding and disrobing" order. They proceeded to hold festivities at Stone Mountain again. The "wrecking crews"—informal and highly descriptive name provided for the Kavalier Klubs—got out their whips.

There was a slight element of anticlimax about their first flogging. The victim, who will recover, may not perceive the humor. *But they got the wrong man.*

Buster Johnson was a Navy veteran who had returned to his job as a bellhop in an Atlanta hotel. On his way home late one night, he passed by the house of Roscoe Turner, for whom the Kavalier Klub was waiting. Johnson was a little surprised at being seized, pushed into a waiting car, carried to an

Not yet 40, Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia is a figure of national importance with a notable record as a liberal reformer. As his first official act in 1943, he sent the State Legislature ten bills repealing the dictatorial powers of his governorship. They were passed unanimously. Next he abolished the chain gang, modernized the State's penal system, raised its school standards and abolished the poll tax. Now, despite threats of assassination, Governor Arnall is training his guns on the Ku Klux Klan, in an effort to outlaw it and bring its members to trial for their alleged crimes. Some of the material in this article is from his forthcoming book *The Shore Dimly Seen*, to be published soon by J. B. Lippincott, N. Y.

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How the Original Klan was Born

STRANGELY ENOUGH, the original Ku Klux Klan began in 1865 as a social club of young men in Pulaski, Tennessee. Its ghostly uniform and ritual frightened superstitious Negroes; and when Klansmen discovered this fact accidentally, they lost little time in recruiting membership to 550,000.

The entire South was organized as an Invisible Empire under a Grand Wizard, the ex-Confederate cavalry hero, N. B. Forrest. At a convention in Nashville in 1867, the Klan announced its objectives:

1. To protect the weak and innocent from the lawless: to succor the suffering, especially widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

2. To defend the Constitution of the United States, and to protect the States and people from all invasions of rights and liberties.

Apparently, President Grant did not believe that these objectives were genuine, because he sent a special message to Congress in 1871 urging legislation to curb Klan violence. A series of "Force Laws" were passed to enforce the 14th Amendment, break up secret societies and control Southern elections.

Arrests were made where violence had been rampant, and gradually the organization dissolved. But it had accomplished its leaders' real purpose: to keep Negroes in political bondage.

isolated wooded spot and beaten with a strap.

It is small comfort to him that he was not the intended victim, but whispered explanations among members of the Klavern leaked out. The new "wrecking crew" was not experienced, and little mistakes of this kind will happen when you are breaking in new men.

It was a repetition of the mistake that led to the conviction of the night floggers of P. S. Toney, a highly esteemed citizen and deacon in his church. Toney's floggers had been pardoned, since mistakes will happen.

By my direction, the Attorney General of Georgia, Eugene Cook, launched an investigation of the Klan. He undertook the matter thoroughly and courageously, although he was a candidate for reelection and could expect that Klan influence would be thrown against him. His assistant in the investigation, Daniel Duke, had prosecuted some of the flogging cases in Fulton county and had appeared before Governor Talmadge to resist, unavailingly, the application for pardon of Toney's floggers.

One of the first witnesses to tell his story to the investigators was the Rev. Grady R. Kent, formerly pastor of the Church of God at East Point. The Rev. Mr. Kent had been pitilessly flogged and permanently crippled some years before, because he preached too long and too loud.

Other witnesses followed. Stories of outrages over many years began to be revealed. Especially did the light beat down upon the East

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Point and Oakland City Klaverns.

One morning the phone on my desk rang. I was engaged in a conference with a group of citizens from Harris County, who were talking about the needs of Georgia's beautiful Pine Mountain Park. My secretary was supposed to intercept all calls, so I picked up the phone impatiently.

"John Trost is on the line and says it's very important," she told me. Trost is agent-in-charge of the FBI in Atlanta. I told her to switch him in.

"We have a man inside the Oakland City Klavern," he said. "I thought you might like to know about their meeting last night. They proposed that each of five Klaverns pick five men and send their names to the Grand Dragon, who would select two men to 'do a job' on you."

I thanked him for the information, replaced the phone and resumed my conference with the delegation from Harris County. Evidently the Dragons, Titans, Cyclops, Klaigrapps and Kavaliers were even more excited than on the night of May 9, 1946, when they seized a number of passing citizens and forced them to listen to a long tirade against the Jews, Catholics and Negroes, couched in language that would have turned the stomach of Goebbels.

TODAY, THE STATE of Georgia is proceeding against the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan (Incorporated) because we believe it is the duty of a State to protect the rights of its citizens. The Klan happens to hold its charter and to be domiciled legally in Georgia, although our investigation leads us to believe that, again as in the 1920's, its membership is largest in the Middlewest, especially in the highly explosive Chicago and Detroit areas.

We think that if we can revoke the charter of the organization, the act will serve two useful purposes. It will make it more difficult for the Klan to function on a nationwide basis and will cut off some of the revenues that are being siphoned out of suckers and into subversive activities. It also will turn the light on a dangerous native-Fascist group.

Do not be fooled into a belief that the Klan is nothing more than a minor manifestation of violence. The Blackshirts, the Brownshirts and the Nightshirts are brothers under their skins. Much of the present leadership of the Klan, especially of the resurgent groups in Tennessee, Illinois and New Jersey, are frankly Fascist. The Georgia and Michigan variety, as far as we can tell, is largely violent. And while it does not make a great deal of difference to the victim personally whether he is flogged to death by common lawbreakers or by Fascist conspirators, it might make a real difference to America one day.

Of course, it is difficult to be exact in these matters. Hitler's Brownshirts used their steel whips on ideological and personal enemies impartially. Mussolini set his Blackshirts on personal as well as political foes. The best test of whether the now loosely united individual units of the Klan are Fascist or merely criminal is to be found in the type of literature they distribute.

Where the literature is heavily flavored with anti-Semitism, where it drools the reprinted hatred of Streicher and Goebbels, it is reason-

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able evidence that Fascist elements are in control.

The hierarchy of the Klan lends itself admirably to the Fuehrer principle. At the top is the Imperial Wizard and Supreme Emperor, to whom the individual Klansman must take an oath of absolute personal obedience. At present, the Wizard claims that the Klan does not exist, but it is more probable that the Wizard has merely been supplanted by a successor and is unaware of what is happening.

Underneath the Wizard, whose analogy to the Fuehrer is obvious, are the Grand Dragons, heads of States in the same way that the Gauleiters were heads of German provinces. Beneath the Dragons are the Titans, overlords of several Klaverns, and the Cyclops, each of whom heads a Klavern, the smallest unit of the Ku Klux Klan. It is a ready-made structure for some native Fascist leader to move into.

Already the Klan is equipped with its book of ritual, the Kloran. Already it possesses its scapegoats, the Jews and Catholics and Negroes. Already it has its martyrs, comparable to Horst Wessel, in the eight pardoned floggers and in Grand Dragon Stephenson of Indiana.

The Nightshirts look ridiculous, wrapped in sheets and with pillowcases over their heads. But they are no more ridiculous than their Brownshirt counterparts. If America does not get rid of them and of the ideology that underlies their nocturnal activities, *they may get rid of America as we know it.*

In Georgia, we are determined that this shall not happen. We are taking the Klansmen to the place they are most reluctant to go, the courtroom, where impartial judges and juries can look underneath the mask and see who is hiding there.

One More Round

OF THE MANY STATEMENTS made by James J. Corbett during his colorful career, one is pre-eminent. "What," someone asked him, "is most important to do to become champion?" And Corbett replied: "Fight one more round."

Corbett was a champion of the prize ring, but there have been champions in other fields, and the same has held true of them.

Thomas Edison, seeking a proper filament to light his incandescent lamp, failed month after month—but one day his efforts met success, and the world was presented with the electric light. He had fought "one more round."

Enrico Caruso was told by his music teacher that he had no voice. He persevered for a dozen years, studying at night while he worked in a factory during the day. His opportunity came—but his voice cracked during rehearsal, and he fled from the theater in tears. When he filled in one night for a tenor who had become ill, the audience hissed him. But in spite of everything he continued to study. He reached the top.

—*The W. W. & L. Way*

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Is Your Husband or Wife an Asset?

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

Marriage is a round-the-clock business; it will fail if one partner is a liability

A FRIEND OF MINE who lives down the street prides herself on frankness. "I don't believe in flattery," she often says. "I think it's better to tell the truth, even when it hurts."

Not long ago her husband entered a new business firm. It was a step ahead and his future looked bright. When she met her husband's new boss for the first time at a party, and loudly told him, "Why, you're older than I thought you'd be!" the other guests smiled. They snickered when she assured the boss' wife that she never *had* believed in reducing, you might just as well be fat and admit it . . .

The boss and his wife smiled with the others, but thereafter they seemed to avoid the new employee and his family. "Harry's a good man," the boss admitted, but somehow, men whom he'd gotten to know better were gradually advanced over Harry's head. Now the wife refers to her husband as "poor Harry." She's as proud as ever of her "frankness"—yet Harry holds a much lowlier position than he deserves.

This neighbor of mine is just one of the countless spouses who are liabilities, rather than assets, to their opposite marital numbers. Perhaps what she needs as training for marriage—and what thousands of others need—is a good stiff course in business administration. We've always heard that "marriage is a partnership" but we don't always realize that for this very reason it must be run like a business.

Rather, like *two* businesses, for every married couple is actually involved in two inter-related enterprises—the long-term venture of their marriage and the shorter term commercial business through which they earn their daily bread. These two businesses are affected by the same currents of public opinion, the same rules of behavior. Both succeed through cooperation, efficiency and effort, or fail through disinterest, carelessness and downright stupidity.

We all know that a wife or husband who indulges in some extravagance far beyond the family

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pocketbook is not being fair to the other partner. The wife who buys expensive clothes when her husband is making $40 a week; the husband who likes to collect stamps but can't afford an encyclopedia for the children . . . this kind of selfishness we are quick to condemn. Yet it is no worse than indulging in the intangible luxuries the business of marriage simply can't afford, such as ill temper, bad manners, poor sportsmanship and sloppy habits.

"We live our own lives," we say. "What we do is no one else's business." Maybe it isn't, if you're *single*. But when you marry, your marriage is everybody's business—especially your mate's.

Your marriage is not confined to the walls of your home. Ninety per cent of it exists outside those walls, in plain sight of a curious and often critical world. You are a liability to your "business partner" whenever you underestimate the effect of your actions on the world at large. "What people think" doesn't matter at all—*except* when those people have it in their power to hurt you.

Consider the wife who heckles company with detailed, blow-by-blow accounts of her visits to the doctor, the dentist, the psychiatrist and sometimes the local pastor. No one else (least of all her husband, who is too much of a gentleman to throttle her) is given a chance to share in the evening's conversation. The husband would be invited out more often—if it weren't for his wife.

Far more common are those couples who embarrass their friends and ruin evenings by arguing with each other. Many a wife has worried over "making a good impression" on the important client her husband brings home for dinner. She prepares a delectable meal, dons her most stylish dress, charms the client with her gracious conversation—and then promptly wrecks the whole "good impression" by turning into a shrew at the bridge table when her husband forgets to return her lead.

Just as bad is the husband who refuses to learn the game—or *any* game that everyone else wants to play. He is usually gracious and cooperative with his downtown partner, because in that case money is involved. But he is shortsighted at home, for no real dividing line exists between the business of marriage and the dollars-and-cents business.

Obviously a poor, inefficient and uncooperative business partner ruins not only himself but his partner and the whole enterprise as well. The same can be said of marriage. When a husband or wife criticizes too much or becomes boorish or commits any of a score of other social offenses, this is not simply exercising the right to "lead one's own life" but is just plain "poor business."

PERHAPS, HOWEVER, you are a "model" wife or husband. But if you think you are, consider a few of the points by which one's status as a marital asset or liability is determined:

1. *Are you genuinely "interested in the business"?*

It's the first question an employer puts to a job applicant, for he knows success comes easiest to people who

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want it. Is your heart in the partnership or do you treat it like a spare-time job? And do you *show* your desire to make good?

All women who secretly believe they could have "gone places" if they hadn't given up everything to get married—all men who feel their traditional masculine freedom has been traded for rigid marital bonds—get zero on this question.

2. *Assuming you are interested in making a go of marriage, do you exert the required effort?*

Do you refuse to play golf, and then complain because you're a golf widow? Do you say, "I never did like long-haired music," yet moan every time your wife leaves you alone to go to a concert? Or what about the case of the husband who forces his wife to go along on fishing trips she hates, or the wife who expects her husband to be so interested in her new outfit that he'll spend his only free afternoon helping her to pick it out?

The world is full of husbands who feel that the end of business hours is the end of their work day. They may glance up from the easy chair in the living room to watch the little woman simultaneously answer the phone and rescue a cake from the oven, but when asked to help they reply, "I've been working all day—I have to relax once in a while, don't I?"

And there are plenty of wives who greet their husbands every evening with a long list of chores which could easily have been done during the day if there hadn't been a gossipy neighborhood meeting. Certainly home should not mean work, work, work. In some there is a great deal, in some very little. But however light or heavy the burden, it should be shared. Marriage cannot run smoothly if it runs lopsided.

Marriage is full of new experiences, and about the time you are so tired of "adjusting" and "compromising" that you feel like an over-age rubber band, you have to adjust all over again—and smile while doing it.

Husbands and wives who have ever said, "Well, I've done my part, now it's up to him (or her)," get another zero on Question Two.

3. *Have you real faith in your partner's ability?*

Do you feel confident that your husband knows his business, or do you have a sneaking feeling that he's a kind of dope, albeit a sweet one? And men—are you convinced that your wives could do everything just a little better—if they'd only do it *your* way?

Men and women who even *think* they humor the other partner will never find marriage more than a source of grief and frustration.

4. *Do you show your wife or husband the same consideration as people you care much less about?*

You wouldn't flatter and smile at customers and then go into your business partner's office and tell him his wife is homely and you don't like his choice in ties. It is just as ridiculous to listen attentively to an anecdote told by your neighbor's wife, when six nights a week your only reply to your own wife's efforts at conversation is a rude "Huh?" from behind the newspaper.

There are women who spend hours in beauty shops to appear radiant before strangers in a night

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club or restaurant—but who won't bother to comb their hair for breakfast with their husbands. They should realize that their husbands deserve the same care and courtesy put on display for strangers.

5. *Do you criticize your wife or husband to "sympathetic" friends?*

This is a fearful kind of sabotage. Invariably our desire for sympathy leads us to say things that are only half true, and the whispered confidences grow like snowballs.

The man who goes to his local pub or club to describe his fight with his wife—the woman who tells her friends (confidentially, of course) how John has been getting out of hand—these and others like them would be greater assets to the institution of marriage if they discussed their marital shortcomings in *private*.

6. *Do you repeat personal facts about your spouse which he (or she) wouldn't say in the first place?*

This is a milder but equally infuriating type of sabotage. Many a man has been fired from his job because he could not keep confidential matters to himself. The fact that your husband or wife can't fire you does not give you the right to violate a basic business rule—Keep it to yourself!

7. *Do you maintain a good "front" for your marriage partnership?*

When a man goes into business for himself, one of his first considerations is to furnish his office in a way that will favorably impress and therefore attract clients. Then he worries about his personal appearance—will it inspire confidence in him? He wants everything to "be in good taste," for he knows professional ability is often judged by such seemingly superficial matters.

But his efforts are wasted if they end when office hours are over. Poor taste *at home* can be just as big a thorn in the side. The husband or wife who wears gaudy clothes when sportswear is in order; who furnishes the home in such a way as to make it conspicuously out of place; who takes no interest in cultural activities which absorb the very people he wants as friends—this spouse is penalizing his partner.

As far as the marriage partnership is concerned, the home is the "place of business." You selected the location carefully, knowing that a good neighborhood is an asset both professionally and socially. But it won't be if you don't live up to it. For the sake of their marriage as well as their pocketbooks, partners-in-matrimony must groom themselves to fit the niche they choose—or move into another.

8. *Do you excuse your shortcomings with "I'm just being myself," or "That's the way I am"?*

This is like balancing company books to show a deficit instead of a profit, then laughing merrily at the mistake. If the things you do in the process of "being yourself" are detrimental to your partner, you have no choice but to change. Take the woman, for instance, who readily admits, "I've always had an uncontrollable temper, and I always will have." Or the man who cheerfully explains, "I never *could* make ends meet!"

If the woman were single she could cherish her temper through life to a spinster's grave. If the man were a bachelor it wouldn't matter that his carefree laughter drowned the sound of money slipping

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through his fingers. But when you marry, your right to be yourself and the devil take the hindermost is something that must be abandoned forever.

The marriage ceremony itself implies that matrimony is not a private affair. It is performed in public, among witnesses, relatives and friends. By joining in it, a couple tacitly agree that from then on they are not only responsible to each other, but they want the world to know about it.

So don't blame the world if it judges your marriage by commonsense standards. No business can succeed if its liabilities overshadow its assets. And no one will put the stamp of approval on your marriage if one of the partners is a social and cultural bankrupt.

. . . And Be a Friend to Man

WHENEVER people take a poem to their hearts, the years of its popularity bring forth colorful stories of how the verse came into being. One of the most appropriate is that universal favorite by Sam Walter Foss, *The House by the Side of the Road*, which was inspired by the friendliness of a New England farmhouse.

Foss, an enthusiastic traveler, was hiking in the country one day when he saw a small unpainted house nearly astride the road. He was hot and tired as he climbed the hill to the house and read: COME IN AND HAVE A COOL DRINK

A crude signpost pointed to a well-worn path which curved around the house. Following it, Foss discovered a spring of ice cold water in which a barrel had been sunk. An old gourd dipper hung above it, and Foss drank long and thirstily. Then he saw a wooden bench which held a bowl of ripe apples. There was another sign: HELP YOURSELF.

Biting into an apple, Foss went up to the house. There he found an aged couple, with the rocky farm their only means of support.

"You see, sir, it is little we can do for our fellow men. But we do have the best water in the county and some nice trees in the orchard. From the day the first plum ripens until the plucking of the last red apple, we place whatever fruit is in season in that bowl on the bench. There's always a gourd of cold water handy. So little we can do for the stranger!"

"Yes, the good Lord enables us to do this little bit for the folks who go up and down the road," the wife added.

All that day and night the words stayed on with the traveler.

"It is little we can do but—"

Sam Walter Foss bent his head over a piece of paper and wrote:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good and they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in a scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

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STOP CHEATING YOUR CHILDREN!

by CHARLES HARRIS

Shameful exploitation of our teachers is sabotaging our educational system. Here is how you can remedy a national disgrace

AS AMERICANS, you and I like to boast about our public schools—like to point with pride to the democratic educational system into which we send our children and which has given so much strength to our nation's position as a world power.

But before pointing so pridefully you had better take a closer look. I did, and I didn't like what I saw. Neither will you.

That closer look shocked me, wounded my pride. It left one of my deepest convictions shaken, if not shattered. Yet if enough of us are brave enough to take that closer look right now—and then act immediately—there may still be time to save our children's future and the future of the United States.

Today, the American educational system of which we have long been proud is sagging sadly—so sadly that unless corrective action is taken quickly and decisively, irreparable damage will be done. And who is responsible for this crisis in our schools? No one but ourselves.

We have built fine buildings and equipped them with the best facilities. But we have forgotten that, like the rare Stradivarius violin which is worthless without a musician to play it, no school can function properly without good teachers. And to our everlasting shame, we have managed to make school teaching one of the most discredited professions in America.

In fact, as you read this article, the greatest educational exodus in history is taking place all around us. By the thousands, our teachers are deserting crowded town and city schoolhouses for better-paying and more attractive jobs. By the thousands we are driving them from their profession, leaving our children (and our country's future as well) to the whims of circumstance.

We should know in advance the inevitable results. In Nazi Germany, in fascist Italy, in militarist Japan, we have seen the youthful product of education operating in reverse. During the past few years we have managed to reduce the size of our world by half or more, while at the same time doubling its com-

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plexities. Wouldn't it be a grim joke to send our children untaught and unprepared into this baffling world we've built?

Surely the youth of America has never been more desperately in need of teaching and enlightenment. Yet today, the shortage of competent teachers in the U.S. has risen to more than 125,000—*and is still climbing rapidly*. Stuart Chase, author and economist, has estimated the shortage at nearer 500,000. That is, we need 500,000 more teachers to make our system of education anywhere near adequate.

As a direct result of this shortage, more than 7,000 classrooms have been closed, remaining classes have been over-expanded (in many cases up to 60 pupils in a single classroom), individual attention to children has almost vanished and many vital subjects have been dropped.

In plain words, we are cheating our boys and girls of their right to the kind of education they deserve. For the one-third or more of their waking hours they spend in school, they are not getting the help and guidance they urgently need. By acquiescing to a shortsighted and stupid policy, we are depriving our children of the precious heritage which we received from our parents.

One out of eight teachers in America today is brand-new on the job. What is worse, one out of ten holds an *emergency* certificate. Do you know what an *emergency* certificate is? It is a permit granted to *unqualified* teachers—teachers who can't meet schoolboard requirements but whom we are willing to accept as instructors of our children.

So far this year, about 108,000 such certificates have been issued throughout the country. California has 7,500 emergency teachers, Ohio and Iowa more than 5,000 each. Teachers have even been solicited by classified ads, such as this one in a Southern newspaper: "Teacher wanted. Knowledge of common branches desired, but not required."

In Arkansas, a convict was freed from prison in order to teach. As a former teacher he had assaulted a girl student. But his community couldn't find a replacement, so he was released by public request.

Since 1939, more than 600,000 teachers have left the profession. Far too many of these have been men, with the result that more and more of our boys will complete their schooling without ever having had a teacher of their own sex—a situation roughly comparable to being raised without a father.

Teacher turnover has been greater than the turnover in any other "business." Even worse, there has been a staggering decrease in the number of men and women being trained to teach. During the past year, only about *one-half* as many students enrolled in teachers' colleges as in 1920.

MOST TEACHERS' colleges are pessimistic about the future. Indiana State Teachers frankly admits its recruiting program is not making headway. The best argument Murray State Teachers College in Kentucky can offer to potential teachers is that teaching is "a good depression profession." And at the University of Connecticut, Dean Sumner A. Dole puts it bluntly: "I tell them they'll never have money unless they marry it or steal it."

In the preparation of this ar-

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ticle, teachers, school officials and citizens were interviewed in every section of the country. Without exception, parents were surprised, shocked and angered on being told the facts. They demanded to know *why* our teachers are quitting.

The answer was quickly supplied by the school people themselves. It is a startlingly simple reason: "*Who wants to teach?*"

Apparently, almost no one does—with the exception of the minority of loyal women and men who teach simply because they love it. They have stood by their profession because of a fervent desire to help mold the minds of the coming generation, and because they recognize, if we parents do not, the importance of their job. But there are far too few such men and women, and even many of them are now becoming discouraged.

In North Dakota, a high-school adviser explained: "I can't honestly ask my brightest students to become teachers. I'm sorry, for I suppose I'm helping my profession to commit suicide."

In Colorado, a veteran woman teacher with a master's degree told of talking with a young high-school graduate about teaching as a career. The girl graduate asked: "How much will I earn?"

"About $1,800 a year, but you'll have to start at $1,200."

"I get $2,300 now as a government clerk," the girl replied. "Why should I spend time and money to go through college and earn *less?*"

This typical remark spotlights the greatest drawback to teaching—low pay. Have you any idea what you and I are paying the men and women on whom we rely to guide our children? In 1939, the average annual salary of all teachers, principals and supervisors was $1,408. Today we have raised that to $1,950 (about $37 per week)—but a good part of it goes to pay the income tax we have slapped back on teachers along with their raises.

And here are some equally shocking figures:

One in every five teachers is paid less than $1,200 a year.

One in every 30 teachers earns less than $600 a year.

Of course, salaries vary in different sections of the country. New York State happens to have the highest average: in 1944, it was $2,726. Today it is slightly higher.

At the other extreme, the average in Maine was only $1,158, and in Georgia $923. In Mississippi, the *average* salary for all teachers, principals and supervisors was the appalling figure of $790.

BUT THERE is another drawback to teaching that isn't financial. Its roots are at the heart of the grave crisis now facing us. R. L. Davidson, Jr. of the University of Missouri summed it up by citing the lack of "social esteem" in the job.

"People compliment teachers for the great work they are doing, while at the same time they pity them," he said. "I am amazed at the number of returning servicemen who try to hide the fact that they were ever teachers."

Dr. A. F. Myers of New York University recounts the case of a woman who taught in Scarsdale, New York—one of the highest-paid school areas in the country. She left because many parents in Scarsdale considered teachers to be on a

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social par with domestic servants. The attitude, she said, was typified by one mother who remarked:

"I should think you girls would *just love* teaching here in Scarsdale! We have such handsome chauffeurs."

Another intriguing case concerns a Lieutenant Commander who was stationed temporarily in the same town in which he had taught prior to the war. "In the ten weeks my wife and I were there as 'Navy,' we had more invitations and more friends than in the whole ten years I taught there," he said. "I only wish I could afford to go back and teach long enough to find out whether I'd be treated as a teacher or naval officer."

But he won't go back. With a new job in the business world, he has found both the social esteem and income he needs to live a normal happy life. He has learned that if as citizens we didn't appreciate him, as businessmen we do.

In fact, during the manpower shortage of the war years, businesses were quick to seize upon this previously untapped fount of talent. Most teachers hold college degrees, some of them master's degrees or better. Experienced in handling delicate human problems, many of them also have priceless scientific and mathematical know-how.

Small wonder we've snapped them up for business—but how tragic that we have failed to place a similar high valuation on their services as teachers for our children! Equally tragic is the fact that most competent teachers have abandoned their profession with real reluctance. One former teacher was nearly in tears as I talked to him.

> While Russia is literally lifting herself by her boot straps because she saw the value of popular education in the United States, we are allowing our educational system to deteriorate. It is reported that Russia in her economic poverty spends the equivalent of $13,000,000,000 or twenty per cent of her national income for education. We, in our enormous wealth, spend less than $3,000,000,000, or less than two per cent of our income, on education. In the world-wide struggle between democracy and communism as ways of life, the outcome will be determined by education, not by force. The victor will be the teacher, not the soldier.
>
> —Ralph McDonald, Executive Secretary of the Department of Higher Education, National Education Association

"I loved teaching," he said, "and still do. But my wife and I came to the dreadful realization that, as an underpaid teacher, *I would not be able to send my own son to college!* Now I'm an assistant personnel director in a local plant, and my weekly pay check almost equals what I formerly earned in a month."

Among teachers wno served in the armed forces and have returned to civilian life, the migration into more lucrative and socially recognized fields is especially pronounced. Few are going back to teaching. I have talked to many veterans about this, and opinion was almost unanimous. One young Californian grinned wryly.

"The boys used to do a lot of crabbing in the Army about our pay—how much more they made

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in civilian life and what they could go back to. When they got around to me, I usually managed to cover up with a coughing fit. Yes, I'm teaching again now, but I've had several offers, and I know I won't be teaching this Fall. Guess the Army spoiled me."

Another veteran, who has landed an advertising job, told me he had been able to send twice as much money to his family while serving as a master sergeant in the Air Forces as during his teaching career. "I couldn't ask my wife to go back to what we'd always struggled on," he concluded solemnly.

I could think of no reply.

YES, I HAVE taken a closer look at our educational system—and I can't see a single bright spot, unless it is the brave determination of a comparatively few loyal teachers to stick it out in spite of us.

As a typical American parent, I have decided that the predicament into which we have forced the teaching profession is America's Number One disgrace. As a layman, however, I realize that I cannot possibly have all the answers. But at the same time I know that I, personally, must do all I can to stem the tide.

Here is an attainable program I have worked out for myself. It can serve you, too. For if enough of us do all we can as individuals, the teacher problem, hopeless as it seems, will be solved in short order.

1. I propose to start by getting to know some teachers—personally. My son happens to have one of that vanishing group of male teachers in the elementary schools. When this teacher returns for the new Fall term, I am going to invite him to play golf with me. We will talk about everything he wants to talk about, but I won't mention schools, children or teaching—unless he mentions them first. We're going to play for a nickel a hole—no more—and afterward I'm going to buy him a drink in the locker room. By the end of the afternoon, I'll know at least *one* teacher.

My wife, in much the same way, is planning to invite another teacher to the next meeting of her women's club. They should get along wonderfully, for they are about the same age and both hail from the same section of Illinois. That's a lot more than my wife has in common with many of her acquaintances, so they will likely find plenty of mutual interests once they get together.

Later, we plan to include both of these new-found friends in a dinner party. I don't blame teachers for living alone and *not* liking it. So that kind of social snobbery is going to stop immediately, at least as far as I personally am concerned.

2. I am going to agitate for action in our town to make teaching positions so attractive that the best young graduates in the country will vie with each other for an appointment to our local schools. I will start by convincing one friend of the practicality of my plan. Then we will each go to work on two others. And so on. By Christmas I hope our strategy will result in direct and forthright action.

The cost even of *doubling* the salary of every teacher in our town would be an infinitesimal burden when divided among all us taxpayers. Weighed against my son's future and the futures of the other

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children in town, it would be even less than that.

In certain progressive communities, there are salary committees studying the problem. We will have a salary committee too, and their recommendation, I hope, will be generous enough to solve our problem once and for all. While we're at it, we will also invite teachers to serve on civic committees. And, ultimately, I should like to see them serving on our town council.

3. There's something else I can do, on a broader scale. My boy's teacher is only one of a million teachers in the U.S.; my own community is only one community among thousands. But the teacher problem is a national problem, threatening our national welfare.

Funds for financing education in the U.S. are largely obtained from taxation. But in sparsely settled sections, tax collections are so low that even basic educational needs cannot be met. Therefore, I believe Federal aid is necessary.

First, I think legislation should establish a nation-wide *minimum* starting salary for young teachers of, say, $2,400 a year—varying only according to the cost of living in different sections of the country.

Second, I think that every teacher should be guaranteed a *minimum* raise of $100 a year, thus permitting him to earn at least $5,000 a year during his useful career. Remember, I am speaking of a *minimum* guarantee. If a teacher isn't worth that, he isn't worth having as an instructor for our youngsters.

Third, in those areas of the country where local and state funds are not sufficient to pay teachers at these rates, Federal subsidies must be provided to make up the deficit.

I HAVE already written to my congressman and my senators, urging their support of such a program. In fact, there is a bill on the Congressional calendar right now which provides for Federal aid to education. It is a step in the right direction—if only a step. Yet unless we carry our fight forward step by step, we will never achieve success.

That is why I have drafted a long-range program for myself. Once the steps I have outlined are taken in enough communities, I believe the job will be three-fourths done. From that point onward—with an all-out drive to recruit teachers conducted via radio, magazines, newspapers, and in our high schools—we could succeed.

Once our teachers are given their deserved place in our communities, once they are paid adequately for the all-important job which we expect them to do for our children, the standards of the profession will be immeasurably raised, and the present exodus from our classrooms will be reversed.

The alternative to my program seems to be the complete collapse of our school system and the deliberate sabotaging of our children's future. I have made my choice. What about you?

The class yell of the School of Experience is "Ouch!"
—WALTER WINCHELL

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A young housewife who knows the answers has found a profitable "career" in radio

Mrs. Quiz Whiz Makes a Living

by SIDNEY CARROLL

IN THE BACK ROOMS of the radio industry there are strange little people who do strange little things. I know one man who makes a living by imitating nothing but horses, hysterical Russians and children who lisp. I am also acquainted with the man who first managed to reproduce the sound of salmon leaping upstream.

There are many such remarkable craftsmen in the nooks and crannies of the business—a vast, unsung army of them. One of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most unsung, is a lady I shall call Mrs. Pauline Evans, for I have promised that I would not reveal her real name.

The only profession Mrs. Evans admits to on her income tax returns is that of "housewife," but the fact is that she makes a living on the radio. Yet she is not employed by any of the radio networks; in fact, she is not employed by anybody. She is one of that tight, smart, unorganized but strangely exclusive band of a half-dozen people in Hollywood—they include an ex-schoolteacher, several actors out of work and two other housewives—who make quite a profitable business of appearing as contestants on quiz programs.

Mrs. Evans is a widow. Her bungalow, six miles from that part of Sunset Boulevard which is the radio corner of Hollywood, is neat as a pin and as up-to-date as the advertisements. It boasts a washing machine, a stainless steel sink, a new vacuum cleaner, a cabinet radio. All these things Mrs. Evans has won by dint of brains, personality and perseverance—by answering questions on the quiz shows. She has a small bank account and has recently taken out insurance policies that will get her children through college. The table she sets is a good one, and she entertains friends about once a week.

The standard of living she has established for herself and her children comes from the fact that Mrs. Evans makes about $75 a week from the quiz programs—in good weeks, $100. She makes it either in cash awards or by selling the articles

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she wins, articles like radios and refrigerators, vacuum cleaners and fountain pens.

Mrs. Evans is small, bright, birdlike. She has the rapid speech common to persons who always have a ready answer for anything. She never finished high school. "I got married too fast," she laughs.

Before she was 19 she had two children and before she was 21 her husband had died. Mrs. Evans tried her hand at many things—working for a seamstress, then for a milliner, then selling children's books, then making ceramic salt-and-pepper shakers in her kitchen.

"The idea," she told me, "was to do something that would give me *some* time during the day for the children." She always managed to make enough for the rent, but there was never quite enough for food and clothing.

"I had tried to get extra work at the movie studios, but that's worse than starving to death. So I went to one of the radio stations and applied for part-time work. They said 'No, thanks,' but would I like to see a radio show, as long as I was in the studio. Before I knew it I was sitting down front at one of those quiz programs."

Ten or fifteen minutes before a show is scheduled to go on the air the announcer—or master of ceremonies or quizmaster or whatever he is called—appears before the audience and indulges in what is known as the "warm-up." Jovially he introduces himself, laughingly he tells what the show is all about. And then he begins the precarious business of picking contestants for the quiz show.

This is the crux of any audience-participation show—the basic ingredient on which it stands or falls. The man who does the picking must know exactly what he is doing. The day Mrs. Evans visited the studio, the announcer said he was going to offer $100 in cash prizes to people who could answer his questions, and anybody who would like to take a chance could raise a hand.

"Well," says Mrs. Evans, "I'm no shrinking violet. I raised my hand." The announcer picked Mrs. Evans. She went home with $20 in prize money.

ON THE WAY HOME Mrs. Evans thought about it. When she got home she sat down at the radio. For a week she listened to every quiz program, and every time a question was asked she tried to answer it. At the end of seven days her score was: 60 per cent right, 10 per cent almost right, 30 per cent wrong. That was enough for Mrs. Pauline Evans.

She went about the thing calmly and deliberately. Learning the many methods of securing radio tickets, she went after the ones for quiz shows. On good days, she'd attend three or four. She'd show up early in order to get a seat down front. When they asked for volunteers her arm would always go up. She developed little tricks for catching the announcer's eye.

"Whenever I sit down front," she says, "I take off my shoes. *That* makes 'em notice you. A tricky hat helps too . . . Then if they point to you, a funny name is helpful. It gets the audience on your side. And if the audience likes you, the announcer is sure to pick you."

As a hobby, Mrs. Evans keeps a

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list of the names she has invented for herself. "Daphne Middleburg" and "Eunice Dovetail" are two of her favorites. "You see, they're funny but plausible. You've always got to seem plausible. If you get the least bit out of line—you know what I mean, slapsticky—the audience will know you're a fake. And then the announcer won't dare pick you for the program."

On her first week in business Mrs. Evans won $30 in cash prizes, a $25 gift certificate at a local department store, and a coffee percolator. "I was in heaven!" she recalls. "It was the most money I'd ever made in my life! The kids ate well that week."

After a while the radio people got to know Mrs. Evans. And then it became unnecessary for her to scrounge around after tickets of admission. The ushers would wink and let her in, and the announcers would nod at her—as inconspicuously as possible, of course—when they saw her take her place down front. It was then that Mrs. Evans realized they did not resent her presence, in fact, they welcomed it. She was their insurance against a dull show.

If a show calls for five audience members to participate, the announcer must make sure that he picks five people who counterbalance each other. An ideal cast of characters would include: an old man with a good sense of humor; an old lady, slightly bewildered—slightly silly, if possible; a bright young veteran of the armed forces; a trim young housewife with a good head; and a pretty young WAC or WAVE with a gift for comeback. Such a group of contestants, alert, eager to talk and symbolizing a fair cross-section of the citizenry, gives the announcer his chance to make the most of that free and easy badinage which is the life of any audience-participation show.

" . . . And where are you from, Mrs. Klotz? . . . And would you care to tell us your age? . . . And how many children do you have?"

People who give short, flat, replies to personal questions can ruin a show.

Sometimes the announcer finds it tough going. He may find no bright old men or lovable old ladies in the sea of shining faces before him, or any eager young beavers who seem capable of supplying a few bright ad libs. It is at just such moments that Mrs. Evans, sitting down front, somehow manages to catch his eye.

The announcer knows Mrs. Evans. He has been aware of her presence in the audience ever since he came out on the stage. Mrs. Evans has made sure of that. He turns to her as if he is seeing her for the first time and says, "Well—here's a young lady who seems ready and willing to enter the contest! What is your name, Miss?"

Mrs. Evans says, "Josephine Bingle," or something to that effect—just funny enough to cause the audience to titter. The pretense of unfamiliarity between the announcer and Mrs. Evans must be maintained. Nobody in the audience would dare interpret the twinkle in the eyes of both as one of recognition. The game is not going so well for the announcer, and he is reaching for his ace in the hole. Mrs. Evans is just that—an ace in the

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hole, a pinch-hitter who never fails.

She is also something of an actress. When Mrs. Evans starts to climb the small staircase to the stage, she trips and clutches frantically for her hat. It is a handsomely executed clutch. Naturally the audience laughs. That is known technically as Laugh Number One. The announcer makes a crack about Mrs. Evans' inclination to trip. Unexpectedly, good-naturedly, Mrs. Evans cracks right back. This time the audience roars. Laugh Number Two.

The audience knows now what the announcer has known right along—that Mrs. Evans is one contestant who can be relied upon to put on a good show. What the audience does not know is the number of times this announcer, as well as a number of other announcers on quiz programs, have relied upon the little lady for that very thing. But there is one big difference between Mrs. Evans and the pinch-hitter in baseball—Mrs. Evans can *always* be relied on to make a hit.

But though she is a ringer, she is no set-up. There is no further collusion between her and the announcer. All the time she's on the stage, seemingly doing this sort of thing for the first time in her life, she will be working hard for a living. As far as winning prizes is concerned, she is in the same boat as others on the program, the real amateurs. She has no idea what questions are coming or what answers are expected.

The announcer has done her the favor of picking her—she repays the favor by pepping up the program. She knows many tricks that can make an audience howl with glee. But for the rest, she's strictly on her own.

Mrs. Evans keeps peculiar hours. Some days she appears at the studio at 9 A. M., on other days not until evening. She can't handle a regular 9-to-5 job because she has two children, aged 8 and 9, and the household to keep going. But since the radio companies provide a steady diet of quiz programs, day and night, Mrs. Evans always manages to pick one that fits smoothly into her schedule.

The kind of program she likes best is the one that starts at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. If she attends such a program, Mrs. Evans can get the children lunch and send them off to the afternoon session at school. The beds have been made up; the house has been cleaned; Mrs. Evans leaves crackers on the kitchen table and a note for the children saying Mama will be home at dinner time.

SOON AFTER she started making the rounds of the quiz programs, Mrs. Evans discovered to her surprise that she hadn't invented a brand-new method of making a living. She learned others were doing the same thing. She began to recognize other constant visitors to the quiz programs and soon she got to know them. They are all rivals, but they are all her friends. They like to compare winnings.

"Mrs. Allen now, she made $62, four cartons of cigarettes, a fountain pen and a bedside radio last week. I made $78 cash, but Mrs. Allen sold the radio for $20. She beat us all last week."

Mrs. Evans' all-time high was $168. That was a phenomenal week

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during which she was lucky enough to get picked as a contestant on two of the biggest quiz programs on the air and on five smaller ones. Her lowest ebb was reached the week she got on only two programs and made only $12.

"But if you live the way we do, on a certain amount a week and the rest in the bank, these things average out. I figure I make $75 a week. It's a living."

I asked her why there were so few people in her business. The whole Hollywood clique of quiz whizzes does not comprise more than six or seven people.

"Well," she says, "you have to live a special kind of life in the first place—you know, the sort of thing where you can be on call any hour of the day. I'm a housewife, but not all housewives can do it. I'm able to do it because I have no husband and because my kids are getting old enough to take care of themselves when I'm away from home.

"Then there's another reason. It takes nerve—a special kind of nerve. You have to have *that!* And there's one more reason."

"What's that?"

"It takes brains!"

Juvenile Jive

ALICE HAD JUST learned the story of Columbus, and was telling it to her mother. " . . . and his ships were named the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and—and . . . "

"The *Santa Maria*," prompted her mother.

"That's right! And the queen's name was—was . . ." fumbled the youngster.

"Isabella," said her mother.

"Mother," demanded Alice, with sudden suspicion, "have you heard this story before?" —*The Mayflower's Log*

WHEN THE EXAMINATION was over, the teacher in a mountain school told her pupils to write a pledge that they had neither received nor given help. One gangling youth, who had squirmed in dismay and mopped a bewildered brow throughout the ordeal, wrote:

"I ain't received no help in this matter; and God knows I couldn't have gave any." —*Empire Digest*

LITTLE JOHNNIE was almost through his nightly prayer . . . "Bless my daddy, bless my Mom, bless Aunt Bessie, and please make Philadelphia, Pa., the capital of the USA."

"Why, darling!" exclaimed his shocked mother, "Why did you say such a thing?"

"Because," answered Johnnie, as he settled down for the night, "that's what I put on my examination paper."

—*The Colonel Says*

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grin and share it

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

"I TELL YOU I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy. "I'm not going to pay good money for a closet with a folding bed. If you think that just because I'm from the country—"

"Get in, lady, get in," the boy cut in wearily. "This isn't your room. This is the elevator." —*The Tower*

LIKE MANY YOUNG couples, this one made the mistake of bringing Junior to the movies. The infant saw no reason why he should be quiet, but the manager did.

"If you can't keep the kid quiet," the manager whispered harshly, "I'll have to ask you to take your money back and leave."

Promptly, the baby went to sleep.

The movie went on and turned out to be one of those interminable, boresome productions. The husband shifted uneasily in his seat and finally nudged his wife.

"For goodness sakes," he moaned, "give Junior a punch!"

"I KNOW I'M not really much to look at," admitted the fiancé.

"Oh, well," philosophized his bride-to-be, "you'll be at the office most of the time." —*Gargoyle*

A SORRY-LOOKING man stood before the magistrate, who was giving him a verbal shellacking.

"What's the matter with you?" boomed the judge. "Can't you behave yourself for one week? You've been before this court at least 30 times. You've been charged with drunkenness, panhandling, shop-lifting, assault, and now—now you are accused of beating your wife! What have you to say—what *can* you say for yourself?"

The bum shifted uneasily.

"Gee, Your Honor," he shrugged, "nobody's perfect!"

THE BELLIGERENT husband demanded: "I want to know once and for all who is the boss in this house."

His wife replied: "You'll be mucn happier if you don't try to find out."

—*Mack Chips*

A BRICKLAYER working on top of a tall building accidentally dropped a brick squarely on the head of his helper below.

"You better be careful up there, Boss," said the helper. "You just made me bite my tongue!"

—PEGGY MADEIRA

THE BOY CAME home from school full of knowledge. His father was reading the newspaper, but the boy decided to show him how much he had learned. "Say, pop," he began, "did you ever realize that in some parts of India a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?"

Without looking up from his paper the father answered, "It happens to the best of us, my boy."

—IRV LEIBERMAN

A COUPLE OF SPARROWS named Sam and Joe were very good friends but lived a mile or so apart. Sam lived near the country club and one morning he invited Joe to have lunch with him

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at 12 o'clock that day. Noon came, but Joe had not appeared. Another half hour passed, but still no Joe. By 1 o'clock Sam was pretty hungry and getting impatient. It was 2 o'clock before Joe arrived. By that time Sam was famished.

"I invited you to lunch at 12 o'clock and here you show up at 2," he berated Joe. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing," said Joe. "It was such a nice day, I thought I'd walk over."

—*The Mayflower's Log*

A SPRIGHTLY YOUNG girl entered the crowded bus, and the young man rose promptly from his seat. The girl smiled as she held him back.

"You must not give up your seat for me—I insist," she said.

"You may insist all you like, lady," he grimaced, pushing forward again, "but I'm getting off here!"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Internal Revenue Department was assigned to investigate some Kentucky characters. As he entered the house, a bright-looking young lad greeted him.

"Where's your pappy?" the officer asked.

"Pappy's up at the still."

"Where's your mother?"

"She's up at the still, too!"

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll take me up there," offered the officer.

"All right," said the boy. "Give me the dollar."

"I'll give it to you when we get back."

"No, sir, mister, give it to me now," insisted the youngster. "You ain't a-comin' back!" —MIKE MAUREE

IN THE QUIET of a dark cloudy night, two safe-robbers were preparing to open the safe of a bank in a small town. This would be the climax in a series of bank robberies in the whole surrounding area.

One of the thugs approached the safe, sat down on the floor and took off his shoes and socks. Then he started to turn the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Let's open this thing and get out of here," said the partner.

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer this way," replied the first, "and we'll drive them fingerprint experts nuts."

—DAN BENNETT

ONE OF THE duties of a college administrative officer is to write letters of recommendation. Recently I was at a loss to know what to write. I told an individual, a retired college faculty member, of my problem and he suggested that I write as follows:

"Dear Sir: When you come to know Mr. Jones as we know him, you will come to appreciate him as we appreciate him.

—B. R. WEIMER, *Bethany College*

IN SCHOOL THE OTHER morning, the teacher was trying to make the daughter of a famed film magnate understand subtraction.

"You have ten fingers," the teacher said. "Now, suppose there were three missing. What would you have then?"

"No music lessons," she answered promptly. —*Exchange*

"WHAT ARE YOU so unhappy about?"

"I worked so hard at keeping our maid that my wife quit!"

—JOHN EDMONSTON

A MAN WHO was passing a neighborhood store heard such a terrific argument going on inside that he went in to investigate. He found only the proprietor.

"Whom were you arguing with in here?" he asked. "You're all alone."

"I get bored," the proprietor explained, "so I talk to myself."

"Well," the man reasoned, "if you're talking to yourself, why do you have to argue?"

"Because," the owner retorted, "I can't stand a liar!"

—*Can You Top This?* (*NBC*)

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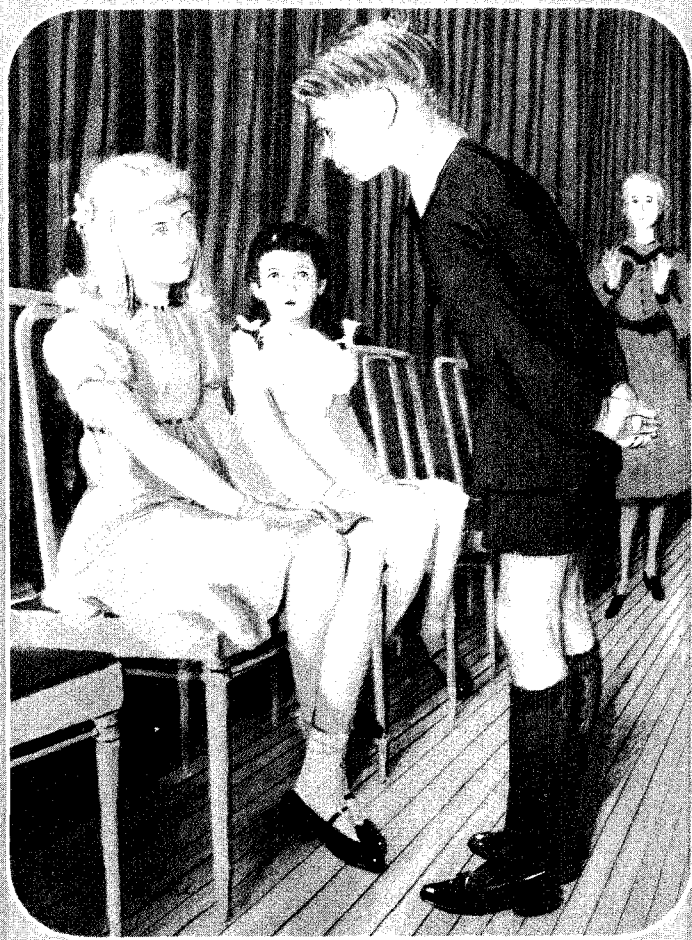
ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE OCCASIONS IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY AL MOORE



first dance

What boy can ever forget the strange elation, the grown-up feeling, with which he asked the girl of his choice for the pleasure of that first dance? It is a memory to be treasured always.

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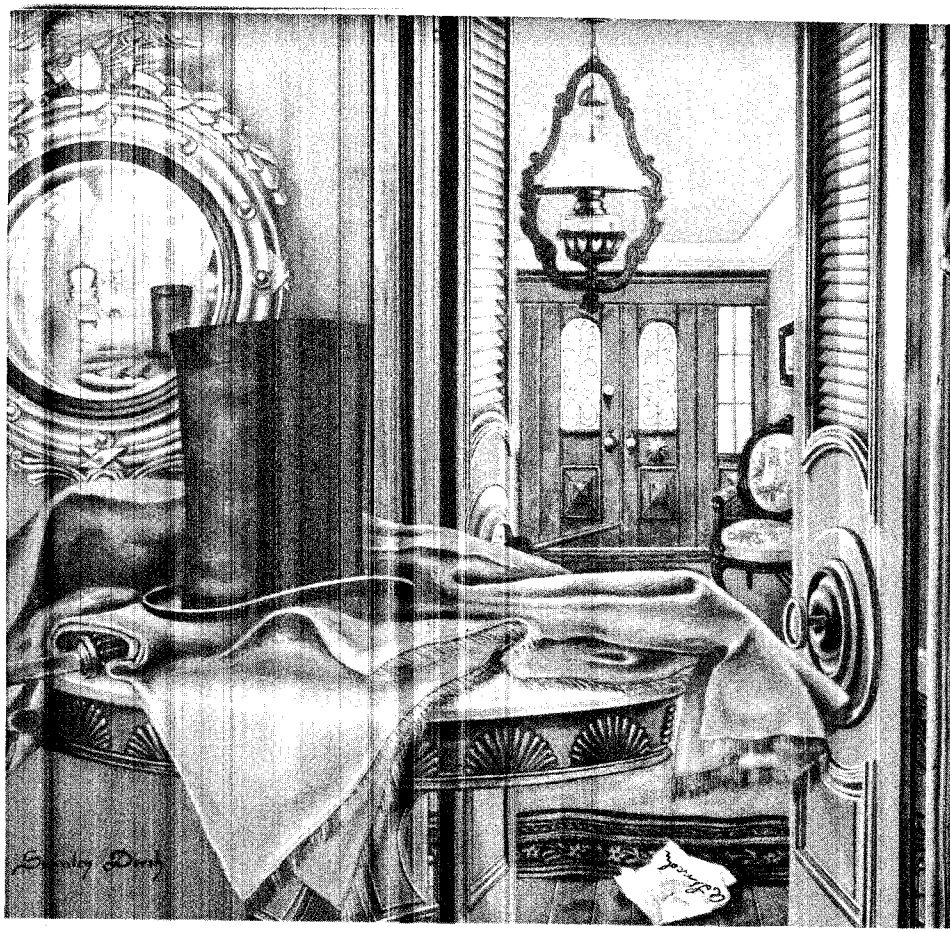

PAINTING BY STANLEY DER

The Women in Lincoln's Life

by G. LYNN SUMNER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a man in a world of men. From boyhood to the presidency, he lived and moved and had his being among men's interests, men's activities, men's thoughts. Splitting rails in Indiana and Illinois; guiding a flatboat down the Mississippi; telling stories in taverns and village stores; riding the circuit; speaking from the stump; playing the shrewd politics of a frontier state—this was all man's work, calculated to build bone and sinew, to sharpen wit and reasoning.

Yet all through Lincoln's life

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there runs a shining thread that traces the influence of the women he loved. Two of them he loved beautifully in the years of his youth; three of them he loved tragically in the years of his maturity.

Lincoln's mother was Nancy Hanks, who had been born in Virginia and carried westward across the mountains in her mother's arms. She had grown to girlhood in the hard, plain life of a frontier cabin. She was dark and slender, with keen gray eyes. Somehow she seemed to see visions beyond the mists of the hills. But her days were filled with washing and cooking and patching. When she was 22, she married Thomas Lincoln, a plain, honest carpenter, and they rode away on his horse along the timber trails to a new cabin at Elizabethtown, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

They moved next to a cabin on the South Fork of Nolin River near where Hodgenville now stands. The floor was dirt, one door swung on leather hinges, one window looked out on woods and rolling fields. In that cabin on February 12, 1809—a Sunday—Abraham Lincoln was born. And there, while his wilderness mother cooked, washed, sewed and spun, the boy grew.

Once again the family moved. This time they went northward to a farm on Knob Creek, located within Hardin County (now Larue). Here there was better land to till, more cabinets and coffins for Tom to make. When little Abe was seven, they moved again, into the tempting riches of Indiana. There on Little Pigeon Creek they built a primitive cabin in which the boy and his father and his sister Sarah were destined to live for 14 years.

When he was nine, Abe and his sister went a few weeks to a crude school. Tom said it was a waste of time, but Nancy scrubbed the boy's ears and combed his coarse black hair and sent him off to walk several miles through timberland to the makeshift schoolhouse. Perhaps she still had visions that reached beyond that clearing—yet what lay beyond for that boy of hers she was not to know. In 1818, a strange sickness came to Indiana. Many fell ill, among them Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and on the seventh day she sank into a never-ending sleep.

Lincoln loved his mother and her memory. He believed that many of his own strong mental traits could be traced to her. He recalled that with all her handicaps, she was highly intellectual by nature, of accurate judgment, cool and heroic always. Once he said with deep feeling, "God bless my mother. All that I am or hope to be I owe to her."

Tom Lincoln remained a widower just a year. Then, in November, 1819, he rode back to Kentucky—to Elizabethtown, where, before his marriage to Nancy Hanks, he had unsuccessfully courted Sarah Bush. She had married another and was now a widow with three children.

"Mrs. Johnston," he said, "I have no wife and you no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you."

"I got debts," she answered.

He paid them and a license was issued, and on December 2 they were married. Several days later they arrived at Little Pigeon Creek.

"Abe," said his father, "here's your new ma." She took the boy's

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small rough hands in hers, held his head against her motherly body. Thus came into the life of this boy of destiny the second woman he loved. For twelve years after that—until he was 21—through the vital, formative years of his youth, Abraham Lincoln had the tender, affectionate care of this kindly stepmother. She never failed to encourage him. She sympathized with his consuming desire to read and learn, to express his thoughts. No wonder he admired and loved her.

At 21 he left to make his own way, but his stepmother was always close to his heart. After his election to the Presidency, he went from Springfield to her home in Goose Neck Prairie. She was proud of his election, but a strange premonition told her that some tragedy lay ahead. She never saw him again—although she lived long after tragedy stalked the boards in Ford's Theater. But to her last hours she treasured and loved his memory.

TO UNDERSTAND that part of Lincoln's life when his heart was stirred by affections other than those inspired by maternal care, it is necessary to recall his traits of character and the times in which he lived. Pioneers married early in life. Girls were relatively few, courtships were brief.

Imagine how such a situation stirred silent thoughts in Lincoln, the soul of honor yet the personification of caution. Deeply conscious of his poverty, his ungainly appearance, his ineptness in all contacts with women, he contemplated matrimony as the most serious of all responsibilities.

Tradition says that the first woman he looked upon was Ann Rutledge. She was a beautiful girl, with auburn hair and blue eyes; cultured, by comparison with others in the village, and expert with the needle. At 17 she had been betrothed to young James McNamar, who had come to Illinois to make his fortune and then had gone back East, pledging to return. As the months passed his letters ceased. Lincoln was postmaster and knew all about this fading correspondence.

Then he came to board at the Rutledge Tavern. He saw Ann every day; they became friends; he took her to quilting parties, to the singing school; soon he proposed an engagement. She consented, but at once he was seized with fear that he had done her an injustice. He told her that they must wait until he had completed his law studies, paid his debts. Ann Rutledge might have waited, but time would not wait for her. That summer she was taken with a fever, and grew steadily worse. She called for Lincoln, the door was closed, they spent a last hour together. What vows were made, no one will ever know.

But the death of Ann Rutledge cast a long shadow across Lincoln's path. For weeks he scarcely spoke to anyone. Then, slowly, self-control was regained, and he returned to store, post office, law books and the Legislature. But there seems to be no doubt that he carried the memory of that first tragic romance all his life.

A year passed, and in August, 1836, the good women of New Salem decided that Lincoln needed a wife. Mrs. Bennett Abell decided to do something about it.

Some years before, her sister,

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Mary Owens, had come for a visit, and Lincoln and other young men had been aware of Mary's charms. Now Mrs. Abell told Lincoln that she herself was going to Kentucky, and proposed to bring her sister back on condition that Lincoln should marry her. And Lincoln, surely half in jest, said that if she came and he didn't marry her, it wouldn't be his fault.

New Salem had never seen such a commanding figure of a woman as Mary Owens: she was tall, handsome, portly. But there was a bargain at stake. She had returned to New Salem to marry Lincoln and he had promised to marry her!

To him the matter was deadly serious. He proposed almost at once —but she did not accept. She found him thoughtless in small matters. They quarreled. He saw her once or twice, then went to Vandalia for a session of the Legislature. From December to March he did not see her at all.

That spring the capitol was moved to Springfield, and from there in May he wrote her—a strange despondent letter of renewed proposal, pointing out all the hardships that life with him would mean in his meager circumstances. She refused him. Then suddenly he was sure he cared for her above all women. He had thought her too eager to marry him! Now he himself was all eagerness, but again and again she refused him, and finally returned to Kentucky.

In December, 1839, a great ball had been arranged in Springfield for members of the Legislature. Everyone of any importance was there—Lincoln, of course, and Stephen Douglas, and the well-to-do Ninian W. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards; and, most important of all, Mrs. Edwards' younger sister, vivid and radiant Mary Todd from Kentucky. She might have stepped right out of a Godey print—plump, vivacious, with chestnut hair and gleaming blue eyes, a taffeta dress floating over hoops and half a dozen flounced petticoats.

Late in the evening she asked her cousin, Maj. John T. Stuart, why a group of men were gathered in one corner of the room. He told her that his law partner, Lincoln, was such a great story-teller that some of the men would rather listen to him than dance. She commanded that he be brought to her and introduced. Lincoln stood holding her small soft hand in his strong palm. Almost at once they were in love.

In the weeks that followed there were plenty of suitors for that same small hand—Douglas among them. Once she was asked which man she intended to marry, and answered: "The one that has the best chance to be President." Perhaps with intuitive foresight, she chose Lincoln and they became engaged.

It was a strange match, for she was a triumph of cultivation, he a wild growth of the frontier. And those differences clashed. They quarreled and made up. She loved society, he was absorbed in law and politics. So she flirted with others and was resentful when it did not make him jealous.

Thus the romance ran its uneven course until New Year's Day, 1841; then something happened—nobody knows just what. Some said that plans for the wedding were made, that the bride was ready in the Edwardses' home, that the

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groom never came. Some claimed the wedding was never really planned, that Lincoln simply broke the engagement. Lincoln himself spoke of it afterward as the "fatal" day.

One of Lincoln's warmest friends was Simeon Francis, editor of the Sangamo *Journal*. Mrs. Francis undertook to repair the shattered romance. More than a year later she brought Lincoln and Mary Todd together at her house without either knowing the other was to be present. These meetings became more frequent and more cordial.

Although Lincoln's fears of matrimony still persisted, he renewed his proposal to Mary Todd. The wedding was arranged on a few hours' notice. A week later Lincoln wrote to a friend, "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

Abraham and Mary Lincoln began their married life in the Globe Tavern in Springfield, paying $4 a week for room and board. They finished life together in the White House in Washington. Through all those 23 years they remained as unlike as they were the night they met at the ball.

But an authority who has studied their life together writes: "They were not always happy, but each would have been unhappy without the other, and neither would have been happy alone." And Senator Charles Sumner, who remained Mrs. Lincoln's loyal friend through the trying years of her widowhood, pleading with Congress to grant her a modest pension, said in an impassioned appeal to the Senate: "She loved him. I speak of that which I know. He had all her love. And Lincoln loved as only his mighty heart could love."

So through Lincoln's life ran the shining thread of remembrance of the women he loved: Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who held him close in her last hour and told her son always to be kind; Sarah Bush Lincoln, who guided him, helped him, encouraged him, understood him in the years of his youth; Ann Rutledge, who taught him that love could be tragedy; Mary Owens, who taught him that love could be a game; and Mary Todd—ambitious, courageous, loyal.

These were the women who made his life sometimes complex and confused, sometimes inexpressibly sad, sometimes more beautiful than this cabin-born boy had ever dreamed it could be. These were the women who planted a tree of tenderness and kept it forever green in the heart of Abraham Lincoln—a man among men.

Anything But the Truth

WHEN AN UNTRUTH in Shanghai is one day old it is called a lie, when one year old it is a tolerated incorrectness, in fifty years it is a tradition, and after a hundred years it ends up as legend, believed by everybody. —MARCELLE LUZZATTO

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New for Sinus Trouble

There's a brighter outlook for the sufferers from a persistent malady

DISEASES OF THE sinus are to medicine what millinery is to women's wear—a field in which fashions often run a rapid course. Your grandfather did not have sinusitis: he may have had "catarrh" or mysterious headaches, which nowadays would be traced to the sinuses. But since World War I, the malady is a favorite topic for discussion everywhere.

It is, as a natural result, a favorite ailment of the hypochondriac, and of the honest "psychological" sufferer. It is also a malady with no disfiguring symptoms, yet it causes mysterious and excruciating pains of a type which win sympathy from relatives and friends alike. This may explain why many sinusitis cases tend to drag on for years—why the phrase "once a sinus disease, always a sinus disease" became common.

Dr. Edward Weiss of Temple University points out that the sinus vogue has reached a point where patients say, "My sinus is troubling me," instead of, "I have a headache." They ignore the many other causes, physical and psychological, from which a headache may spring. Other patients claim to be sinusitis victims whenever they have "vasomotor rhinitis"—the doctor's name for a simple running nose.

What is this mysterious sinusitis, and why is the outlook for its cure so much brighter today than at any time in its checkered past? The sinuses are small and pesky cavities in the bone of the skull; they may harbor bacteria, or the bony structure itself may become diseased so that surgical removal is necessary. But in the great majority of cases the problem is one of improved ventilation and drainage.

Today the specialist achieves this purpose by the use of drugs, irrigation, changes of barometric pressure —anything in preference to the surgical techniques of 20 years ago. Doctors have been worried about sinus operations: surgery has led to meningitis and thrombosis, has converted acute but temporary sinus disturbances into chronic infections.

The dangers of surgery were discovered a few years ago, and for a

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while antisurgery itself became a fad. Yet it was sometimes quite evident to the conscientious doctor that drainage could not occur, because of anatomic oddities in the patient. Today nose and throat specialists have struck a balance: they do not hesitate to operate in cases where it is clear that the sinuses will never drain unless a bony obstruction is removed. Yet the public myth that sinusitis is a lifelong complaint still hangs on.

There are four sets of sinuses: the maxillary, the frontal, the ethmoidal, and the sphenoid. Infection in any of them may cause acute headaches, tenderness in the area and fatigue. On the other hand, you can have a serious case of chronic sinusitis with no pain at all. Most acute attacks are preceded by colds; some result from airplane flights at high altitudes; allergies are blamed for other cases. Climate seems to have little effect. Good general health is the best-known method of warding off the disease, and this recipe includes good psychological health.

Those are the general conclusions on which the specialists have finally agreed. But when it comes to specific methods of treatment, there are still plenty for the physician to choose between. In recent therapeutic experiments, sulfonamides rank high. Doctors working in the research laboratory of Lockheed Aircraft in California mixed a sulfa drug with ephedrine. The results were dramatic among 1,000 patients. Some chronic sufferers, for whom surgery had once seemed inevitable, were cured.

Physicians at Johns Hopkins thought a sulfa spray used on cold victims might ward off sinus complications. A group of Hopkins nurses with common colds were studied, and 30 per cent developed sinusitis. Another group with colds were sprayed 8 to 12 times a day, and less than 10 per cent had sinus complications.

The sufferer from sinusitis must remember, however, that sulfa-drug treatments are safe only if taken under the direction of a doctor.

Penicillin, too, effected early cures in this field: investigators are now working on the results of a penicillin spray, which looks hopeful. Thus, chemical agents are being used more and more instead of the frequent irrigations of the sinuses which used to be in vogue. But most authorities believe that *no* local treatment should be given until the convalescent stage is reached. Bed is the place for the acute sufferer, nose drops the only therapy.

IN CURRENT RESEARCH, some of the most fascinating work concerns the effect of barometric pressures on the sinuses. It has been found that air travelers stricken with "aerosinusitis" can be best treated at the same altitude at which the obstruction first occurred. Doctors may take a flight with patients, testing them in mid-air, or they may artificially recreate the same conditions in their offices.

A group at Northwestern University, headed by Dr. D. B. Butler, have gone a step farther. They have attempted to use changes in barometric pressure to relieve congested sinuses, regardless of whether the trouble started in the air or on the ground.

Some individuals, they found, re-

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ported sinusitis cured by a flight to high altitude. With this cue, the Northwestern group leads the patient into a sealed room equipped with vacuum pumps, where twelve sufferers can be treated at a time. They receive the equivalent, in air-pressure changes, of a flight two miles above ground.

Pressure is gradually lessened until the air in the room is the same as at 10,000 feet. Promptly the sinuses begin to drain. The "ascent" takes two minutes; the "descent" is slower. Four to six "ascents" are made during 60 minutes, under conditions which must be carefully controlled to prevent the air, passing into the middle ear, from causing damage or pain.

Does the trial flight work? The Northwestern group make no exuberant claims. But their report in the *Archives of Otolaryngology* states that of 125 patients so far treated, 89.5 per cent experienced relief, most of them to a considerable extent. All the patients had previously tried surgery, mechanical suction or shrinking of the tissues.

Although as yet there is no "sinus cure" which works in all cases, there are many methods which have worked in *some*. Too many authentic case records are in medical journals to dispute the statement. Nevertheless, sinus is still a malady about which a good deal of nonsense is exchanged. Yet four facts stand out today:

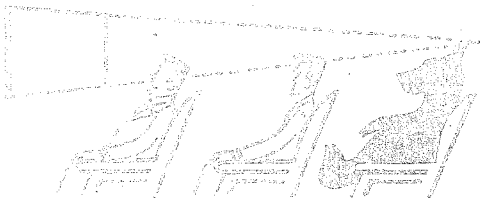
1. Sinusitis is a recognized physiological disease, many of whose sufferers are expressing, in physical terms, some inner psychological conflict.

2. Sinusitis operations in serious cases are justified.

3. Despite wide differences of opinion as to treatment in specific cases, many forms of therapy have helped many people to get well.

4. Sinusitis *can* be cured.

You Never Know



A PATRON in a movie theater rushed up the aisle and breathlessly reported that the seat next to him was occupied by a bear. The usher went back with him and aimed his flashlight at the seat. There, indeed, sat a bear. The usher ran for the manager and led him down front. The manager agreed that there certainly was a bear in the seat. He tapped the shoulder of the man sitting alongside the bear.

"Is that your bear?" he asked.

Yes, it was.

"What do you mean by bringing a bear in here?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "he enjoyed the book, so I thought he might like to see the movie!" —HELEN GREY

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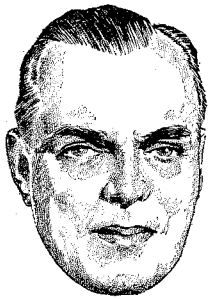

King of the Roadside Restaurants

HOWARD JOHNSON, FABULOUS pioneer of highway eateries, dreams of a day when travel-conscious Americans will be able to drive from coast to coast and eat every meal at a glamorous roadside restaurant bearing, of course, the name of Howard Johnson. This dream project has carried Johnson from a drugstore counter in his native Wollaston, Massachusetts, to a roadside empire that extends from Maine to Florida and west to Ohio.

Some 130,000,000 patrons yearly think of him as the No. 1 impresario of the tasty morsel, the man who took the ants out of Sunday picnics, taught Virginians to crave New England fried clams and made Miami clamor for mother's cooking—Howard Johnson's mother's, that is.

Johnson launched his campaign to glamorize roadside eating in 1929. In those days, U. S. highways bulged with 50,000,000 regular auto tourists, and catering to their needs had become a five-billion-dollar-a-year industry. But while cars were getting sleeker and sleeker and highways more and more super, the 70,000 roadside stands were still in the horse and buggy days.

For the billions spent annually on roadside meals, U. S. travelers often received poorly-planned portions of just passable food, served in dishes sometimes more attractive to flies. If roadside stands began to sparkle, they were still far from satisfying weary travelers.

In Pasadena, an ingenious fellow put a piece of cheese on a hamburger and made himself a fortune. His cheeseburger started a national craze, siring a family that now includes nutburgers, chickenburgers, clamburgers, twinburgers, even atombomburgers. In Texas, drive-in stands hired voluptuous waitresses, dressed them in abbreviated colorful uniforms and trained them in smiling and laughing at customers' jokes.

But the food remained generally so bad that newspapers and magazines ran campaigns against the perils of roadside eating. One editorial dubbed the picturesque proprietor of the typical stand "Ptomaine Joe." The American Medical Association warned the public

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that everything from a tummy-ache to amoebic dysentery threatened the unwary motorist.

With a fortune awaiting anyone who could tap the lucrative roadside business, enterprising *restaurateurs* sallied onto the highways, armed with neon and chrome, and paying more attention to good food. None of them, however, have been as bold or as successful as Howard Johnson, whose chain before the war numbered 195 restaurants and was expanding at the rate of a new stand every ten days.

On a sunny summer Sunday, 1,250,000 footloose customers drive, bicycle, walk or are wheeled into his stands. On the famous Pennsylvania Turnpike, Johnson's 10 stands do a business of $1,500,000 a year. The newest addition to the chain, a palatial emporium on the Atlantic City boardwalk, is expected to gross almost a million in its first year. In 1945, Johnson stores sold 12,000,000 frankfurters, 2,800,000 servings of fried clams, 1,500,000 gallons of ice cream. Today, his business is running far ahead of even those imposing figures.

JOHNSON'S FORMULA for the way to a tourist's heart is simple: good meals served in attractive surroundings. His food is cooked mostly according to the homey recipes of his mother, an old-fashioned New England housewife.

To make sure that the food in every one of his restaurants is exactly the same, the Johnson rulebooks are as precise as an army manual. Whether you buy fried clams in Manchester or Miami, there will always be from 19 to 21 in a portion, fried at precisely 375 degrees. Your cup of coffee will always be filled to ⅜ of an inch from the top. An ice cream cone always has the same amount of extra cream dripping over the edge. This little extra fillip must be on the outside so that it will be seen by the customer.

The book insists, too, that every frankfurter should be cut slightly at an angle six times on each side, and the instructions make it clear that the counterman who attempts a seventh incision jeopardizes his future with the organization.

Punctilious instructions govern the life of a Howard Johnson employee. Literally from head to foot, everything must be according to the book. Someone figured out that food served by a girl wearing laced oxfords with military heels is peculiarly appealing, so all Johnson girls wear them. Hair must be tied in a ribbon with a bow on the side, says the book, which also prescribes that the girls may not eat food that contains garlic or onions. And above all else, SMILE, not only with your face but also with your voice. And never, never say to a customer: "Hey, mister!"

To make it easier for people who liked his stands to find them again, Johnson decided on a standard decor, something that would make touring families or nomadic businessmen feel at home. With slight variations, every Johnson stand is a white colonial cottage, with dormer windows and blue shutters. He persuaded a manufacturer to make a special orange-colored roof tile, to be used only on his stands. Even when he invaded the swank Park Avenue section of New York City, Johnson kept to the color scheme of

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his original ice cream shack on Wollaston beach.

Behind the success of this roadside empire is a career in which real life out-Algered Horatio. Cocky, outspoken, unconventional, 49-year-old Howard Johnson tips his Homburg on the back of his head, tilts his swivel chair and talks not of how he saved and scrimped, but of the number of times he has been on the verge of going broke in a big way.

Known in his native Wollaston as "that wild Johnson boy," he began his business career in 1922 when his father's death left him with a debt of $40,000 and a mother and three sisters to support. Then only 25, Johnson started breaking business precedents by borrowing another $20,000 to buy a drugstore that was losing money hand over fist. On a hunch that people would come great distances to get the kind of ice cream his mother used to make, he installed a churn, rolled up his sleeves and put himself in the ice cream business.

That summer he opened a small stand at a near-by beach, and overnight became the envy of all the veterans of the ice cream industry, who watched their business beat a path to Johnson's door. Riding his original hunch hard, he added more kinds of ice cream, fried clams and the inevitable sizzling hot dog, all according to his mother's recipe, and was on his way to his first fortune. Somewhere along the line he figured out that what America needed even more than a good five-cent cigar was a chain of stands that would take the chance out of roadside eating.

By the time Johnson had reached this conclusion he was broke again. A venture into the restaurant business had wiped out his ice cream profits. Meanwhile the Depression had coined the word retrenchment, and caution was indicated. But not for the Wollaston enterpriser.

He borrowed another stake and roadside stands began popping up along the highways. Johnson reinvested his own money as fast as he made it, but it still wasn't enough to finance his ambitious plans. Bankers considered him too unpredictable. He decided he needed partners, hundreds of them, men and women who wanted to cut loose from whatever else they were doing and venture onto the roadside. Johnson would supply the name and the know-how; they would put up the money and agree to buy ice cream, hot dogs and other supplies from Johnson and to maintain the Johnson standards.

PROSPECTIVE agents flocked to his colors. The first candidate was a Cape Cod skipper who wanted to settle down on shore. Later came an ex-sheriff and an ex-bootlegger; a boy who used to deliver newspapers for Johnson's original drugstore and a retired vice-president of a large grocery chain. In the New York area, his partner is Miss Lydia Pinkham Gove, heiress of the Lydia Pinkham patent medicine fortune. By 1941, Johnson's agents owned three times as many stores as he did.

Meanwhile, from the simple roadside stand had evolved larger and more elaborate establishments. In order to assure the agents a year-round business and a steady profit, to the ice cream and hot dog counter he added regular restaurants

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serving everything from a snack to a steak. Halfway along the 160-mile Pennsylvania Turnpike, Johnson built the Midway, a landscaped flagstone building with two lunchrooms and a pine-paneled dining room seating 220. For the truck drivers who ply that highway, there are dormitories—one for the men and one for the lady-drivers—where they can catch forty winks before resuming their trip.

The largest of the Johnson stands is located in the Queens section of New York, on the main highway leading from the city out to Long Island. It was built at a cost of $750,000 in 1939 to catch crowds on their way to the World's Fair. This store now does a business of more than $700,000 a year, serves as many as 6,000 customers a day, and has averaged 600 ice cream cones an hour on a record Sunday. Proud boast of the house is "from a frankfurt to a banquet," and in the two second-floor dining rooms, local business groups and clubs meet for elaborate luncheons and dinners.

THE EXPANSION OF Johnson's chain presented interesting problems. Policemen, for example, have no love for Johnson. On more than one occasion the opening of a new store has been accompanied by a riot call to handle the enthusiastic crowd. And a Howard Johnson restaurant always creates a highway traffic problem.

Other difficulties center around the stubbornness of American eating habits. When Johnson tried to introduce fried clams to Coney Island, he found that New Yorkers would have none of them, and the first day not a single clam was ordered. For some time Johnson emissaries mingled with the crowd, giving away handfuls of clams, until the customers caught on. The same experience was repeated as Johnson moved inland from the coast, and now the biggest demand for clams comes from a Howard Johnson in Springfield, Massachusetts.

By 1941, Johnson had successfully established the first large-scale chain of roadside eating emporiums in history. But just as his adventures in defying orthodox business practices seemed at an end, along came gas rationing. May 15, 1942, ranks close to Pearl Harbor in the memory of every staff member, for it was on that day, in the East, that gas became something you got with a punch card.

Two-thirds of Johnson's business patriotically stayed home. The books of the company for the months that followed look like an illuminated manuscript, with red predominating. By January, 1943, it was literally a question of enough money to meet payrolls and creditors.

Hat in hand, Johnson went to Washington and sat for hours outside innumerable government offices, until someone finally was persuaded to let him try making marmalade for overseas shipment. Then came other Army and Navy contracts, and Johnson was in the black again. Last year his various enterprises broke all pre-war records, selling more than $28,000,000 worth of food, retail and wholesale.

His rather violent financial fluctuations have had little effect on Johnson's personal habits. Affluent or broke, he is always a free spender. In his early days Johnson had a

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weakness for flashy automobiles, but he has outgrown that. His pre-war pride was a 57-foot yacht, which Johnson rarely used but loaned freely to friends.

Persistent, too, is his almost superstitious attitude toward people and places connected with his early success. Though it costs him more to do it, Johnson's fleet of trucks has always bought gas from Carl Smith's little station, which used to stake him to a tankful when Johnson couldn't pay his bills. He still buys his fire and liability insurance from the agent who insured his first Ford, though the $10,000,000 Johnson account has been sought by the biggest brokers in the country.

By the same token, he still runs his business from a one-story wooden building on a back street in Wollaston. On one corner Johnson's original drugstore is still functioning, much as it was when he took it over. His company's offices are cramped between a taxi stand and a billiard parlor. Johnson's personal office is barely large enough for a chair, a desk and a phone. On the walls are an oil painting of his mother and a few family snapshots.

Johnson runs his multi-million-dollar business without any organization worthy of the name. He does not even have a secretary, preferring to use the phone rather than dictate letters. The Johnson staff consists of 68-year-old Joe Brennan, who was Johnson's father's lawyer, and short, plump, jolly Victor Melson, who functions as a trouble-shooter and general checker-upper. Each morning the three men have a brief informal chat before Johnson issues orders for the day.

Right now, with U. S. tourists panting with pent-up wanderlust, Johnson's eyes are again on the road maps, where every highway is for him a potential bonanza. As far as anyone knows the Pacific is the only boundary to his dreams of an American roadside empire.

New Aids to Visual Education

In keeping with the excellence of its pictorial presentation, Coronet is pre-eminent in the field of visual education.

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For Information on these Visual-Education Services, write to the Education Department, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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The magic of Projected Books is turning many a dismal ceiling into a living stage

A New World for the Helpless

by WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

THE WHITE-GARBED nurse puts a finger to her lips. "Quiet, now," she says. You tiptoe with her to a door slightly ajar. You look in, holding your breath momentarily.

"This patient is desperately ill. Even the doctors don't know whether we'll be able to save her," the nurse whispers as you both draw back. "But if she does have to go, we feel that her last days have been brightened a lot. Did you see what she was doing?"

You had noted that the patient's eyes were fixed on something above her bed. You were startled by the intensity of her gaze, because otherwise she appeared almost as if dead. You followed her eyes to something strange, something almost eerie—a bright image on the ceiling. It was an enlarged page from a book, come to life and waiting to be read.

"It's all she can do, but how she loves it!" the nurse says as you peer through the door again. Page after page flits by on the ceiling. "She 'turns' those pages herself. It gives her a sense of self-reliance."

You stare at her pathetically beautiful face, with classic features that should be carved in marble. You see her lips moving. The patient is trying to speak, but her voice is lost in weakness.

"She's a WAC, and when she went away to war she was full of health and nervous energy," the nurse continues. "They shipped her abroad, and she was eager to go. Then, somewhere in the jungle, a tropical disease cut her down. They brought her home—to die. But she's in there, fighting still!"

"If she lives," the woman in white adds, "that little machine on the table beside her will be one of the big life-saving factors. It's worth its weight in gold!"

You glance at a trim metal box that reminds you of an up-ended movie camera, lens pointing skyward. From it streams a rectangular shaft of light, rapidly widening as it rises, to focus on the ceiling above the bed. Though it is daylight and the window shades are up, the image is clear and bright.

The girl is reading *The Valley of*

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Decision. She turns the pages by pressing the second button of a three-button switch resting at her side. The first button turns on the projector, the third reverses it if she wants to reread previous pages.

What is this machine? Well, I'd like to call it a miracle, after seeing what it does for those chained to their beds by sickness or injury. It takes a blank ceiling, at which helpless men, women and children stare in idleness and finally in resentment, and turns it into a living stage across which move fiction and drama, science and humor, history and mystery.

Do you want to enjoy the best-seller, *Chicken Every Sunday*, written by Rosemary Taylor? On that once forbidding ceiling you may now read it, though you are living helpless in a cast from head to foot. Are you a "Sports Extra" fan? Sickness may flatten you, but you may still read the greatest sports stories of all time, written by reporters as the events happened and assembled into book form by Stanley Frank.

Do Western yarns thrill you? Here is James Oliver Curwood's *The Flaming Forest*. What about detective stories? Well, you can try *Rue Morgue, No. 1*, a new collection of humdinger horror plots. Or if novels delight you, try A. J. Cronin's *The Green Years*.

These are just random samples. Hundreds of other titles are available and thousands more are coming to brighten the lives of those unfortunates whom fate has cast for the role of suffering. For them, a new world has opened up.

Month on month they must lie immobilized on their backs. They can see nothing but the ceiling, every mark or tint of which they come to know by heart. After a while the blank expanse seems to taunt them with its vacuity, to lure them into an emptiness of mind equaling its own barrenness.

Then comes this real post-war miracle of visual entertainment, and you find happiness where gloom once reigned. Hope shines in eyes that were dead with despair. New life, born of courage, routs indifference among scores of bedridden men and women. Even physicians and nurses feel the contagion of soaring spirits among those appallingly handicapped and ill.

THEY CALL THE MIRACLE Projected Books. It brings reading facilities to disabled veterans, to victims of infantile paralysis, tuberculosis and other serious diseases, and to accident victims who must stay in bed, encased in casts or held rigid in traction, for weeks or months.

Already about 200 projectors, along with hundreds of titles, have been distributed to hospitals, principally those maintained for veterans throughout the country. Seven new machines are completed every day, and soon this figure will be stepped up to 25. As fast as they are finished, they will be made available—with *your* help—for unfortunates everywhere.

Originator of the idea is Eugene B. Power of Ann Arbor, Michigan, microfilm expert whom the government sent to England during the war to copy enemy documents. Before the war he had been badly injured in stopping a runaway horse, and was confined to a hospital for weeks. When war came he was barred from active service as a re-

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sult of his injury, but he soon began thinking of the disabled men who spent lonely days staring into space.

Then an idea flashed across his mind. If we microfilm letters to be sent abroad to fighting men, why not microfilm books and cartoons and pictures, and project them on ceilings above hospital beds?

Promptly he got in touch with Robert D. Howse, an Ann Arbor manufacturer of cameras and projectors, and together they evolved the projected-reading machine. Congressmen, industrialists, librarians, educators, surgeons, leaders in various fields, enlisted in the nonprofit movement. Everything is supplied at cost, with time, talents, experience and facilities donated.

The story was first told in Coronet in September, 1945. Upon publication of Sidney Carroll's article, *Now the Helpless Can Read*, a fund was opened for public contributions. The response was magnificent. Already, contributors have donated enough to pay for 450 projectors.

A Boston newsboy sent a quarter. An Army private contributed three pesos from Manila. Classes in a Los Angeles high school donated $600. Students in Wheeling, West Virginia, gave a dance and earned $20. Officers and crew of a Navy ship sent in $150. The New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs contributed more than $5,000. And still the money rolls in!

Yet it is only a trickle compared to the Niagara that is needed. No one knows exactly how many people are bedridden in America's nearly 7,000 hospitals, where a new patient enters every 1.9 seconds, or 16,257,000 a year. Yet by conservative estimate there must be 100,000 for whom time is endless and living becomes a harrowing monotony. In homes for the aged and in family dwellings, there are at least 250,000 shut-ins, to whom a new world would be opened if "ceiling books" might be theirs.

In recent days I have seen the light of hope beaming in countless eyes as I passed down hospital corridors and watched the "wonder machines" in their silent ministry of cheerfulness and encouragement. War veterans, civilian patients, doctors, nurses—a veritable army of men, women and children—were benefited alike.

A lieutenant in the Air Forces, who flew a C-54 on many trips from Hawaii to the Philippines and Okinawa, was hurt in a truck accident and now lies in a cast in Percy Jones General Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan. At least a year of his life is being spent motionless on his back. Projected Books has come to his aid.

"It's more than entertainment or education," he tells you. "It's a real lifesaver. I stared at the ceiling until I could count the pinpoints I imagined to be there. I looked each day to see if a new fleck of dust had arrived.

"Waiting and staring depressed me, made me feel my mind was slowly disintegrating. Now the world is before me, and I'm going to read, to learn and to improve my mind, until I'm better equipped for civilian life when I get my legs back into action."

A 30-year-old Marine private got a Jap bullet through his legs at Okinawa, and must remain hospitalized for another nine months;

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comics via microfilm boost his spirits, while lessons on the ceiling enable him to continue with an education interrupted by the war.

A Detroit veteran, one of five brothers in service, came back from Italy minus a leg. Since July 4, 1944, he has been in hospitals. As this is written he goes into another cast for ten months in a final, forlorn hope of saving his other infected leg.

"Books on the ceiling are my salvation," he says. "I've already read 40, and I'm eager to read more."

To lie for 18 months motionless in one position seems unendurable, but to a Chicago lad, smashed by shrapnel at Bougainville, time passes swiftly when his eyes can scan a mystery story thrown on the ceiling above his bed. A Negro youth from Georgia, battered by a fragmentation bomb in France, has his face in a cast and lives only on liquids. Yet his brown eyes are eloquent and he tries painfully to smile as Projected Books entertain him.

COL. ARTHUR R. GAINES, assistant to the commanding officer of Percy Jones General Hospital, reaffirms that the Projected Book program contributes greatly to the morale of hospitalized veterans. "A wonderful project," he says. "It does an excellent job in relieving monotony and stimulating spirits."

In another veterans' hospital in New York lies a soldier, paralyzed from the neck down. Will he ever walk again? No doctor cares to answer that question, but you know instinctively the chances are slim. During the Battle of the Bulge, shrapnel splintered his spine. No miracle of surgery or medicine has yet been evolved to restore that spinal cord. There is a haunting look in his eyes—a look that tells you: "Don't pity me. I'm not done yet. Just wait and see."

Yet days are to fade into weeks, and weeks are to mount up into years, and years of helpless and hopeless existence are to form a lifetime. All that death will do is close the eyes and stop the heart—yes, and ease the mind. But wait! There is a ray of comfort and joy in his darkness!

A little instrument rests on a table at his bedside. On his chest is a three-button switch, and to each button has been taped a tongue-depressor—that little wooden stick the doctor uses to push your tongue down as you say "ah." The other end rests under the paralyzed man's chin. By a slight movement of his chin he can manipulate the buttons of Projected Books. He reads and studies, smiles and plans. He wants to write, and has whispered to nurses he'd like to form a writers' guild in the hospital.

In University Hospital at Ann Arbor, a lovely young woman suffering from polio was being cared for. The disease had struck her suddenly and she had been rushed to the hospital for special treatment. For ten days she lay in an iron lung, paralyzed. She couldn't even operate the switch of Projected Books—a nurse did it for her. There was no hope for recovery, but in the ten days before she died she read four "ceiling books." They kept her mind occupied and enabled her to "go out" contentedly.

The eyes are called the "windows of the soul." Through them flow 80 per cent of all the impres-

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sions that reach the brain. We have five senses, yet one of them does four-fifths of the work! Now, for the bedridden, the ceiling becomes a screen upon which the world can be thrown.

Projected Books does for sight what radio does for hearing. Its appeal is enduring. Many state and national organizations are making it one of their major philanthropies, donating projectors and films directly to hospitals or through the Coronet Fund. Undoubtedly it is the inspired idea of our generation.

While nations play power politics and heads ache with confusion in the struggle to secure world peace, here is a shaft of light shining through the darkness—a project in practical good will for helpless people, in which all helpful people can share.

It will grow in scope and effectiveness as millions come to know about this opportunity to help the enfeebled and bedridden: pathetic little victims of polio; war veterans who will never walk again; and persons stricken with tuberculosis, cancer and other sinister diseases.

Whether the gift is large or small, those who have contributed to Projected Reading say: "There was never a thrill like this!" And fortunately for all of us, the opportunity for enjoying that thrill is limitless.

A Gift That Brings Enduring Joy

In September 1945, when Coronet presented the first article on projected reading, the editors decided to contribute to this unique program for the bedridden by offering to microfilm each issue of Coronet free of charge for any hospital which had a projector.

But noting that the supply of projectors was limited, the editors also announced establishment of the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading so that the public could contribute to the purchase of machines and microfilms of books so urgently required by hospitals and institutions. Since September 1945, a total of $41,522.64 has been received from 4,416 contributors, the gifts ranging from as little as a quarter to the sum of $5,884.28 donated by the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs. These gifts accompanied by warm-hearted letters of appreciation have arrived at the offices of Coronet from all over the world.

Yet the demand for additional projectors never slackens. From civilian hospitals, from homes for the aged, from institutions of all kinds come constant appeals for projectors and for microfilms of books on every conceivable topic. Won't you help in bringing enduring joy to the thousands of bedridden men and women who desperately need new interests to lighten their dreary days? Please make your contribution payable to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading and mail it to Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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Americans awoke to new values when a lush era of speculation came to a sudden end

The Big Stock Market CRASH

by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Seventeen years ago this October, the greatest financial disaster in history occurred. It was the forerunner of the great Depression, the forerunner of the New Deal and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Today, some of the conditions which brought about the '29 collapse in Wall Street have been corrected by Federal legislation. But the Big Crash of 17 years ago emphasizes the age-old truism that catastrophe always follows unbridled speculation in any field of human endeavor.

—THE EDITORS

HOW MANY AMERICANS actually held stocks on margin during the fabulous summer of 1929 there seems to be no way of computing, but there were probably more than 1,000,000.

As one walked up the aisle of the 5:27 commuters' local, or found one's seat in the trolley, two out of three newspapers were open to the stock-market quotations. Branch offices of big Wall Street houses blossomed in cities and villages everywhere. The broker found himself regarded with new wonder and esteem; ordinary people hung upon his every word. Let him but drop a hint of a possible split-up in General Industries Associates and his neighbor was off hot-foot to place a buying order.

Stories were told of a broker's valet who had made $250,000 in the market, of a trained nurse who cleaned up $30,000 on tips from grateful patients.

Everywhere one heard fantastic stories of sudden fortune. Thousands speculated—and won—without the slightest knowledge of the company upon whose fortunes they were relying, like the people who bought Seaboard Air Line under the impression it was an aviation stock. Grocers, motormen, plumbers, seamstresses and speakeasy waiters were buying on margin. The Big Bull Market had become a national mania.

In September the market reached its glittering peak. It was six months, now, since Herbert Hoover had taken office as President. Colonel Lindbergh, true to his role as national super-hero, had married Miss Anne Morrow. Commander Byrd was waiting in "Little Amer-

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ica" for his chance to fly to the South Pole. On American beaches, girls pulled down the straps of their bathing suits to acquire fashionably tanned backs, and wondered whether it would be all right to leave their stockings off when they drove to town.

This was the season when Bill Tilden won his seventh and last American amateur tennis championship; Bobby Jones was monarch of amateur golfers; Babe Ruth was still hammering home runs; Dempsey had lost his crown to Tunney. Everybody was reading *All Quiet on the Western Front* and singing the songs which Rudy Vallee crooned over the radio. But all this made dull talk compared with the Big Bull Market.

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER the market broke. It recovered briefly, then slipped farther and faster until, by October 4, the prices of many stocks had coasted to what seemed first-class bargain levels. The disaster impending was destined to be as bewildering and frightening to the rich and sagacious as to the foolish and unwary holder of 50 shares on margin.

The expected market recovery did not come. On Wednesday, the 23rd, there was a Niagara of liquidation. Everybody realized that the situation at last was getting serious, but perhaps the turn would come tomorrow. Surely it would not go on much longer.

The next day was Thursday, October 24. Kennecott appeared on the tape in a block of 20,000 shares, General Motors in another of the same amount. Almost at once the ticker began to lag. Prices were going down, going down with rapidity. Before the first hour of trading was over, it was apparent that they were going down with unprecedented violence. In brokers' offices all over the country, tape-watchers looked at one another in astonishment and perplexity. Where was this torrent of selling orders coming from?

The exact answer will probably never be known. But it seems probable that the principal cause was not fear. Nor was it short selling. It was forced selling, the dumping of hundreds of thousands of shares held in the name of miserable traders whose margins were exhausted or about to be exhausted. The gigantic Bull Market edifice was honeycombed with speculative credit and now was breaking under its own weight.

As the price structure crumbled there was a stampede to get out from under. By 11 o'clock, Exchange traders were in a scramble to "sell at the market." Word had gone out by telephone and telegraph that the bottom was dropping out of things. Down, down, down. . . .

Where were the bargain-hunters who were supposed to come to the rescue at times like this? Where were the big operators who had just yesterday declared they were still bullish? Where were the powerful bankers who were supposed to be able at any moment to support prices? Down, down, down. The roar of voices from the floor became a roar of panic.

Leaders like United States Steel, General Electric, Radio, Montgomery Ward—all dropped headlong. In two hours, dozens of stocks lost

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ground which it had required many months of the Bull Market to gain. But even this decline might not have been terrifying if people could have known precisely what was happening at any moment. It is the unknown which causes panic. . . .

Suppose a man walked into a broker's branch office between 12 and 1 o'clock on October 24. First he glanced at the big quotation board: the low figures took his breath away. But soon he was aware that they were unreliable: even with wild scrambling, the boys who slapped into place the cards which recorded the last prices shown on the ticker could not keep up with the changes. And presently he heard the ticker was an hour and a half late; at 1 o'clock it was recording the prices of 11:30! All this that he saw was ancient history. What was happening on the floor?

In that broker's office, as in hundreds of other offices across America, white-faced men looked defeat in the face. One of them was slowly walking up and down, mechanically tearing a piece of paper into fragments. Another was grinning shamefacedly, as a small boy giggles at a funeral. And still another was sitting motionless, as if stunned, his eyes fixed upon the moving figures on the illuminated ticker screen, figures that meant the smashup of the hopes of years. . . .

A few minutes after noon, a crowd outside the Exchange recognized Charles E. Mitchell, erstwhile defender of the Bull Market, slipping into the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. Mitchell was followed shortly by Albert H. Wiggin, head of the Chase National Bank; William Potter, head of the Guaranty Trust Company; Seward Prosser, head of the Bankers Trust Company. They came to confer with Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan firm.

In a few minutes these five men, with George F. Baker, Jr., of the First National Bank, agreed to put up $40,000,000 apiece to shore up the market. Their first action would be to try to steady the prices of leading securities. It was a dangerous plan, for with hysteria spreading there was no telling what sort of catastrophe might be impending. But this was no time for any action but the boldest.

The bankers separated. Lamont faced reporters, his face grave, his words soothing. His first sentence was one of the most remarkable understatements of all time: "There has been a little distress selling on the Exchange," said he, "and we have held a meeting to discuss the situation. We have found there are no houses in difficulty and reports indicate that margins are being maintained satisfactorily."

As the news of the bankers' meeting circulated on the floor of the Exchange, prices began to steady. But the bankers had more to offer the dying Bull Market than a Mor-

Frederick Lewis Allen, editor and historian, is a graduate and a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. His first writings were humorous and satirical magazine articles and sketches. They were followed in 1931 by a best-selling book, *Only Yesterday*, an informal history of the United States in the 1920s. Since then he has written two other books, *The Lords of Creation* and *Since Yesterday*. This article is excerpted from *Only Yesterday*, published at $3 by Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

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gan partner's best bedside manner. Richard Whitney, vice-president of the Exchange and floor broker for the Morgan interests, went into the "Steel crowd" and put in a bid of 205—the price of the last previous sale—for 10,000 shares of Steel.

Then he went to various other points on the floor, until within a few minutes he had offered to purchase 20 to 30 million dollars' worth of stock. The desperate remedy worked. Prices held for a while; and though many of them slid off once more in the final hour, the net results for the session might have been worse.

All the same, it had been a frightful day. Incredible rumors had spread during the afternoon—that 11 speculators had committed suicide, that the Buffalo and Chicago exchanges had been closed, that troops were guarding the New York Exchange against an angry mob. The country had known the bitter taste of panic: the economic structure had cracked wide open.

Things looked somewhat better on Friday and Saturday. But on Monday, the terrific rout was under way once more. The prices at which Whitney's purchases had steadied leading stocks on Thursday were so readily broken that it was clear the bankers' pool had made a strategic retreat. Even six great banks could not stem the flow of liquidation from the entire United States. But the worst was still ahead. It came the next day, Tuesday, October 29.

The big gong had hardly sounded in the Exchange at 10 A.M. before the full storm broke. Huge blocks of stock were thrown upon the market for what they would bring. Not only were innumerable small traders being sold out, but big ones, too, protagonists of the New Economic Era who a few weeks before had counted themselves millionaires. To give one example: during the Bull Market the common stock of White Sewing Machine Company had gone as high as 48; on Monday, October 28, it had closed at 11⅛. On black Tuesday, somebody had the bright idea of putting in an order to buy at 1—and actually got his stock!

The scene on the floor was chaotic. Despite jamming of the communication system, orders came in faster than human beings could handle them. So complete was the demoralization that when the panic was at its worst, the 40 governors met secretly to decide whether to close the Exchange. But after deliberation, they finally decided against it.

IT WAS A critical day for the banks, that Tuesday. That a money panic was not added to the stock panic, and that several Wall Street institutions did not go into bankruptcy, was due largely to the nerve shown by a few bankers.

The story is told of one who went grimly on authorizing the taking over of loan after loan until a subordinate came in with a white face and told him the bank was insolvent. "I dare say," said the banker, and went ahead unmoved. He knew that if he did not, more than one concern would face insolvency.

The next day the outlook brightened. Steel declared an extra dividend; American Can raised the regular dividend. John D. Rockefeller poured Standard Oil upon the waters: "Believing that funda-

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mental conditions of the country are sound . . . my son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks."

Prices rose steadily. Now at last the time had come when the strain on the Exchange could be relieved without causing undue alarm. At 1:40, Whitney announced the Exchange would not open until noon the following day and would remain closed Friday and Saturday. The financial community breathed more easily; now they had a chance to set their houses in order.

True, the worst of the panic was past. But not the worst prices. There was too much forced liquidation still to come, and next week prices receded once more—until at last on November 13 the bottom was reached.

In short, the Big Bull Market was dead. Billions of dollars' worth of profits — and paper profits — had disappeared. The grocer, the window-cleaner and the seamstress had lost their capital. In every town families had dropped from affluence into debt. Investors who had dreamed of retiring to live on fortunes now found themselves back at the very beginning. Day by day the newspapers printed grim reports of suicides.

Coolidge-Hoover Prosperity was dying. Under the impact of panic, a multitude of economic ills, which hitherto had passed unnoticed or had been offset by stock-market optimism, began to beset America. No matter how many soothsayers of high finance proclaimed that all was well, no matter how earnestly President Hoover set to work to repair the damage, a major depression was inevitably under way.

The Big Bull Market had been more than the climax of a business cycle; it had been the climax of a cycle in American mass-thinking and mass-emotion. There was hardly a man or woman in the country whose attitude toward life had not been affected. With the Big Bull Market gone, Americans were soon to find themselves in an altered world which called for new adjustments, new ideas, new habits of thought, a new order of values. The Post-War Decade had come to its close. An era had ended.

Grim Reminder

I SAT IN THE OFFICE of a small but frantically busy New England factory talking to its youthful-looking owner. On his desk the photograph of a grim-lipped, gimlet-eyed Yankee glared from a simple frame.

"Is that your Dad?" I hesitantly inquired, stalling for time.

"No, it isn't," the young man replied. "But he's the man responsible for my success." I raised my eyebrows. "Well," he chuckled, "that's Mr. Ferris, who owns the other machine shop in town. He's the meanest man I know. I used to work for him, so I keep his picture there to remind me that if I make any mistakes, or get lazy, I'll be back working for Ferris. You'd be surprised how that keeps me on my toes."

—JOHN THOMAS URWIN

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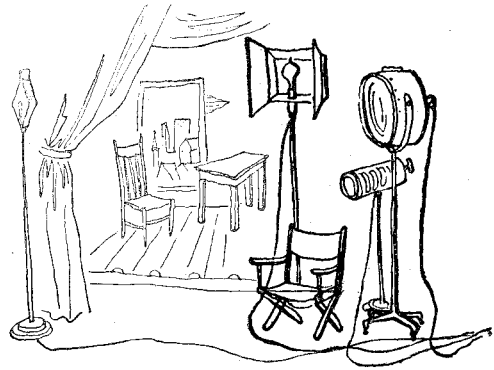
Unfurled from the

Show World



Onstage

A ham actor died and his funeral attracted a surprisingly large crowd. "If he had only known he was going to appear before so many at his funeral," someone remarked, "he would have died long ago!" —Paul Benson

I'll say this for the play. I found nothing wrong with the third act. Perhaps that's because I left in the middle of the second. —Jack Seaman

When I was a kid, Father asked me not to go to burlesque shows. I asked him why not and he said: "Because you'll see something you shouldn't see." Naturally that aroused my curiosity and the first chance I got I did go to a burlesque show. And I did see something I shouldn't have seen—my father.

—Russel Crouse in the New York *Times*

Film Flam

With the world the way it is today I'd like to go far away some place where the hand of man has never set foot.

—Michael Curtiz (*Cue*)

I think the most tragic thing that can happen to an actress is to be through at 25 or 30, with $1,000,000 and nothing to do. —Gloria Stuart (*Cue*)

I think the ideal relationship is between a man and a woman. —William Powell (*Cue*)

In this world, you gotta be crazy or you'll go nuts. —Betty Hutton (*Cue*)

Sometimes I think too much good looks is a handicap. —Wallace Beery (*Cue*)

I never went into pictures to make money, but because of my high ideals.

—Marlene Dietrich (*Cue*)

Shortest Drama Review

"It opened at 8:30 sharp and closed at 10:40 dull." —Heywood Broun

With the Columnists

Nearly all column writers, when they get old and tired, write a lot about themselves, which is not so much egotism as convenience. It is the convenience of sitting still . . . I, therefore, admonish all column writers to refrain from reminiscing and writing about themselves until they are 50 and, assuming that they will all draw their allotted three-score-and-ten, that gives each of them 20 years to bore the hell out of the readers, which I think is enough. —Damon Runyon

The late Charles Butterworth often took advantage of his meek appearance to bewilder the innocents who were unaware of his dry wit. When Butterworth visited the San Francisco Fair, he saw

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a crowd at Sally Rand's Nude Ranch exhibit. He joined the crowd watching some nude girls playing badminton, then turned to a stranger who seemed to be transfixed, and asked: "What's the score?" —Leonard Lyons

He may be a genius, but he's a very stupid genius. —Sidney Skolsky

The potent power of the films is best illustrated by this: some years ago a theater in South America exhibited a movie wherein Clark Gable died. That theater was never able to show another Gable cinema—because audiences laughed. So far as they were concerned —Gable was dead. —Walter Winchell

A producer hired a new assistant and told him: "I never object to honest criticism—so don't be afraid to tell me what you think, even if it costs you your job." —Sidney Skolsky

Star Gazing

I've been staying up nights trying to figure out what's wrong with me. Last night I found out what it was. I ain't been getting enough sleep. —Red Skelton

If Frank Sinatra had a little fuzz on him he'd look like a pipe cleaner . . . There's a new pen that writes under water. If you're drowning, you can pull out this pen and write a message for help. . . He's a light sleeper. The sound of a field-mouse backing into a pussy willow will wake him in a minute. —Fred Allen

I was driving my car and got caught between two trolley cars. Do you know anybody who wants to buy a tall, thin Buick? —Jackie Miles

Heckled by a visitor in the NBC radio studio, Lou Costello, the zanier half of the Abbott and Costello comedy team, snapped impatiently: "Who are you—and give me one good reason."
—Earle Ferris

I have light mink and dark mink. I'm trying to make up my mind now whether I should have a platinum mink. But I think I can use the $27,000 for something better than that.
—Lana Turner in *Modern Screen*

My brother is superstitious. He won't work any week that has a Friday in it.
—Joe E. Lewis

I tried to fix my cuckoo clock the other day, but I missed up somewhere. Now the cuckoo backs out and asks what time it is! —Buddy Lester

My uncle speaks six dead languages. He'd make a very sociable corpse.
—Ed Wynn

Air Lines

"Why in the world did you take a hotel room that's so far underground as this?"

"My room isn't far underground."

"It isn't, eh? I came into the lobby and kept walking downstairs until I was stopped by John L. Lewis, who put a lamp on my head and said, 'It's okay for two weeks.' " —*Jack Benny Show*

"Oscar is the laziest brother-in-law I ever seed."

"I may have met him in past years. How tall is he?"

"I don't know. I never seed him standing up." —Amos and Andy

"How deep is this oil well of yours?"

"Twenty thousand miles."

"No machinery will drill a well that deep."

"Who said anything about machinery?"

"If you don't use machinery, how can you drill a well 20,000 miles deep?"

"Small gopher, big whip." —*Bob Hope Show*

"In America the richest man cannot buy for himself what the poorest man gets by radio." —David Sarnoff

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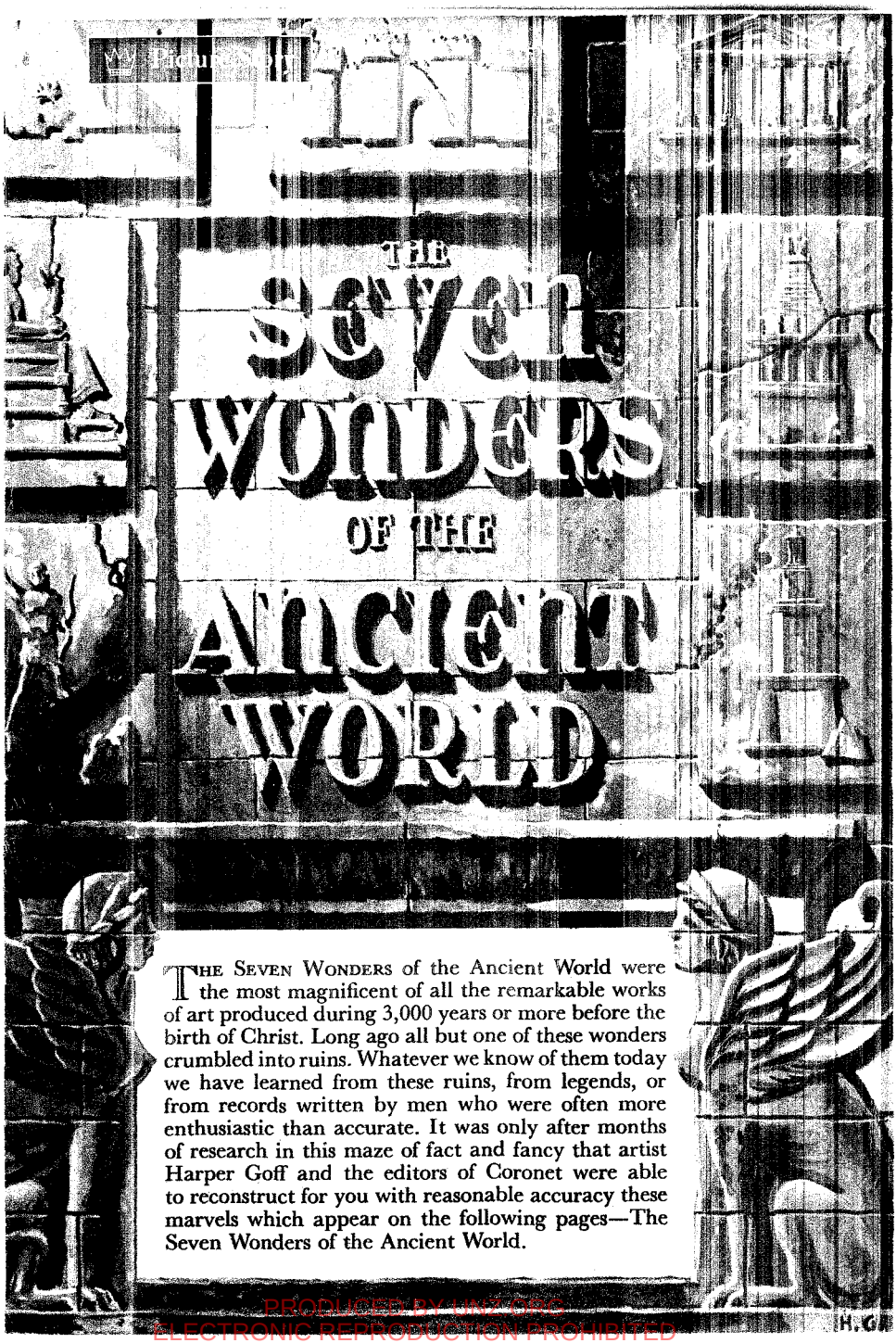

THE SEVEN WONDERS of the Ancient World were the most magnificent of all the remarkable works of art produced during 3,000 years or more before the birth of Christ. Long ago all but one of these wonders crumbled into ruins. Whatever we know of them today we have learned from these ruins, from legends, or from records written by men who were often more enthusiastic than accurate. It was only after months of research in this maze of fact and fancy that artist Harper Goff and the editors of Coronet were able to reconstruct for you with reasonable accuracy these marvels which appear on the following pages—The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

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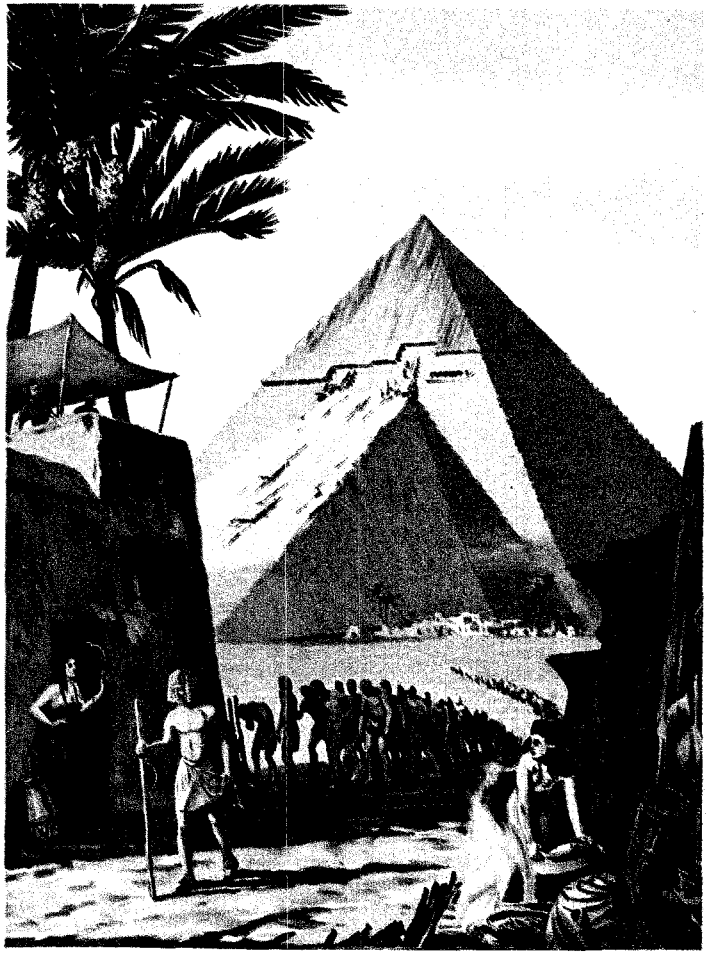

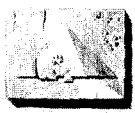

The Pyramid of Khufu

FOR THE ANCIENT Egyptians death was only a long sleep, so they had food and money buried with them to use when they awoke. The Kings of Egypt, of course, had vast wealth to take with them. To guard this wealth they built impregnable tombs which grave robbers could not destroy. But no king built a more indestructible tomb than King Khufu, who devoted his whole life and the lives of 300,000 slaves to the construction of a pyramid 481 feet high, which shone like gold in the desert sun. Today, after fully 5,000 years, his tomb still stands—the one remaining Wonder of the Ancient World.

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The Walls of Babylon

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, destroyer of Jerusalem, was King of Babylon 600 years before the birth of Christ. Because of his many conquests he made numerous enemies, and to protect his city from them he surrounded it with two massive, towered walls. Behind these walls he built his palace, protecting it with six more walls, each higher than the one before it, the last soaring hundreds of feet into the air. On the tops of these walls were fine roads and gardens. It is said that the Hanging Gardens of Babylon were more wonderful than the Walls—but their existence has never been fully proved.

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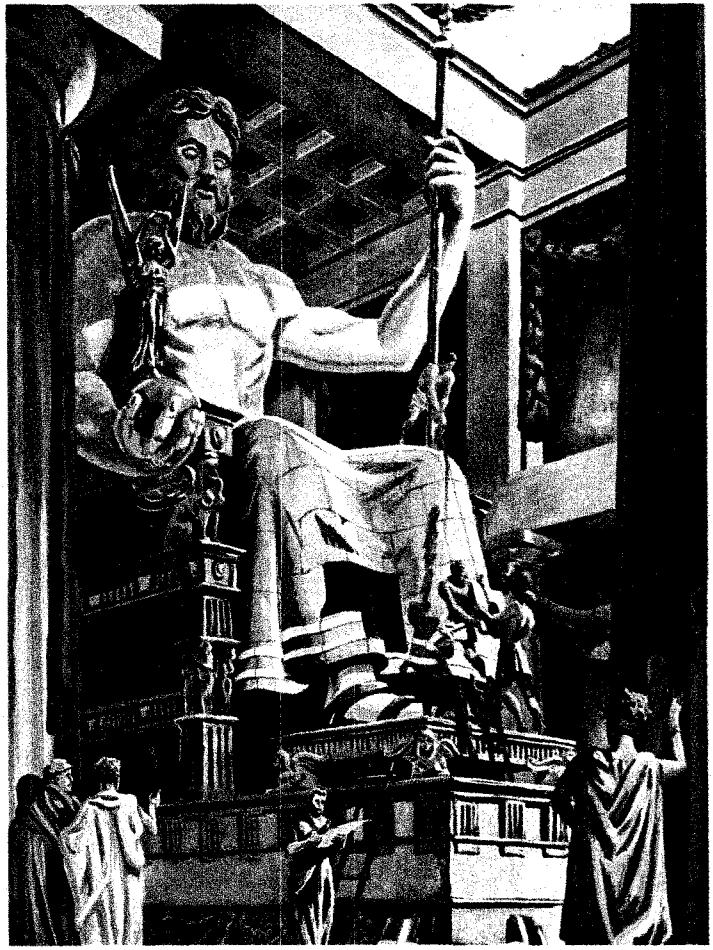

The Statue of Zeus at Olympia

THE ANCIENT GREEKS worshipped many gods and goddesses and paid them homage with hundreds of statues and temples. But for Zeus, the most powerful of gods, they built, in Olympia, what men have called the most wonderful statue ever made. Covered with thin sheets of ivory and gold, it represented Zeus seated in his temple. The ivory was the color of human skin. The statue's eyes were flaming jewels, and when men stood before the Olympian Zeus they believed they saw a living god. This magnificent figure, almost 40 feet tall, endured for many centuries before it disappeared into the mists of time.

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The Temple of Diana

ONE OF THE CHIEF GODDESSES of ancient Greece was Diana. Few temples were as beautiful as the one built for her more than 2,000 years ago. But beauty alone did not make the temple a wonder. The wonder was in the richness and number of gifts men brought here in tribute to the goddess. So rich were these gifts that the temple became not only a shrine but one of the wealthiest banking institutions of the ancient world. Its power lasted until St. Paul came to Ephesus and turned the temple's worshippers to Christianity. In time even its stones were used to build a Christian church.

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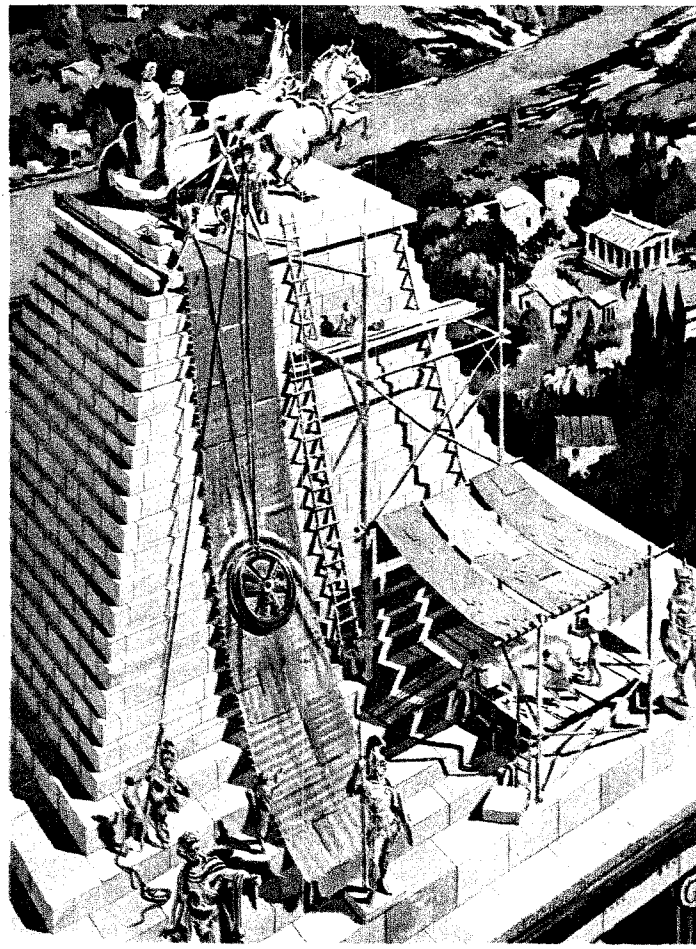

The Tomb of King Mausolus

ACROSS THE AEGEAN SEA from Greece, in what is now Turkey, King Mausolus ruled with his wife for many years. The Queen loved her husband so deeply that when he died she built for him the most beautiful tomb the world has ever seen. This tomb, a magnificent building over 100 feet high, was crowned with a pyramid bearing a chariot and statues, possibly of Mausolus and his wife. For almost 1,900 years the tomb retained its beauty. Then an earthquake wrecked it. But it has never been forgotten, for to all the modern world its name—Mausoleum—means a magnificent tomb.

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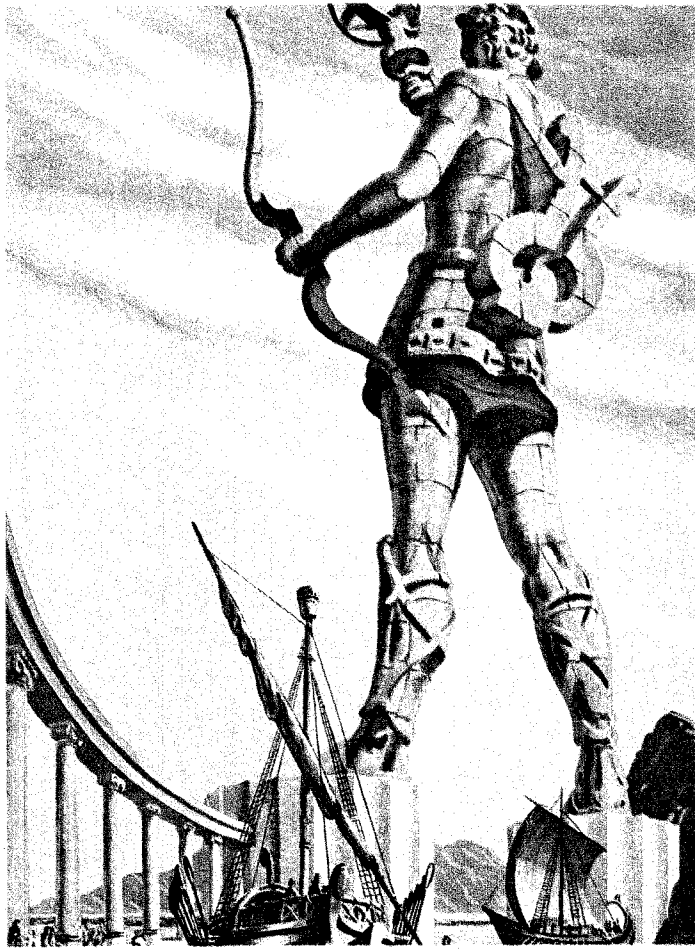

The Colossus of Rhodes

OF ALL THE SEVEN WONDERS the Colossus of Rhodes stood for the shortest time and left one of the deepest impressions on the imaginations of men. Yet no one knows exactly what it looked like. We know that it was built to celebrate a great victory, that it was finished in 280 B. C., and that it was dedicated to Helios, the patron god of the city of Rhodes. A legend relates that the colossal brass statue stood astride the harbor of Rhodes. But many historians claim that it stood only to one side of the harbor. It lasted only a short time, however, for after 56 years an earthquake destroyed it completely.

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The Lighthouse of Alexandria

IN THE HARBOR OF Alexandria, in ancient Egypt, there stood for more than 1,000 years the wonderful lighthouse of Alexandria—a tower of stone perhaps 500 feet high at whose top great fires burned to warn ships of the reefs at its base. It is said that there was also a mirror at its summit which could bend the rays of the sun so that enemy ships miles away would burst into flame. This amazing tower was destroyed by the Arabs who thought its walls held a great treasure. Though they tried to rebuild it, they never succeeded—and so only the Pyramid of Khufu was left to represent the Wonders of the Ancient World.

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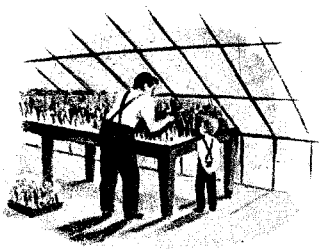
How a unique orphanage equips its youngsters with the skill and cash to start life

The Biggest Little Florists in the World



by BEN KARTMAN

AT THE BUSY CHICAGO corner of Ashland Avenue and Addison Street stands Roy Sheffield's flower shop. At dozens of other Chicago corners are dozens of other flower shops—many of them just as nice, just as prosperous. But there's this difference: Roy Sheffield learned his trade in an orphanage; what's more, it was there he earned the money to start in business.

Scores of other alumni of Angel Guardian Orphanage now have florist shops of their own or hold important positions in Chicago's park system, the wholesale flower market or the bulb and seed industries. All were trained in the Orphanage florist shop and greenhouses; some left with nest eggs of anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000.

The German Catholic institution which conducts this unique training school as part of a successful wholesale and retail flower business was founded just after the Civil War. At that time it was surrounded by prairie; today cars and busses rush by the block-long expanse of red brick buildings on Chicago's bustling North Side. Off to the west of the Orphanage itself is the Angel Guardian Florist and its four acres of greenhouses—largest area under glass in the city. Here, and in the classroom, orphanage boys learn floriculture, from the planting of seeds to the delivery of flowers in Angel Guardian trucks.

The youngsters start in the flower shop with the simpler processes of wiring, staking, watering, fertilizing. With experience and skill they advance to the more intricate work of making cuttings, separating, wrapping, and creating every type of floral arrangement from boutonniere to church decoration.

The boys progress under a carefully devised merit system, moving up bracket by bracket; every advance is accompanied by an increase in pay. Meantime, each boy's earnings are put away for him in a special fund which he can draw on or allow to accumulate until he leaves the Orphanage.

Guiding genius of the establishment is its superintendent, Otto Krieter, himself a product of Angel Guardian. Jovial, graying, 51-year-old Krieter went to work in the florist shop at the age of 12 and was its manager at 17. Except for a short period of service in World

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War I, and brief interludes with the Post Office Department and on a farm, he has been there ever since.

Because the Orphanage believes "where there is contentment, there is a better day's work," Krieter tries to place each boy in the job he likes best. One may show a flair for selling, another for roses, a third for flower arrangements. Wherever there is a preference, that preference is respected.

Krieter and his boys make their own cuttings but do not attempt to use their own seed. Nor do they try fancy breeding and hybridization; these processes are a bit too advanced for them. The principal object of the Angel Guardian Florist is to give the boys a good general knowledge of flowers and plants, while the business contributes to the upkeep of the Orphanage.

Before the war, some 30 to 35 boys aged 16 to 21 worked in the greenhouses and shop. When the older ones went off to fight and the orphanage was able to supply only a few 16-year-olds—the minimum employment age in Illinois—Krieter had to get outside help. Normally, however, there are enough Angel Guardian boys for most jobs.

There is no hint of an Orphanage subsidy for the greenhouses. Krieter is billed for rent ($1,000 a month), as well as steam, water and electricity. Nevertheless the Angel Guardian Florist manages to show a profit.

Work in the greenhouses is integrated with classes in botany and floriculture. Sisters of the Orphanage bring students through for practical laboratory instruction. The classes see thousands of young carnations, begonias, chrysanthemums and some 30,000 rose plants —roses are the nursery's biggest single crop. At Christmas-time there are hundreds of poinsettias; in early spring, climbing sweet peas cover a tremendous wire fence.

For the Christmas holiday trade, when the three Orphanage trucks are insufficient for deliveries, ten additional trucks are pressed into service. With 20,000 charge accounts, the trucks make as many as 1,200 stops a day in Chicago and its suburbs. Frequently the trucks are driven by Orphanage alumni who come "back home" to work.

A visit to the greenhouses, packing room and retail shop at Angel Guardian is a rewarding experience. The boys chat and sing at their work. A wall covered with prizes and ribbons won in state and national flower shows attests to the quality of their product. Further tribute is paid by other florists, who generously admit: "If Angel Guardian doesn't have it, it's not to be had."

But far more important than the flowers are the young men who leave Angel Guardian equipped with the knowledge, skill and cash to give them a better-than-average chance in life in spite of their unequal start.

Success is a matter either of getting around you better men than yourself or getting around better men than yourself. —*Banking*

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Picture Story

The Monster of Paricutin

On February 20, 1943, a cornfield near the tiny village of Paricutin, Mexico, gave birth to a volcano—the first in our times. These rare color photographs of "The Monster," as it was named by the frightened natives, were made by Tad Nichols from an Army helicopter which hovered directly above the deadly heat of Paricutin's lava and steam. They are among the most remarkable pictures ever made of one of nature's strangest phenomena.

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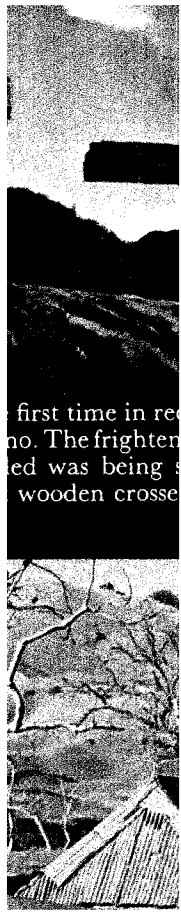

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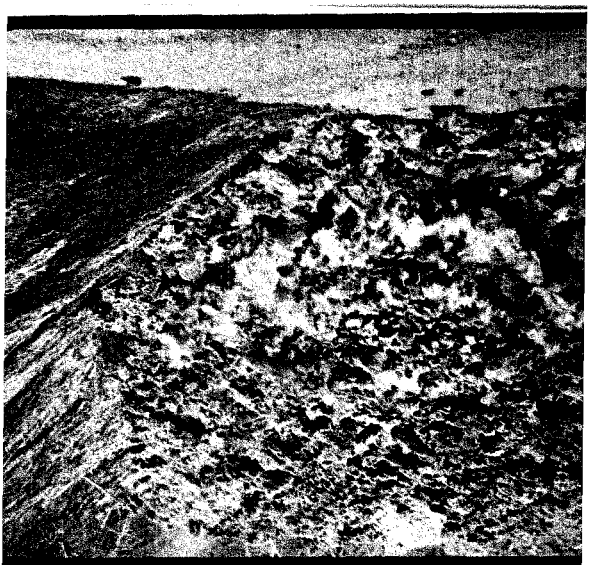

en in daylight new lava flows gleam with intense hea
nperatures of almost 2,000 degrees. Birds caught in
oky steam are killed instantly, and as far as 10
heat and ashes destroy all but the hardiest trees a

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A New England teacher with courage and perseverance left an intellectual heritage to America's daughters

Pioneer of Women's Colleges

by JEAN B. ROSENTHAL

BACK IN THE ERA when women belonged in the kitchen and young girls were taught spinning and sewing, a daring young upstart appeared on the American scene. Mary Lyon was not a militant reformer: she didn't care about women's political rights; she was not a fiery crusader as were her successors, Carrie Nation, Susan Anthony and Lucretia Mott. But she had an idea, and was firmly bent on selling it to the good ladies of America. That idea was higher education for women.

Born in Massachusetts in 1797, Mary Lyon was in every sense a true Puritan. From her mother and from her life in the Berkshire hills she learned the meaning of hard work and persistence. By saving and scrimping, she managed to get through Byfield Seminary outside of Boston, then taught school in New Hampshire, at Ipswich and in Buckland, her home village.

Every place she went she saw young girls jammed into cramped quarters, lacking equipment for a first-class education. Her experiences soon made her aware that "we must provide a college for women on the same conditions as those for men, with publicly-owned buildings and fixed standards of work."

But the thought horrified men and women of that day. Young men went to Harvard and Yale to prepare for the ministry, medicine, and law. "What do women want?" an irate public asked. "Are they going to invade the fields which properly belong to men?"

But that wasn't Mary Lyon's idea. She was far from visualizing the Mount Holyoke or Smith or Vassar of today where girls are trained as musicians, chemists and writers, as well as for the career of mother and teacher. Mary Lyon wanted women to be able to talk with men; to understand their world and to enrich their lives. She knew that she

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must win over the arch-conservatives of her day, but she also knew that humor and vision and an understanding of her neighbor's shortcomings would help.

Mary Lyon turned down an offer of marriage and put her mind on the great task ahead. Realizing that propriety would not permit her to give platform speeches, she decided to campaign by talking to individuals. In 1834 a group of 12 influential men assembled in her parlor to hear her plans. She talked so well that they formed a self-perpetuating committee which was to last until the new school was chartered under the laws of Massachusetts.

MARY LYON KNEW that she could not depend solely on wealthy men, as the men's schools had done. So she adopted the attitude that no sum was too small, that dollars were as welcome as hundreds. Traveling by coach she canvassed the New England countryside—begging and pleading her cause.

Once she wrote to her mother: "I wander about without a home, and scarcely know one week where I shall be the next." Yet the wandering and worry paid, for New Englanders gradually warmed to her idea. Then, just as things began to go smoothly, the country was plunged into a financial panic. "Wait!" cried trustees and friends. "This is no time to go ahead."

But Mary Lyon was adamant. "When a thing ought to be done, it cannot be impossible. 'Now' is the only word that belongs to us; with the afterwhile we have nothing to do." And to prove it she collected $100 from a farmer with five sons. Said he: "I have no daughters of my own, but I want to help give the daughters of America the chance they should have."

Into the coffers went quarters and dollars and three separate gifts of six cents. Some 1,800 people in 91 towns contributed $27,000. But sadly, Miss Lyon found that the very rich were often very poor in spirit. "They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes—but oh, they're little bits of folks!"

Finally, however, enough money was collected to buy a 15-acre plot in South Hadley in the Connecticut Valley. Then troubles began. Quicksand was discovered below the foundations; a contractor delivered faulty bricks; walls caved in. And even when the building was finally erected, a great deal of work remained to be done.

Miss Lyon wanted the girls to have privacy—to live simply but comfortably. She interested sewing societies in making curtains and linens, encouraged people to collect feathers for ticks and pillows, went shopping herself for furniture, crockery and tableware. The women of South Hadley helped arrange the rooms while their husbands brought hammers and nails.

Finally, on November 8, 1837, Mount Holyoke opened its doors, the first college for women in America. Some 80 young ladies arrived from all sections of New England and a few from far-away Ohio and New York. They came in carriages and stages—excited and exhausted. Each brought sheets and pillowcases and each willingly agreed to perform two hours of domestic work a day. Because of this student help, Mary Lyon was able

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to charge a nominal fee of $64 a year for board and tuition.

When funds were lacking to employ a landscape artist, Mary Lyon asked each girl to import a shrub or tree from home. But planting and housework were never allowed to interfere with the prime purpose of the institution, which was to give the girls a higher education.

At first the course was divided into three years: a junior, middle and senior class. In the first year, the girls' studies included history, botany, natural philosophy, physiology, English grammar, and Pope's *Essay on Man*. In the second year, algebra, Euclid, ecclesiastical history, astronomy and Young's *Night Thoughts*. In the final year courses were offered in logic, philosophy, political economy and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Mary Lyon taught chemistry and logic.

Neither Miss Lyon nor her teachers accepted more than the minimum in salaries. She herself never drew more than $200 a year. But she drew other things from the school—strength at seeing her project develop, faith that "all that ought to be done can be done." Yet what she drew in strength and faith was small in comparison with what she poured into the college.

In person she conducted the daily devotional exercises, attended by the entire school. She fostered and supported the work of foreign missions, always encouraging her graduates to become missionaries when they left Holyoke.

After 12 years of Mary Lyon's administration, Mount Holyoke had grown to 224 pupils and 16 teachers. The school had become a vigorous educational force and the inspiration for other great women's colleges: Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe and the American College for Women in Constantinople.

The toast given to Mary Lyon and her students was to become a fitting one: "The young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary—may they go forth from this nursery of piety to bless our country; and long may it be before they find it necessary to adopt the Amazonian Declaration of Independence."

Mary Lyon died in 1849, leaving behind an intellectual heritage enjoyed today by thousands of girls in hundreds of women's colleges. Her vision and her courage had helped to fulfill the promise of the American woman.

The Price of Gallantry

A STOUT WOMAN, wedged into a crowded streetcar, had difficulty getting her fare out of the pocket of her tightly buttoned jacket. "Madam," said the man next to her, during her fruitless struggles, "let me pay your fare."

She indignantly protested.

"Please let me pay your fare," he persisted. "You have already unbuttoned my suspenders three times trying to get into your pocket."

—GRACE WILLIAMS

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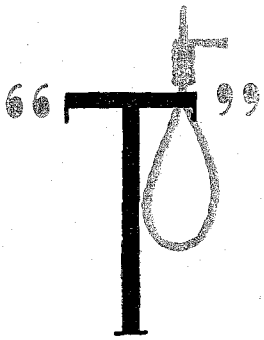

"T" Stands for Dead

by OSCAR SCHISGALL

THE BOY—HE WAS 19 and therefore old enough to know with certainty that his name was Henry Bermann—walked into the UNRRA offices in Germany and asked for work.

"I am Latvian, but I can read and write several languages," he said. "Couldn't I do something? I don't care where you send me. I have no ties anywhere in the world. All my people are dead."

They put Henry Bermann to work at Arolsen, near Frankfurt, in the offices of UNRRAs Central Tracing Bureau. The Bureau's job is to find missing displaced persons, and Henry's particular duty was to file cards of inquiry which arrived from all over the world.

He had been at it only a short time when the office manager saw him staring at a card in speechless disbelief. It was from Mrs. Johanna Joffre in New York, asking UNRRA to locate her lost Latvian nephew, Henry Bermann.

The Bureau has had countless similar experiences. More intimately than any other office in Europe it deals with hopes and prayers, and sometimes despair, all set down on 3 x 5 cards. There are now almost 5,000,000 in the master files at Arolsen, and they are of two general types: those representing desperate inquiries from relatives of lost people; and those describing displaced persons (from infants to octogenarians) who have been found in prison camps, labor camps and elsewhere throughout the world, alive or dead. When two cards are compared and one answers the questions on the other, you have the makings of joy or grief. Too much of it is grief.

"I used to think I was case-hardened," an UNRRA official told me, "but when I thumbed through some of those cards I could feel my heart go down and down. Card after card showed, on the last line, the dread letter 'T.' I wonder if you realize how it feels to locate the name of a man or child you've been seeking for months, only to find it stamped 'T'?"

"T" stands for the German word *tot*—dead. Among some groups, principally Jewish prisoners who were either too young or too old to serve the Germans as slaves during the war, "T" appears on 90 per cent of the records.

The 5,000,000 cards at Arolsen—in fact, the whole concept of the

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Bureau—came into existence in answer to a universal cry. After the war, humanitarian agencies everywhere were deluged with requests to locate people who had been dragged by the Nazis from various countries. In the U. S. more than 500,000 such pleas came to the American Friends Service Committee, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Inc., and others.

The anxiety was so great that seven of the organizations—later joined by four more—pooled facilities to set up a clearing house in New York, the Central Location Index. With its files constantly growing—the Index now has more than 1,000,000 entries—it not only handles inquiries from supporting agencies but also gathers information from every possible source overseas.

Similar offices, however, were ultimately created in almost every other country, and it soon became clear that a world clearing house was needed, to avoid duplication of effort and to give all nations access to common information. Obviously this would have to be administered by an international agency, and UNRRA undertook the task.

Today the chief at Arolsen—Col. John R. Bowring, an Englishman—has one of the most heartbreaking jobs in the world. "More accurately, it's heartbreaking or heartwarming," an aide amended, "depending on whether we fail or succeed in bringing families together."

In taking over the office from Miss Dorothy de la Pole, an American who established it, Bowring has proved that even the ingredients of heartbreak can be catalogued swiftly by a staff of 300. For each inquiry that arrives, a card is made out recording every known fact about the lost person: age, nationality, where last seen or heard of, names of parents, forebears and living relatives, physical characteristics, personal habits, pet names, extent of education—anything which may help to identify a mortal being.

At the same time cards are made out for all the displaced persons our armies find in enemy lands—or in far-off refugee centers like Shanghai, which sent a list of 113,000 names. Some German prison camps have accounted for as many as 80,000 people, living and dead. For each of these the Bureau fills a card, listing all available data. No card is filed until every item on it has been compared with similar items on cards of inquiry in the catalogue. When they match, you are entitled to a peculiar excitement which affects the Bureau's staff.

SOMETIMES LOCATIONS are made on meager clues. For example, a nameless boy of five, found wandering in a German camp, knew almost nothing about his parents or his past, except that his father used to call him by some affectionate word like "shoo-shoo." Under the stimulus of candy bars he also recalled his father had a wonderful gold tooth. The only identifying mark on the child was a mole under his left knee. His card was made out under the name of Shoo-shoo.

A clerk, checking it against the files, found one from a distracted Belgian father who has been separated from his son two years before, when he had been transferred from one German labor camp to another. The father's card said he used to

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An Influence for Peace

I AM HEARTILY in favor of amending our immigration laws to permit refugee orphan children to come to the U. S., be adopted by American citizens and brought up in our American way of life. These children would of course bring with them a first-hand knowledge of the misery, horror and suffering that go with war. Their feeling about war will naturally influence the thoughts of their native-born American playmate and thus in later years bring about increased appreciation for the peace and freedom that makes our American heritage so precious.

—REPRESENTATIVE SOL BLOOM
Chairman of House Foreign Affairs Committee

call the boy "*chou-chou*"—and that the youngster had a mole under his left knee. Moreover, in describing himself, the father mentioned his gold tooth. And so, without benefit of names, the Bureau reunited father and son.

"Children," Colonel Bowring says, "are our gravest problem." Some, born in labor camps of parents now dead, are too young to know anything about themselves. Ask their names and they stand tongue-tied; they've never had names, except perhaps *Dummkopf* and *Kleines Schwein*. These now comprise an army of "Stateless" waifs whom UNRRA has to care for in its many children's camps.

In time some of them may be adopted. Others will have to be reared in institutions. But today there they are, alone, unidentified, big-eyed in bewilderment and scared by a world of strangers—6,500 of them.

"Quite a few American families are ready to adopt some of them if we can guarantee they are physically and mentally in good shape," said a clerk at UNRRA's offices. "The sad truth, however, is that many of them are *not* in good health. When we got them they had been victims of starvation and lack of care. Whether it will be possible for Americans to adopt the others on any great scale depends on American immigration authorities."

In his efforts to repatriate people, Bowring has done more than amass cards. He has enlisted the aid of occupation armies, radio stations and almost every civilian authority in Europe. Anybody who can supply information about missing persons, anybody who can help to broadcast their names, has been called upon to help.

Thus in camps for displaced persons there is a daily half-hour given over to loudspeaker announcements in several languages. "Attention, please! The following persons are being sought by relatives—"

When that voice begins, all activity stops. People stand still, listening and hoping. Every now and then a voice screams, "Me! That's me!" And somebody who has ceased to be a lost soul rushes wildly toward the administration building.

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At other times a couple of men will look at each other, then one will go to the office to report how so-and-so, mentioned over the loudspeaker, was killed at Dachau.

FOR A VAST NUMBER of its cards the Bureau must thank the efficient American armies of occupation. Wherever they went they seized German records, containing every prisoner's name, nationality, age, "crime," date of arrival in camp, date of transfer or death. It was only toward the end of the war, when Germany began to crumble, that Nazi records became confused.

The American armies assigned men to copy whatever information they found about prisoners and send it to the Central Bureau. UNRRA declares that this cooperation has been largely responsible for establishing its present list of more than 500,000 "located" cases—a figure which includes, of course, those located in graves.

In the matter of finding children, however—many of them farmed out by the Nazis to German families and institutions—Bowring relies heavily on the effectiveness of Searching Teams. This process began last January when three people who could talk several languages began to roam about Regensburg in Bavaria, a region to which many expatriated children had been sent. The party questioned every youngster it encountered. In two months it had located almost 1,000 for whom there were cards at Arolsen!

As a result of this success, more teams were formed. Today, many of them operate everywhere in former Nazi territory. Each searcher must speak several languages. The teams go to schools, monasteries, hospitals, camps, private homes—wherever they may find children.

Questioning youngsters is a difficult task. Many of them, having learned to fear all strangers, shrink from UNRRA investigators. They have to be reassured with kindness and that most productive source of miracles, the candy bar. Even when their confidence has been won, some have little to tell about their backgrounds. Yet in their language there is often a clue to a localized region. Search teams are alert to every inflection, every idiom, for each can tell a story.

And there is another obstacle. Many a child put into a German home has come to like his foster-parents—the only parents he remembers. And the foster-parents have affection for the youngster. So they coach him before the investigator arrives, terrifying him with tales of being taken away. Then questioning becomes really difficult.

One child of five, who met all the descriptions of a lost Yugoslav boy, answered every question with a stolid German "*Nein.*" The investigator was about to give up when his last query brought an angry "*Nein, nein, nista*!" That final word, the Yugoslav equivalent of "no," furnished the clue which eventually restored the child to his parents.

On a percentage basis Belgium has fared worst in the number of citizens who have vanished. Only one per cent of expatriated Belgians have been found by the Bureau; 35,000 are still missing. In France, 250,000 people are unaccounted for, while Czechoslovakia has been unable to trace 13,000.

When the work of the Bureau

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will end, no one can say. It cannot cease as long as people are missing, as long as bewildered children wander over Europe. The United Nations will keep the Bureau functioning long after UNRRA goes out of existence—that much has been determined.

Perhaps some day, when its work is done, someone will count the number of file cards marked "T"—more than 250,000 so far—and the total will be another indictment of Nazism. Meanwhile the Central Tracing Bureau can find solace in the fact that it has already restored more than 3,000 children to their parents and almost 250,000 adults to their families. That record is a tribute to what we call civilization.

THE BRIGHTEST CORONET OF ALL

To celebrate its tenth anniversary next month, Coronet will reverse customary procedure by presenting YOU with a birthday gift—one of the finest, richest, most colorful magazines ever published. Packed with outstanding pictures and stories, the big November issue of 204 pages (40 *more* pages than usual) will bring you special features like these:

- **The first in a series** of distinctive new cover designs, painted especially for Coronet by leading American illustrators.
- **The Ten Commandments,** presented in full color by two great artists: Arthur Szyk, master of the medieval art of illumination, and Robert Riggs, one of America's most forceful painters.
- **The Gallery of Photographs,** long a favorite of Coronet readers, returns as a regular feature, bringing a collection of superb salon photographs.
- **A thrilling panorama** in color of Washington, D. C., depicting scenes that have made our Capital a world-famous shrine.
- **Dramatic chapters** in the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, condensed from outstanding books and illustrated with unforgettable pictures.
- **A roundup** of the most memorable news photographs of the past decade—1936 to 1946. A special tribute to Coronet's Tenth Anniversary.

For many enjoyable hours of entertainment, relaxation and reading pleasure, ask your newsdealer to reserve your November Coronet *now*. This colorful, feature-packed issue will go on sale October 25.

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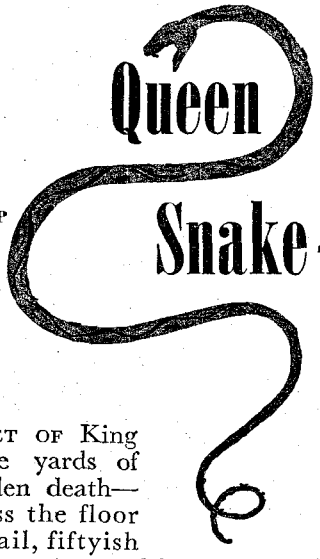
Grace Olive Wiley has a way with reptiles; the fact that she's alive proves it

Queen of the Snake-Charmers

by JIM BISHOP



FIFTEEN FEET OF King Cobra—five yards of scaly, sudden death—slithered across the floor towards the frail, fiftyish woman. Contrary to accepted forms of feminine procedure, she didn't swoon or shriek. Instead she lifted the cobra in her arms, put her smiling face down beside his grim death's-head and queried in near-baby talk: "How's my cutie pie?"

This act, which would cost almost any other person his life in an exceedingly swift and painful manner, is a daily routine for the woman who is recognized as one of the world's top authorities on the taming of poisonous reptiles. She's Grace Olive Wiley, herpetologist of North Long Beach, California, the unassuming possessor of one of the most dangerous jobs on earth.

"Herpetologist," according to Webster, means "one who studies reptiles." However, there are ways and ways of studying, and Mrs. Wiley's herpetology has been learned the hardest way of all—by actually living 24 hours a day with more than a hundred of her subjects in a three-room combination home-museum.

Contrary to the movie idea that a "Cobra Woman" must be a sensuous, slinky brunette, Mrs. Wiley is a small, courteous, middle-aged woman with dark red hair and blue eyes. Her conversation is a curious blend of scientific terms and sentimental speeches about her "babies." Crowning achievement of her 23 years of taming every kind of venomous reptile has been the domesticating of two King Cobras—the first time in scientific history this has ever been achieved.

These two royal reptiles are the stars of her present collection, which live with her in a shabby frame house on a shabby side street. The front door opens into a square room, where sacking hangs over the windows to keep out drafts, and gas heaters scattered about create an ersatz tropical temperature.

Makeshift cages hold such rarities as an albino rattlesnake, a pair of deadly Chinese kraits which sleep

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in a cereal box, a small Indian cobra, three poisonous beaded lizards, a rock python, several boas, a giant salamander and a rare born-in-captivity litter of young rattlers which lie in a cage like a jumble of scaled spaghetti.

"Slinky," a giant lizard, roams about at will, sharing the underfoot area with such other mobile throwbacks to prehistoric ages as "Johnny," an ancient crocodile; "Marge" and "Charlie," two tremendous tortoisean versions of the old shell game; and several other scaly pets. Through the home and back yard, which probably boast more reptilian life per square foot than any equal area on earth, go Mrs. Wiley and her 80-year-old mother, calmly tending to their domestic chores like any average housewife.

THE COURSE OF Mrs. Wiley's life was shaped years ago in Chanute, Kansas. While still in her teens, she began to read about moths and butterflies. This led to collecting them, and eventually to the University of Kansas to study insect idiosyncrasies. Here she decided to learn about reptiles.

In 1922, after graduating from the university and engaging in a brief venture into matrimony, she began her scientific career by heading for Texas with a $100 research grant for a specimen collection trip. Returning to the campus she found herself acclaimed for her outstanding field work, which had included the shipment of 65 rattlesnakes to the university museum.

After serving as curator of the Museum of Natural History in Minneapolis for 13 years, Grace Wiley resigned in 1938 to go to Hollywood with the idea of raising enough money to open the biggest private zoo in the country. She also envisaged renting her snakes to film studios and lecturing to tremendous audiences.

Packing her collection of more than a hundred reptiles in a rattletrap trailer which she hitched to her brother's equally rattly Ford, she, her mother, her brother and a friend started out for the promised land. The whole menagerie stopped at wayside motels each night, where the reptiles, including "Romeo," a ten-foot python, roamed around the rooms freely.

In Hollywood, Mrs. Wiley found that reptile roles were at a premium. And when audiences for her lectures failed to materialize, she was forced to move into her present surroundings.

Although the movie work has been rare, one studio rented her small cobra for a Tarzan feature; but due to a marked reticence on the part of extras to fraternize with the snake, Mrs. Wiley was forced to don grease paint and play the part of an Indian snake-charmer. In *Jungle Book*, the make-up man almost fainted when informed that the King Cobra would have to be tinted white to agree with the Kipling-created role of "Kaa." Again Mrs. Wiley stepped in and did a competent make-up job on the King.

The taming of her two giant cobras was recorded in her diary, giving a graphic description of the methods she uses in handling snakes. On August 26, she received the pair from Singapore. They were angry and hissing, striking at anything within reach and rearing three feet into the air. On August 30, four

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days later, the diary says: "I petted them for the first time with the 18-inch stick with the padded end."

Two days later: "Used my bare hand to pet the cobras on their tails when their heads were far away." On September 4: "Held the Queen in my bare hands and force-fed her, opening her jaws and putting in food with my fingers." The next day: "Petted them both, 'geeing' and 'hawing' them by tapping them on each side of their heads with my fingers. They like to be stroked under the chin. . . ."

One of her final entries, written about two months later, says in wonderment: "It's strange that of all the experiences I have had, 'the world's most dangerous snake' should prove to be one of the easiest, if not the easiest, to tame."

Mrs. Wiley takes care of her charges in a fashion that would put a loving mother to shame. She squirts sulfa down the sore throat of a rattlesnake, picks ticks off the cobras, lances the infected foot of a lizard, removes old fangs of the poisonous snakes as the new ones grow in. She force-feeds reptiles unwilling to dine under their own power, and helps them in their regular strip-tease troubles when they shed their entire skin. They react in the same manner as a kindly treated kitten or puppy.

Gastronomically speaking, her charges live the life of Wiley. Her tiny income goes for raw eggs which are given the snakes and lizards three times a week, as well as for horsemeat, rats, mice, rabbits, fish and worms which are fed to the snakes once a week. This diet is augmented by vitamins, cod-liver oil and other special mixtures.

Although she's recognized by fellow herpetologists as one of the very few persons ever to master the trick of domesticating poisonous reptiles, Mrs. Wiley admits her methods are not recommended for the amateur snake-charmer or picnic exhibitionist. She knows the moods, needs and reaction of reptiles, and therefore what to expect most of the time. She's been bitten a few times, but she feels that each time she violated some of her own rules, which include: "Be quiet, calm and collected, and keep that way. If anything unexpected happens, 'freeze' on the spot or beat a hasty retreat."

In addition to her scientific knowledge, she has a firm belief that there's some means of silent communication between a snake and a human who is sympathetic to it. Whatever this means—uncanny skill, intuition, sound vibrations—the best proof that it is successful is the fact that she's alive, for in her business unsuccessful people don't last very long.

Good Memory

Irate salesgirl to disagreeable customer: "Go easy, madam—the days when I used to insult customers are still fresh in my mind!"

—Salo in *This Week*

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Game Book

Try, Try, Try Again with Harold Lloyd as Guest Editor

The first step is the hardest, says Harold Lloyd, the original comedy stunt man of the movies. The steps get easier as you go along, so here's the scoring system in his first quiz: each question contains three clues to the correct answer. (Cover up everything below the line you're reading, so you can't lose points by seeing the easier clues that follow.) Score 10 if you get the answer from clue (a); 5 if you get it from clue (b); 2 if you get it from clue (c). Perfect score would be 100, 65 is superior, and 50 is fair. Answers are on page 83.

1. (*a*) Who wrote the book *Why Not Try God?*
(*b*) She was "America's Sweetheart."
(*c*) She married Douglas Fairbanks.

2. (*a*) Nebraska's capital is.....
(*b*) It's named for a President.
(*c*) He was called "Honest Abe."

3. (*a*) The English call a shilling a....
(*b*) It's also a short haircut.
(*c*) And it's Robert's nickname.

4. (*a*) Who was the 15th child of a tallow-chandler?
(*b*) He invented the lightning rod.
(*c*) And was called Poor Richard.

5. (*a*) Poland's pianist-premier was...
(*b*) He composed a famous minuet.
(*c*) He was Ignace Jan P.....

6. (*a*) What famous children's book was written by an English mathematician?
(*b*) His real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
(*c*) His pen name was Lewis Carroll.

7. (*a*) Who was Messenger of the Gods?
(*b*) It's the smallest planet.
(*c*) It's also a liquid metal.

8. (*a*) Who wrote *The Crisis?*
(*b*) It is the same name as a British Prime Minister's.
(*c*) The first name is Winston.

9. (*a*) Who was the "Melancholy Dane"?
(*b*) The same word applies to a small village.
(*c*) William Shakespeare wrote a play about him.

10. (*a*) What is Mare Nostrum?
(*b*) The Romans sailed it.
(*c*) It touches the northern coast of Africa.

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pro NOUNCE them if you can

Most people have a large vocabulary of words that they often read and sometimes write, but seldom speak. The quiz below is based on such words. If you know them and use them, do you pronounce them correctly? Score 10 points for each one you get right. You need a score of 60 to pass. You deserve a bouquet if you get as much as 80. Answers are on page 83.

1. GENUS—a group or class
(*a*) JEN-us
(*b*) JEEN-yus
(*c*) JEE-nus

2. ABYSS—a bottomless pit
(*a*) a-BISS
(*b*) ab-ISS
(*c*) AB-iss

3. GYVE—shackle
(*a*) GUYVE
(*b*) GIV
(*c*) JYVE

4. DELUGE—a downpour
(*a*) DEL-yooj
(*b*) DEL-ooj
(*c*) de-LOOJ

5. DISHEVELED—tousled
(*a*) dis-HEV-eld
(*b*) DISH-ev-eld
(*c*) di-SHEV-eld

6. DESERTS—reward
(*a*) DEZ-ertz
(*b*) DEE-zerts
(*c*) dee-ZERTZ

7. DEMUR—raise objection
(*a*) dee-MYOOR
(*b*) dee-MER
(*c*) DEM-yoor

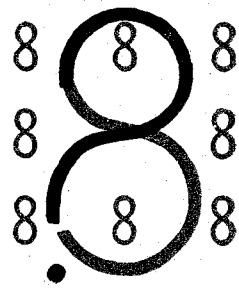
8. IMPIOUS—wicked
(*a*) IMP-ee-us
(*b*) IM-pie-us
(*c*) im-PIE-us

9. CARROUSEL—merry-go-round
(*a*) kar-ROUSE-el
(*b*) KAR-roo-ZELL
(*c*) CAR-roo-SELL

10. PENICILLIN—a medicine
(*a*) PEN-ih-SILL-in
(*b*) pe-NISS-ill-in
(*c*) pe-NIH-sih-LEEN

Harold Lloyd's Favorite Ice-Breaker

A friend asked me if I could make six nines equal one hundred. I said I couldn't, so he wrote out 99 99/99 = 100. Then I asked him if he could make eight eights equal 1,000 and he said he couldn't. Can you? The solution is given on page 83.



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A Game of Halves

This should be an easy game to play, because you have to know only "half as much." In every question, two terms are stated. One represents just half as much as the other. You pick the "half" term. Counting 5 for each one you answer correctly, if you get half right you'll score 45, which is average; 65 is good, 75 or more tops. Answers on page 83.

1. (*a*) radius
(*b*) diameter

2. (*a*) 1 bell
(*b*) 1 hour

3. (*a*) quart
(*b*) pint

4. (*a*) em
(*b*) en

5. (*a*) sesquicentennial
(*b*) tercentenary

6. (*a*) sawbuck
(*b*) fin

7. (*a*) M
(*b*) D

8. (*a*) quarto
(*b*) folio

9. (*a*) .25
(*b*) ½

10. (*a*) barrel
(*b*) hogshead

11. (*a*) tercet
(*b*) sextet

12. (*a*) tablespoon
(*b*) liquid ounce

13. (*a*) equator
(*b*) meridian

14. (*a*) six bits
(*b*) buck and a half

15. (*a*) octogenarian
(*b*) quadragenarian

16. (*a*) C
(*b*) L

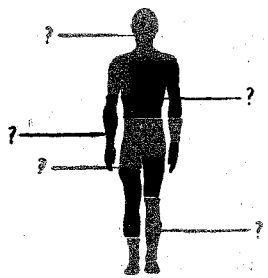
17. (*a*) week
(*b*) fortnight

18. (*a*) sphere
(*b*) hemisphere

What Are You Made Of?

Listed below are the principal chemical elements present in the human body. Can you spot the proper proportions? The answers are listed on page 83.

OXYGEN (a) 65% (b) 23% (c) 5%
CALCIUM (a) 68% (b) 38% (c) 2%
PHOSPHORUS (a) 30% (b) 15% (c) 1%
NITROGEN (a) 23% (b) 15% (c) 3%
HYDROGEN (a) 20% (b) 7% (c) 1%
CARBON (a) 51% (b) 18% (c) 2%
OTHER ELEMENTS (a) 6% (b) 3% (c) 1%



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Test Your Sense of Values

In every question of the quiz below, you are given your choice of two valuable articles. The trick is to be able to pick the one which is usually worth more, in dollars and cents, on the open market. (No. 6 is a tough one; most of us would gladly settle for either choice.) Count 5 for each correct answer; 65 is passing, 80 is a high score. Answers are on page 83.

1. A Canadian dollar or a Mexican dollar?
2. Chinchilla or mink?
3. Opal or garnet?
4. A first folio Shakespeare or a Gutenberg Bible?
5. A guinea or a pound?
6. A porterhouse steak or a sirloin steak?
7. Alligator or lizard?
8. Brussels carpet or Turkish carpet?
9. A working bee or a queen bee?
10. A Steinway or a Stradivarius?
11. Cashmere wool or Angora wool?
12. Whalebone or ivory?
13. Lead or tin?
14. Walnut or mahogany?
15. Parchment roll or papyrus roll?
16. Carrara marble or Vermont marble?

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction until you've spelled out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with R in the upper left-hand corner and spell *ruin*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words. Par on this one is 30 words in 30 minutes. Our word list (page 83) has 37 words; can you get more?

R	D	H	W	A
N	U	X	E	V
Q	I	O	M	L
W	C	T	P	G
J	I	K	A	B

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Try, Try, Try Again

1. Mary Pickford
2. Lincoln
3. Bob
4. Benjamin Franklin
5. Paderewski
6. *Alice in Wonderland*
7. Mercury
8. Churchill
9. Hamlet
10. Mediterranean Sea

Pronounce Them If You Can

1. (*c*) JEE-nus
2. (*a*) a-BISS
3. (*c*) JYVE
4. (*a*) DEL-yooj
5. (*c*) di-SHEV-eld
6. (*c*) dee-ZERTZ
7. (*b*) dee-MER
8. (*a*) IMP-ee-us
9. (*b*) KAR-roo-ZELL
10. (*a*) PEN-ih-SILL-in

A Game of Halves

1. (*a*) radius
2. (*a*) 1 bell; on shipboard the bell rings every half-hour
3. (*b*) pint
4. (*b*) en
5. (*a*) sesquicentennial (150-year); tercentenary is 300-year
6. (*b*) "fin" (slang for $5; a "sawbuck" is $10)
7. (*b*) D = 500; M = 1000
8. (*a*) quarto, a sheet of paper folded twice; folio is a sheet folded only once
9. (*a*) .25; ½ would be .50
10. (*a*) barrel
11. (*a*) tercet
12. (*a*) tablespoon
13. (*b*) meridian
14. (*a*) six bits (75 cents)
15. (*b*) quadragenarian
16. (*b*) L=50; C=100
17. (*a*) week
18. (*b*) hemisphere; hemi- means half

What Are You Made Of?

Oxygen 23%, Calcium 2%
Phosphorus 1%, Nitrogen 15%
Hydrogen 7%, Carbon 51%
Miscellaneous 1%.

Harold Lloyd's Favorite Ice-Breaker

888
88
8
8
8
1000

Test Your Sense of Values

1. Canadian dollar
2. Chinchilla
3. Opal
4. A Gutenberg Bible
5. Guinea
6. Porterhouse
7. Alligator
8. Turkish carpet
9. Queen bee
10. Stradivarius
11. Cashmere
12. Whalebone
13. Tin
14. Mahogany
15. Papyrus
16. Carrara

How Well Do You Know the King's English?

atom	help	plea	quit	tour
batik	hemp	pock	quixotic	toxic
coin	iota	poem	quoin	unit
come	mock	pome	quoit	wave
complex	mound	pound	quota	whelp
exit	nick	pour	ruin	wick
helm	optic	quick	tick	wind
	otic		tome	

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How to Pick Your Doctor

by ZULMA STEELE

There's more to be considered than a swank address and a charming manner

WHEN YOUR AUTOMOBILE, your vacuum cleaner or your wrist watch needs repairing, you take it to the best and most experienced repairman available. This common-sense rule saves you time, money and trouble. But do you follow an equally sensible rule when your body—your most priceless possession—breaks down?

Despite the risk involved, the average man, in pain and panic, often runs to the nearest M.D. whose shingle hangs out down the street. Or he selects that impressive-looking Miracle Man who has just moved into the neighborhood. Or worse yet, he makes his own snap diagnosis and lugs his illness to the Great Expert in the city—thereby wasting the specialist's time and his own money.

Obviously such careless ways of choosing a doctor are likely to result in disaster. A fashionable address, a fancy waiting room and a charming bedside manner don't necessarily stand for sound medical advice. Nor will the bewildered patient who drags his aching frame from specialist to specialist collect anything more helpful than a pile of bills, plus a file of conflicting diagnoses.

Does this make sense? Of course. But people, once they fall ill, quickly adopt a let's-try-anything mood. Hopefully seeking magic, they rush to the nearest man in white. Quite often they forget the familiar local doctor who has known them in sickness and in health since birth. Or mistrusting his "old-fashioned" methods, they

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rush from quack to quack to "check" one against the other.

It must be admitted that in this age of specialization the all-round veteran doctor of sound training and ability is not as easy to find as he once was. Yet it is this jewel for whom you must search, if you have not been so lucky as to inherit one along with the family silver. Once having found your doctor, stick to him and follow his advice. It is up to him to say when a specialist is really needed.

What, then, are the special qualifications required of this high priest of your own and your family's physical welfare? Basically, he must have a broad clinical training. Make certain that he was graduated from a Class A medical school, and followed with an internship in a hospital large enough to offer wide experience. Preferably he should carry an active hospital affiliation along with his practice. These facts can be obtained from the directory of your county medical society, from university clinics or from doctors not competing in the same field.

From other patients and the local grapevine (always allowing for human partialities) can be obtained an appraisal of the professional man's most priceless asset: reputation. Has he integrity, which is so much more important to a patient over the long pull of life than shallow brilliance? Is he an honest man, whom you instinctively trust? Does he show genuine interest in his patients' problems, the kind of alert intelligence that guarantees he would be on hand to cope with an emergency?

Of course it's nice to meet a professional man with wide interests that happen to coincide with your own, but the best doctor for you must place his patients' care above everything else. The suave and fashionable diagnostician may charm you at a cocktail party, but when your young son struggles for breath against the croup you would trade all the brilliant conversation in the world for a reliable physician who promptly answers an SOS.

It is important, however, that the man of your choice have a personality sympathetic to your own. Your doctor's primary job is to listen and observe, to diagnose and then give advice as clearly as possible. Some of the great healers have a Sphinx-like cast—and the same respect for secret worries. But if you choose a doctor with whom you can easily establish sympathy and confidence, this link will add much to the faith that brings mental calm and healing.

ONE PRACTICAL POINT must be discussed reasonably with your doctor, particularly in the case of a pending operation or delivery. That is the question of cost. Somehow, it's human to resent *any* doctor's fee, no matter how small. Even with a careful budget, we are never quite ready for the sudden illness that cuts down earning ability. So if you don't already know your doctor's fee, don't hesitate to ask about the usual charge for a call at your home or for an office visit.

"Maybe," you say to yourself, "maybe if I go to Dr. X, who only charges $5, he can fix me up as well as Dr. Y who gets those big $25 fees." But don't fool yourself!

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The human machine can't afford careless mechanics. If an incompetent garageman wrecks your car, you can buy another. But if a quack tampers with your insides, the damage may be permanent.

Is Dr. Y, who charges $25, really a better medical man than Dr. X? Not necessarily. Doctors generally govern their fees by the time involved and the patient's ability to pay. If your doctor has the integrity he should have, he will scale his bills to meet your purse—or at least not empty it.

Once having selected an all-round doctor, give him your complete confidence. Never go to a second doctor, unless the matter is understood or recommended. If you happen to have a specialist friend who might be brought in to advise, by all means suggest the possibility—but let your own doctor arrange the consultaton.

THERE ARE SEVERAL other ways in which you can help your doctor to help you. You will not just "drop in" at his office but will arrive punctually by appointment. To save time, take along any records you may have kept on temperature rise, pulse rate or pain. Doctors bless the rare patient who comes supplied with such exact information, along with helpful observations about diet, nausea, headache, flushing, pallor, a rash or swelling. So get your facts together. Now—and not at the door of the operating room—is the time for you to reveal any personal quirks, such as an hysterical reaction to morphine or a tendency to bleed easily.

It will help, too, if you can fill in the highlights of your medical history—such as childhood diseases and dates of operations — without time-wasting remarks like, "Let's see, I *think* I had measles—but it might have been German measles . . ." Also brush up on your family history, for the competent doctor is keenly interested in the illnesses, longevity and size of families.

By a cooperative attitude you can get a lot more from a medical examination. This is no time for a snappy: "How should *I* know what's the matter? *You're* the doctor." Try to answer questions quickly, fully and honestly. The doctor wants information; he is not a gossip snooping out your bad habits or family skeletons.

Don't waste time by dragging to the doctor's office the latest magazine article on a condition that "sounds like" yours. If your man is good enough to consult at all, he knows about such information through medical journals. In spite of progress in certain fields, medical fads and miracle drugs still run their dizzying courses and you must trust your physician's judgment. Always his advice must be tempered by a conservatism born of life-or-death decisions.

Many patients complain that even the best doctor cannot be trusted to give an honest diagnosis if the prognosis is poor. "I want to know the truth—even if it *is* cancer," they exclaim in all the confidence of health. Maybe so. But often, face to face with fatality, such remarks are sheer brag. The wise doctor takes stock of his patient as a whole and drops or withholds the axe according to what seems to be most kind and practical.

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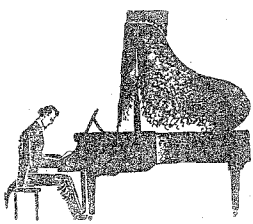
As the doctor proceeds from diagnosis to treatment, he will tell you enough to enable you to follow orders directed toward a cure. Try not to brood over isolated remarks. And don't go running to that gruesome medical tome in the library to learn the worst. If your doctor's remarks become too cryptic, ask him to explain in words of one syllable. Usually, the better the doctor the more direct his words to the patient.

As you place yourself in this doctor's care—forsaking all others—toss out the window all previous treatments and drugs, no matter how comforting they seem. Those pink pills may have been serving more as a crutch to your ego than to your ailing stomach. Shut your mind to the past, avoid comparisons of treatments, and refuse to be swayed by the silver-tongued ad men of radio and magazine. Let your doctor prescribe for anything from persistent headache to "acid stomach" and "fatigue." They may be storm warnings, and serious.

You will also save yourself a lot of shattered hopes by not expecting medical miracles overnight. Particularly is this true when you run to the doctor to patch up the end-product of a disease that should have been caught at the start. Don't blame the doctor if he cannot quickly repair the damage of years of self-neglect. He should not need to point out that an annual ounce of prevention in the form of a medical check-up will pay enormous dividends.

Most physicians admit that the intelligent help of the patient can vastly increase the efficiency of medical care. Harassed by querulous patients given to "enjoying poor health" and to collecting specialists as they collect celebrities, the conscientious doctor dreams of a patient worthy of his best efforts. It is worth your effort to live up to his ideal.

"What I call a good patient," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is one who, having found a good physician, sticks to him till he dies."



Memo to Musicians

As a child prodigy, Sergei Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer and pianist, once made a public appearance for which he played the piano part of Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, a composition which contains several long and impressive rests.

During one exceptionally drawn-out rest a motherly old lady seated in a front row leaned forward and in a loud stage whisper suggested, "Play us something that you know, my dear." —Louis Hirsch

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America's Safest City

by J. D. RATCLIFF

Needless slaughter can be stamped out by selling safety principles to the people; the record of Hamilton, Ohio, proves it

MOST COMMUNITIES like to talk about public and private safety, but few of them ever do anything constructive about it. The inertia can be traced to various causes, the chief one being a belief that organized safety campaigns take too much time, money and trouble for the "intangible" results obtained.

Actually, the facts prove otherwise. When a community faces up squarely to the problem of deaths and injuries caused by carelessness, the question of expending time, money and trouble becomes secondary. For successful safety campaigns pay off not only in lives and limbs saved but in hard cash.

A case in point is Hamilton, Ohio, where in 1941 a series of seemingly unrelated things happened in this typical industrial town. A young man was speeding when his car skidded, crashed into an embankment. The impact rammed his legs through his chest. The gear lever went through his face. With all his skill the undertaker couldn't patch up such wreckage. It was best, he said, for the parents not to see the body.

Not long afterward a hissing splash of molten metal caught a foundryman. There was an agonized scream, then the sweetish smell of burned flesh. The man died on the way to the hospital.

A little girl, playing on the lawn of her home, ran from behind some shrubbery into the path of a giant truck trailer. Air brakes hissed, tires screamed. But by the time the driver reached the lifeless child she looked like a bag of bloody cat meat.

That winter an old man was easing his way down the icy steps of his home. He slipped. There was a splintering sound as old bones broke. Surgeons tried to piece the hip together, but pneumonia intervened. Within 48 hours the old man was dead.

Unrelated as they seemed, all these events fell into pattern. *Not one of the deaths was necessary.* In each case carelessness was the criminal. Adequate safety precautions would have kept all these people alive—as well as a few dozen other people who died in Hamilton that

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year under similar circumstances.

Hamilton's record was bad and there were figures to prove it. For five years people had been dying at the rate of four a year in industrial accidents, 10 in traffic accidents, 17 in home accidents and seven in public places—swimming pools, sidewalk falls, fires.

In each category the figures were nothing to be proud of, as compared with many other cities. The needless slaughter was breaking homes, ruining lives. It was also costing the city an enormous amount of money.

The National Safety Council has cold, unemotional figures on the value of human life. These tables say that a man of 20 is worth eight times as much as a woman of 60—because of greater earning potential. The tables take everything into account—cost of medical care due to accidents, lost earning power of the victim, wasted public money spent educating a boy or girl destined to die in a motor crash.

According to these tables, the dead, maimed and crippled were costing Hamilton a staggering sum —$1,500,000 a year. Since the city had a population of 50,000, this figured out at $150 a year for the average family of five!

Furthermore, the situation promised to get worse. Skilled labor was being drafted into the army. Green, untrained help was moving into Hamilton's industries—foundries, forges, machine plants, paper mills. It seemed inevitable that accident rates would skyrocket.

This was the situation when a group of public spirited citizens —Peter E. Rentschler of the Hamilton Foundry & Machine Co., Reuben B. Robertson of the Champion Paper & Fibre Co., Ryan Hall of Haeckl's Express, A. S. Anderson, and others—sat down to talk the thing over.

Other cities had demonstrated that you could buy safety, just as you buy protection against smallpox or diphtheria. Safety was a purchasable commodity—and it came cheap. But safety had to be *sold* to the people.

It had to be something alive and vital, not something with appeal only for timid old ladies. It had to be as personal as a broken leg or a crushed skull. If the people could be sold on these things then Hamilton might become as safe as—or safer than—any other city in the U.S. That was the goal.

Hamilton was one of the smallest cities ever to undertake such an ambitious project. The resounding success of its program offers a blueprint for other communities.

WE TEND TO look on accidents as chance acts of God. It seems preposterous to suppose that we can prevent an iron casting from crushing the foot of a workman; or can stop a child from running in front of a truck; or can keep an old man from slipping on icy steps. But the fact is that these things *can* be prevented.

In Hamilton, the first problem—as always—was to raise money. Certain groups were naturally interested. Lawyers, doctors, insurance men knew the penalties paid for accidental death. Appropriately enough, an enthusiastic supporter of the program was the coroner. Death wasn't something remote and impersonal to him. He saw it

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every day in all its tragic cloaks.

Industry was interested from the first, for obvious reasons. To see what accidents cost, a factory-owner merely had to look at his payroll account. Compensation payments told the dollars and cents story of safety.

Between them, these various individuals and groups contributed $5,000 to support a Safety Council for one year. In November, 1942, Edwin S. Smith, young and aggressive, was employed as a full-time safety director. He had done similar work in Rochester, New York. A small but intensely earnest group of citizens was enlisted in the movement. They joined the Safety Council, declared war on accidents and have never let up.

INDUSTRIAL safety was the initial point of attack. Like an old-time evangelist selling salvation, Smith started selling safety to foremen. He organized meetings, discussion groups and old-fashioned picnics.

The foremen were cooperative. They had seen fingers snatched off by lathes and arms crushed by stamping machines. They knew what accidents cost in terms of blood and mangled bodies. With the help of management, they stepped up safety programs.

They went back to their plants and sold the virtues of steel-toed shoes to their men—shoes to prevent crushed toes in case a heavy piece of metal dropped. They preached about leather leggings to avoid burned legs in foundries; and about goggles to keep chips of flying metal from eyes. They installed green blinker lights which were constant reminders of accidentless days; and red lights which flashed on days when someone forgot to be careful.

Results of these and other measures were startling. The safety program paid for itself many times over in reduced compensation payments. In a single year, one plant saved $25,000!

On the human side the picture was even brighter. During the past two years, Hamilton has had but one industrial death. According to pre-safety campaign figures, eight men should have died in this time. In other words, seven men are alive today—working, supporting families—when according to the figures they should have been dead.

Traffic accidents came next. Mail pamphlets went to the homes of truck and bus drivers; and the Safety Council arranged an annual truck rodeo—where skillful driving brought prizes and hammered home the safety message.

The local bus company got quick results. Prior to the campaign its record was spotted with accidents. Placards, bulletins and talks to drivers, plus bonuses for safe operation, changed this picture.

Accidents were reduced more than 50 per cent. Last year's worst accident, for example, involved a $132 damage claim. A bus brushed a car. For three years now, the company has won top honors for cities the size of Hamilton in the annual safety awards of the American Transit Association.

Preventing pedestrian accidents is always a big problem. The Safety Council posted Boy Scouts on busy corners with telephones. They had signs: IF YOU MUST CROSS AGAINST A RED LIGHT LET US CALL AN AM-

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55,000 Could Have Been Saved

If the entire nation had kept pace with Hamilton in reducing accidental deaths during the last three years, the lives of 55,000 Americans would have been saved.

Fortunately, Hamilton isn't alone in its safety achievements. Other cities also are turning in splendid records year after year—Cleveland, Milwaukee, Newark, Oakland, Omaha, Rochester, N. Y., Wichita, Wilmington and Lansing, to mention only a few.

Hamilton has no copyright on accident prevention, nor has it discovered a magic formula for safety. It merely has gone to work diligently and intelligently to save its citizens from needless death or injury. Every American city should follow suit.

—NED H. DEARBORN, *President, National Safety Council*

BULANCE FIRST. Other youngsters handed cards to people who had crossed streets against lights. YOU WERE LUCKY! LAST YEAR 13 PEOPLE WEREN'T SO LUCKY. THEY PAID WITH THEIR LIVES. Men swathed in bandages were wheeled about the streets carrying a sign: JAY WALKER. A 14-foot traffic "clock" was built on the Courthouse lawn, the hand indicating the number of days that had elapsed since the last fatal traffic accident. DON'T STOP THIS CLOCK, read a sign.

Often, safety campaigns amount to little more than general carping against the Police Department. Hamilton civic organizations offered the police real cooperation, and got cooperation in return. A seven-man traffic squad was added to the force.

Ticket-fixing stopped, and punishments were meted out according to the potential danger of the offense. Thus, drunken driving—first among traffic violations in Hamilton at the time—called for a $250 fine, a year's suspension of driving license and a possible jail sentence. Police didn't waste time setting speed traps in quiet residential districts. They spot-mapped the city to determine the worst danger areas. Then they went to those areas to see that traffic laws were enforced.

Such safety measures are aimed primarily at motorists and adult pedestrians. Children represent another problem. To get his message home, Smith and his colleagues organized Junior Safety Councils in all schools. They promoted safety-poster contests among older children, and sent them off to lecture to smaller children.

They had maps made, showing the residential districts served by each school. On these maps, youngsters in the primary grades traced the route they took to school each day, marking dangerous crossings in red. In many instances teachers suggested safer routes.

School children carried over the safety campaign to Hamilton's homes—listing trash collections that

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were fire breeders, staircases without rails, faulty electrical connections and such. The local newspaper, radio station and movie houses helped with the campaign.

Along with this, Hamilton was constantly guided by a flow of safety services and material from the National Safety Council, of which the Hamilton Safety Council is a chartered unit.

Bulletins went to householders. A pot handle turned in over the stove might prevent the scalding of a small child. Mason jar rings sewed in the corners of scatter rugs would prevent slippage—maybe saving an older person from painful injury or death.

Today, a campaign is under way to get people to *build* safety into new homes. There are scores of helpful suggestions. If there are more than three outside steps there should be a handrail. Cupboard doors which slide upward, instead of opening outward, may prevent a cracked skull. There should be no electrical switch or connection near a bathtub, and all stairways should be lighted. In other words, get rid of booby traps in the home.

Hamilton, realizing that safety isn't something to be practiced only during occasional drives, keeps safety before people all the time. At Christmas, Boy Scouts tag Christmas trees, warning of fire danger. Every new mother gets a pamphlet giving safety hints for the nursery. During the hunting season, youths are taught how to handle firearms safely.

On icy mornings Hamilton's radio station WMOH adds a warning to routine weather forecasts: "Slippery underfoot, be careful driving and walking."

Results of all such efforts? Hamilton, formerly one of the most dangerous cities in the country, has become one of the safest. While accident rates—particularly traffic accident rates—are climbing almost everywhere else, the trend is still downward in Hamilton.

In the five years before organization of the Safety Council, Hamilton averaged 38 accidental deaths a year. Last year the figure was 24. This means 14 saved lives, plus dozens of others saved from crippling and disabling accidents. The cost of the work has been negligible—compared to the cost of the accidents which didn't happen.

While you have been reading this article, two people have been killed by accidents in the U.S. About 200 others have been injured. We tend to feel that accidents are things that happen to other people—until we, ourselves, join the grisly parade of the maimed, the crippled, the dead.

An aroused citizenry can stop this needless waste of human life and health. Thus the small city of Hamilton becomes an object lesson for the nation.

Sign Language

Sign in a Louisiana chicken coop: "Anybody found around here at night—will be found around here in the morning." —*The Bugle*

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Watchman in Tatters

The scarecrow in his castoff garments lends a picturesque touch to America's rural countryside. This silent friend of the farmer has for years stood faithful watch in cornfield or melon patch, his arms flapping in the wind to frighten birds bent on destruction.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY STAN EKMAN

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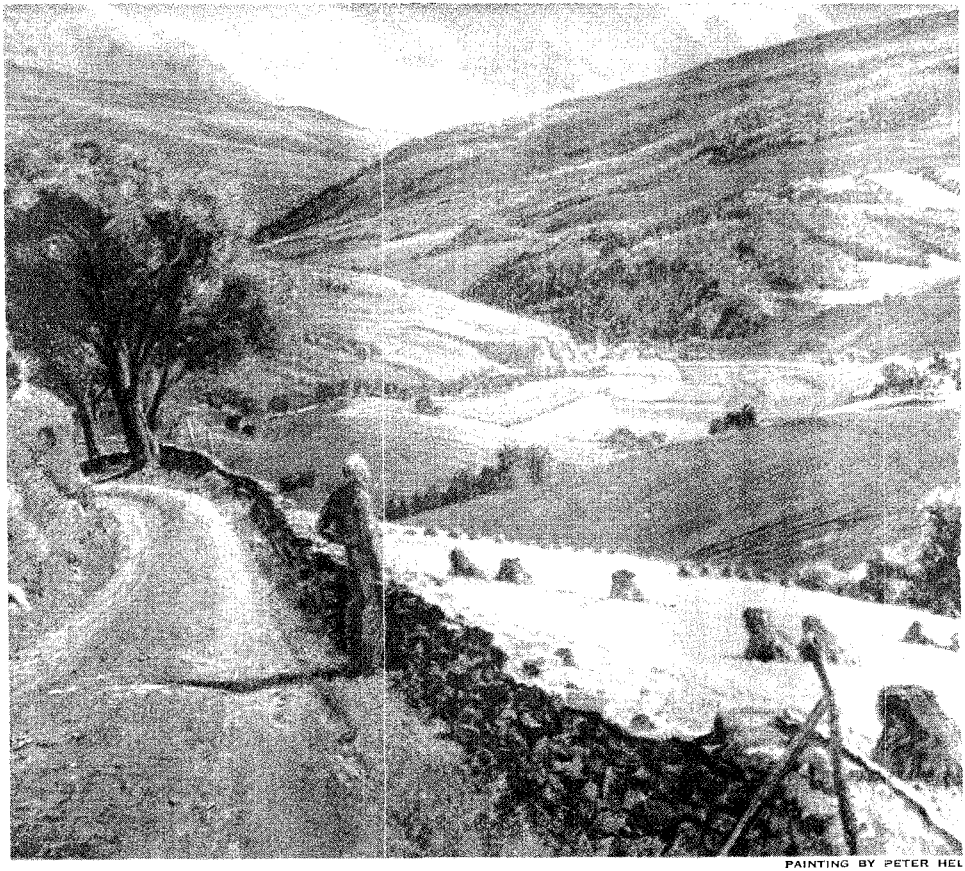

PAINTING BY PETER HEL

This Is My Own, My Native Land

by DONALD MOFFAT

PATRIOTISM, like other kinds of love, finds its true nourishment in the still places of the soul, in the hidden chambers of the heart. Not so long ago we Americans had slipped into the easy habit of assuming that ours was the richest, therefore the greatest, land on earth, powerful beyond fear of challenge; and we said so, too loudly and too often.

Then to the ultimate good of our souls we learned the truth: that freedom and security cannot be bought on twelve easy payments. We learned again what our forefathers well knew: that love, whether it be love of God, man or country, grows by giving, not tak-

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ing. Now we know that the earth is round, and our bit of it subject to the same ancient laws that govern the rest.

In recent years a deafening babble has dinned at our ears, striking doubt and despair in all but the strongest hearts. Listening to loud claims and easy promises, it was not difficult to lose sight of the country's innate capacity for good sense and good will, and to forget how sadly the public accents were mistaken for the private voice of America. For the voice of our land is not a demanding one. Rather it is on the quiet side: low-pitched, a little wistful, inarticulate, prone to the expression of humorous doubts and cautious skepticism.

Sharpen your ears and listen. You will hear it, clear above the tumult: the voice of the little people from city and farm and shore, the folk of many tongues and customs who make up the great bulk of the free American people. Fine little people, utterly confident of becoming bigger and better and finer still. Listening, weighing, shrewdly judging, they are passing through the kind of unconscious metamorphosis which creates new races, which is now creating the American race, and which God willing may one day make us citizens of a free world.

Was there ever such a land of paradox under the sun? We claim the right to bread—the right to make a daily living: yet we have fallen into the sinful habit of thinking of this right not in terms of work, but of "jobs"—a very different concept. We longed for knowledge, and set up the vast machinery of universal education—surely the noblest dream of all. Yet we forgot to teach the gospel of personal responsibility, and so neglected knowledge itself that we utterly failed to understand the lessons of the war, until suddenly it was upon us.

We came into our great inheritance of natural wealth and wasted it on a scale more lavish than the imagination can grasp. The miracle is that we still managed to cling to the principles of freedom.

For we are free, and we are equal—all of us. If the word "free" means anything, it means that in every smallest corner of the land there is a man ready to meet his duty and his opportunity, and to fill the place of the irreplaceable man above him. We have no peasant class, no servant class, no master stock. We have only a free people able as individuals to greet the unforeseen, and deal with it in the way of free men. That is equality.

Today we know that all men are brave. Perhaps our generation was the first to learn that courage is the commonest human virtue. We know, too, that all lands are fair. But the matchless beauty of America we now see in a clearer light; now, when we have learned that sometimes we must fight to keep this beauty undefiled. Excerpted from the book *Fair Is Our Land*, edited by Samuel Chamberlain and published by Hastings House Publishers, N.Y.

Ideas are funny little things. They won't work unless you do.
—*Columbia Record*

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GI Road to Fame and Fortune

Scores of young men found Uncle Sam's armed services a springboard to success

by **EDWIN DIEHL**

WHEN MARION HARGROVE spiraled his best-seller *See Here, Private Hargrove* into two movie sales and some measure of wealth, and Bill Mauldin parlayed his bewhiskered characters from *Stars & Stripes* to a big-money syndicate contract, newspapers made much of the fact that the Horatio Alger tradition had not died in the U. S.

But the newspapers only whooped it up for the first few to walk the GI road to fame and fortune. There are scores of other bright young men who have traveled the same route from obscurity to the big-time. Today, the lights of Broadway proclaim the names of at least a dozen young men who learned the secret of success while wearing khaki or blue.

Harvey Stone, for instance, had been working the same night-club microphone in Detroit for five years, and had about resigned himself to that spot until the Army waved its wand. After 18 months in the MPs, Stone found himself with the New York Port of Embarkation Special Service Division, entertaining troops en route overseas. While off-duty he did an impromptu act at Leon & Eddie's, a Manhattan gay spot, and caught the public eye.

Columnist Ed Sullivan invited Harvey to appear on his "Night of Stars" benefit at Madison Square Garden. Subsequently Kate Smith "discovered" him. His comic monologue on her program was a show-stopper. The result was bids from every quarter. Today, appearing in theaters and doing radio shows, he is making almost $4,000 a week and is already booked through to the end of 1947.

From hospital beds there have been a number of first novels banged out by aspiring writers who found both leisure and material as a result of service experience. Frederic Wakeman, after a hitch in the South Pacific, wound up in a San Diego Naval hospital. While there he wrote *Shore Leave*, which sold almost 100,000 copies and helped him earn a writing job with M-G-M. Re-named *Kiss Them for Me*, *Shore Leave* ran over four

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months on Broadway. Wakeman's second novel, *The Hucksters*, was published in May, became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and a nationwide best-seller.

Thousands of young men inducted fresh from college had a grumble: "It killed my chance for a career." But to 25-year-old George Schaefer, his Army hitch was the only direct connection with the Broadway hit-version of *Hamlet*. George had just finished studying dramatics at Lafayette and planned to attend Yale drama courses when he was summoned by his draft board. He was sent to Hawaii to take basic training in the infantry.

One day he was called from the ranks by a familiar-looking captain. "My name's Maurice Evans," said the officer. "I'm recruiting help to stage a little drama for the GIs. Your CO tells me you're interested in the theater."

Schaefer stiffened. Maurice Evans, one of the world's great Shakespearean actors? It was imagination, he told himself. But a week later he was readying the theater for a show. What if he was only a third assistant lighting technician? He was in theater work!

Several months later, having advanced to stage manager, Schaefer learned Evans planned to do a GI version of *Hamlet* for the foxhole footlights. He said: "Sir, I prepared in college and it's been my ambition to direct. Is there any chance—?"

Evans was taking the lead in *Hamlet*, and he allowed George to direct. The GI did a bang-up job. From there on it was the trite old story again. Schaefer directed South Pacific shows including Evans and Judith Anderson in *Macbeth*, Gertrude Lawrence in *Blithe Spirit* and Boris Karloff in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

When he was discharged last year Schaefer joined Evans in New York in the production of *Hamlet*. Billboards proclaimed Evans the star, but the smaller type said: "Directed by George Schaefer."

THE WAR BRED a comradeship among enlisted men unparalleled in history. Thanks to this factor, Johnny Desmond came out of the Army into $3,500 a week with a "ready-made" audience of ex-GIs and their families. Johnny was just another unknown vocalist with an unknown band when he donned khaki. In the service he became vocalist with Maj. Glenn Miller's Army Air Force "Flying Band."

Overseas 14 months, Desmond sang his way into the hearts of GIs in the ETO on a 20-program-a-week basis. Soldiers wrote their wives, sweethearts and mothers back home about his singing. And when Johnny returned, he stepped into a four-figure job doing the Teentimers Show for NBC on Saturday morning. The transition was so swift he signed off his first broadcast, "This is Sergeant Johnny Desmond. . . . "

When a cigarette sponsor began scouting for a new star, they turned to Johnny. He had a fine new voice —and a waiting, ready-made audience. A hit with two radio shows, rolling up sales for RCA recordings and dickering with Hollywood for a movie, Johnny Desmond found the Army the greatest talent promoter on earth.

Just wearing a uniform meant $1,250 a week for Larry Storch;

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Larry had no intention of seeking a spot in the entertainment world: he just mimicked people for fun. But when two Hollywood writers picked Larry up on a highway and gave him a ride, life really began for the young sailor. As they drove toward Hollywood, Larry slipped into the character of several film stars, and wowed his companions.

The writers were so impressed they drove straight to Hedda Hopper's home. Right off she arranged an audition at the famous Ciro's where Larry was challenged to make the club's hardhearted talent-picker laugh. He did—and promptly went to work.

Appearing at Manhattan's Copacabana, the first time he imitated Winston Churchill he created a near-panic. Now whenever he mimics the former Prime Minister he announces, "The views about to be expressed are not necessarily those of the entertainer."

When Benny Goodman was on tour in Salt Lake City, he discovered Art Lund, a former professional football player, singing with a small band. Goodman liked Lund's style and signed him to a contract. Came the war, and Lund's lucky break ended as suddenly as it began. He entered Annapolis, and the next time Lund met Goodman, the singer was more music-minded than ever.

"Look me up in New York after the war," invited Goodman.

The ex-halfback took him at his word. Within 24 hours after discharge he was back in New York looking for Goodman. The bandleader was without a male vocalist —and he did remember the husky young Navy officer. Within a matter of hours Art Lund was signed to a fresh, new contract.

Before entering the service, Frank Duncan, Jr., of New Rochelle, N. Y., had attended Yale art school and, in his own words, "just painted around." While with the Army in Italy, Duncan saw many things that he wanted to put on canvas. When in spare moments he did a landscape which won a soldier's art contest, Washington transferred him to Fifth Army Headquarters as a war artist. During the fighting in Italy, he made effective use of his talent on almost 100 canvases. Today the visitor to Washington can see Duncan's work in the National Gallery.

Millard Lampell was a wandering minstrel who roamed the country's logging camps with a guitar before Pearl Harbor. He eventually wound up in the Army, writing radio scripts for the Surgeon General's office. Recently he collected them into a best-seller, *The Long Way Home*. Also, while in the Army, he wrote with Earl Robinson *The Lonesome Train*, a folk cantata which Norman Corwin introduced on the air and Decca recorded. While this was piling up profits for him, Hollywood asked him to write the haunting ballad which is used throughout *A Walk in the Sun*.

Arnold Horwitt had a background of publicity writing but the Army assigned him to write GI musical revues for touring units. With this newly acquired background, Horwitt in his off-duty time wrote the lyrics for the hit show *Are You With It?* He also collaborated with another ex-GI, Arnold

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Auerbach, in doing some of the sketches for *Call Me Mister*, the all-GI gift to Broadway.

Hollywood has made off with many young ex-servicemen who got their breaks during the war. Fellows like Sid Caesar, former saxophonist, who was detailed to act in a Hollywood movie. A member of the Coast Guard, Caesar helped make *Tars & Spars*, and now has a contract with Columbia.

Headquarters, New York restaurant opened by two former sergeants on Eisenhower's staff, was born out of an idea conceived by barrack chatter. George Baker hit fame with his *Sad Sack* cartoons in *Yank*. Leonard Sansone's canine-headed GI, The Wolf, which made its debut in soldier papers, is now syndicated.

The list of success stories is endless and still growing. Former "Flying Tiger" pilots have formed an air-express line. Two ex-paratroopers have joined in a unique news venture—they parachute to hard-to-reach happenings such as forest fires. Soon you'll be hearing more names of successful young men. And if you dig behind each name, there's a good chance that you'll discover the story of achievement had its roots in one of the branches of the armed service.

Opportunity for Camera Fans

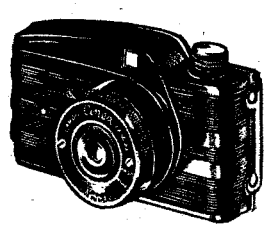
This month Coronet's Friendship Club offers boys and girls the opportunity of earning a fine candid camera that takes *full color* snapshots as quickly and easily as black-and-whites! Has a genuine Maestar lens, eye-level view-finder, snapshot or time exposure adjustment, fast-action shutter, attractive plastic case.

This camera can be earned easily by selling just four 1-year Coronet subscriptions at $3 each. The four orders and proper payment should be mailed to the Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. G, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. The camera will be sent to you prepaid, along with instructions for taking excellent pictures.

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

Prize-of-the-Month

A Candid Camera that takes black-and-white and *natural* color snapshots.



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At 73, an indestructible New Englander started out on a successful new career

The Amazing Comeback of Parker B. Fiske

by JACK STENBUCK

MOST MEN AT 73, even those blessed with unusual vigor and health, are ready to concede that this is a young man's world. Not, however, the amazing and apparently indestructible J. Parker B. Fiske of Auburndale, Massachusetts.

At 73, this white-haired descendant of hardy Yankee stock first confounded the doctors by surviving a stroke which they said would kill him. Then, down to his last $4.41, and with a leg and arm paralyzed, he got his second wind. In seven years, Fiske, now past 80, has built and directed an ingenious manufacturing business from his bedside. This year alone it is expected to gross almost $200,000, inspiring proof that neither age nor physical disability is a barrier to a storybook comeback.

Fiske's patented products are "Colorstix Fire Magic" and "Party Lite Candles," novelty items intended to bring beauty into the home and sold in every state and as far away as Africa and India. Today they are made by a score of employees in a factory in Waltham, but Fiske, who has suffered three strokes, directs operations from his bedroom office some miles away, just as he did when his cluttered basement was his plant, one neighbor his staff, and he sat upstairs designing mechanical equipment which he never saw in operation.

With someone holding a T-square, he has drawn plans for molds, conveyors and other assembly-line apparatus. In his spare time he has written such intriguing mail-order literature that he has 1,000 wholesale accounts without ever having made a personal call or employing a single salesman.

With an efficiency reminiscent of his early engineering background, he has fixed everything in his bedroom office to serve a functional purpose. Beside his bed there is a card table used as a desk. Near-by are filing cabinets, a clock, a radio, a telephone. Even his shoes have sandpaper pasted on the arch so that he can light his pipe with a minimum of bother, and when he gets tired he just flops into bed. He

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uses no wheelchair, preferring to get about with a stout helper on each side.

His most important gadget is a whistle hanging around his neck. One blast brings his secretary; two, his housekeeper and nurse; three, his wife; four, his sister-in-law. Fiske keeps them all hopping at his own hurried pace. He himself is so busy "I never have time to feel sorry for myself." On the contrary, even the clothes he wears are chosen with an eye to spreading cheer among others. Accordingly his favorite outfit features a bright red plaid shirt, with matching red pocket handkerchief.

FISKE CHUCKLES when he recalls it was through playing with fire that he achieved his comeback after illness had left him almost penniless. Seated in an invalid's chair and using his good right arm, he was amusing himself one day in January, 1939, by sprinkling logs in his fireplace with a powder a friend had given him and watching the rainbow flames which the chemicals produced. It was a beautiful sight, but Fiske was annoyed. The color lasted only as long as he fed powder onto the fire.

Inquisitive by nature, and with 60 engineering patents already in his name, he decided to find a way of prolonging the color. At the kitchen range, confiscating his wife's utensils, he began experiments which went on for months. When his supply of powder dwindled, he spent his last $4.41 for a new batch. Then he hit on the idea of mixing the powder with paraffin and making it in stick form. Using a rolling pin and a crude mold, he succeeded in solving his problem.

At first, Fiske made only enough sticks for friends. They liked them so well, however, that he was encouraged to prepare a few boxes for a gift shop in Boston. The sales were disappointing, but with the small returns he tried an ad in a magazine. To his astonishment, orders and checks totaling $1,000 arrived from all over the country.

Realizing he couldn't fill the orders alone, he hired Mrs. Ella Carney, a neighborhood housewife, who set up shop in the basement while he worked upstairs. Between them they produced 1,200 sticks a week; now, with labor-saving devices which Fiske himself has invented, plus additions to his staff, 3,000 Colorstix, redesigned as wafers, come off the line in an hour.

Today, having taught herself bookkeeping, Mrs. Carney is still Fiske's right-hand "man" and makes out checks to other employees totaling several thousand dollars a month. But in the early days, production stopped while Mrs. Carney, coached by her boss, pleaded successfully with the utilities company not to shut off the gas for delayed payment of a bill. Later, when the WPB notified Fiske he could get only one-fourth of the copper chloride he needed, he coached her again and sent her to Washington.

"Fire magic," she pleaded as Fiske had told her to do, "is important to wartime morale. It cheers families who are worried over soldier sons; it brightens their hearths and their hearts."

She not only succeeded in having the order rescinded, but received permission for an increased supply. By 1943, however, when produc-

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tion had risen to more than 800,000 Stix for an annual gross of $33,000, it became apparent the basement no longer would do. Bulging with supplies, equipment and employees, the factory overflowed into the barn of a neighbor. Soon the expressman, unable to unload material, offered the use of his barn too. But still more room was needed.

Fiske, helped into an automobile, spent days riding with Mrs. Carney, looking for a suitable place, but wartime activity had gobbled up everything. Again he coached his assistant and sent her to the Waltham Chamber of Commerce.

"Isn't the Chamber interested in attracting a flourishing business?" she asked. "The war has to be won, of course, and wartime factories come first, but what about a factory with a post-war future?"

As in Washington, Mrs. Carney pleaded successfully. Chamber officials finally located a large, vacant second floor which is the present factory location.

Simultaneously, Fiske was impressed by the fact that, because Colorstix is a winter item and a popular Christmas gift, 80 per cent of the demand is concentrated in the last half of the year. To take up the slack the rest of the time he designed a "Place Lite Candle," more recently renamed "Party Lite Candle." In 1944, the combined sales reached $50,000, and this year he expects it to be three or four times as much. Recently he reorganized the business as a corporation with a son, George A., as vice president. But as president he says: "I will continue to supervise from my bedroom."

Fiske has lived in Auburndale, near Boston, for 70 years, and neither his success nor his inventions come as a surprise to his neighbors. Back in 1882, for example, he operated one of the first telephone exchanges in his home town, running the wires himself from his bedroom to eleven near-by homes. In 1920, he joined General Motors and was one of the developers of Frigidaire. In later years he pioneered in home oil-heating.

Strangers are always amazed at this 80-year-oldster's activity. His friends, however, are not perturbed. They have listened too often to his favorite philosophy which, he explains, "I didn't write, but wish I had." It goes in part:

"Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions."

If, as he firmly believes, this is a true definition of youth, the years may pile up but Fiske himself will never get old.

And Why Not?

SOME CHINESE FUNERAL processions are elaborate events accompanied by music. One such funeral favored American music; it included a dirge arrangement for native instruments of what was unmistakably *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now!* —WALLACE CONNIFF

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Picture Story

I FIGHT FIRES

"I FIGHT FIRES" is the battle cry of a war that never ends. You don't argue with fire. You fight it. This month our President will again proclaim a National Fire Prevention Week to remind you that unless you prevent fires in your own home, you are a menace to yourself, your family, and your neighbors. Preventing fires is your job. Fighting them is the job of the thousands of brave men who make up the paid and volunteer fire departments of every city, town and village in America. To show you how tough your fireman's job is, Coronet has assembled these vivid photographs of his fight against fire. Here is the picture of a fireman whose face is still black from smoke and flames. He might be any fireman—a man you probably will never meet until he appears in your window some mad, heartbreaking night. On these pages is the story only he could tell you—the fire-fighter's story. He's not asking for medals. All he asks is that you read this—and remember it . . .

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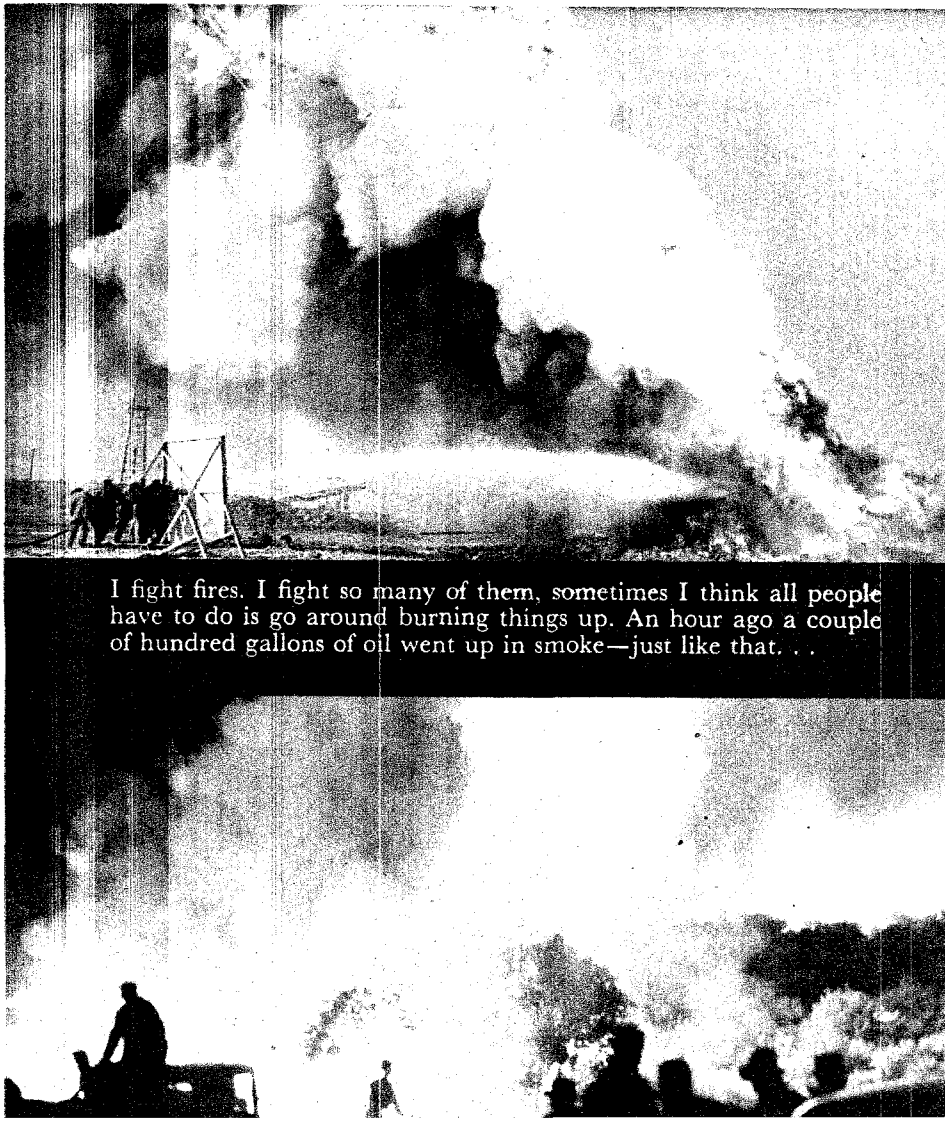

I fight fires. I fight so many of them, sometimes I think all people have to do is go around burning things up. An hour ago a couple of hundred gallons of oil went up in smoke—just like that. . .

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Sure, there's a kick in banging down a street on the big trucks, hammering the bells and racing the sirens. But what about the end of that street . . . full of flames, smoke, and desperate people?

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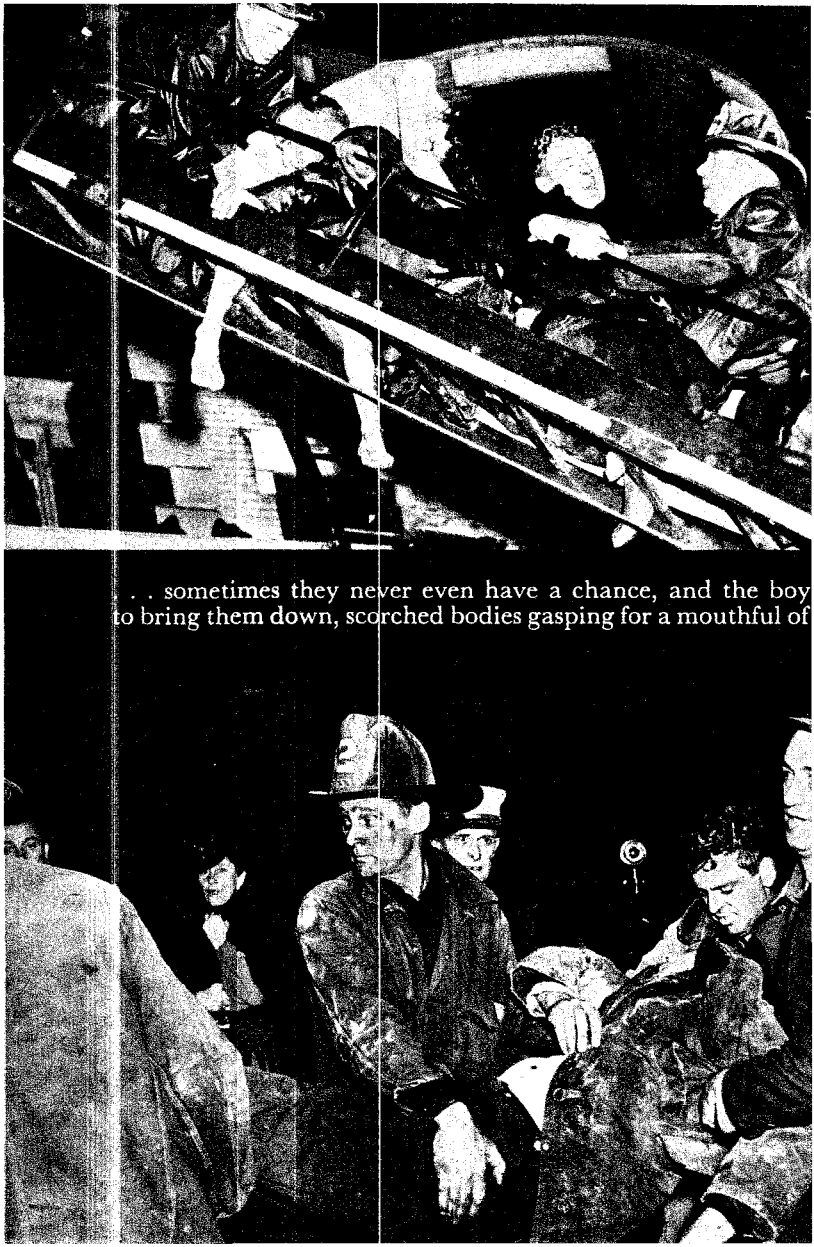

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Sometimes the pay-off is even worse—a whole house falls apart around your head. Somebody was careless. Somebody left her iron burning to answer the door bell, and this is what's left of it

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silence is so
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and you hear the mo
voices—their lost mur
like a heartbeat . . .

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When the blaze is over, there's just a few details to clean up—like

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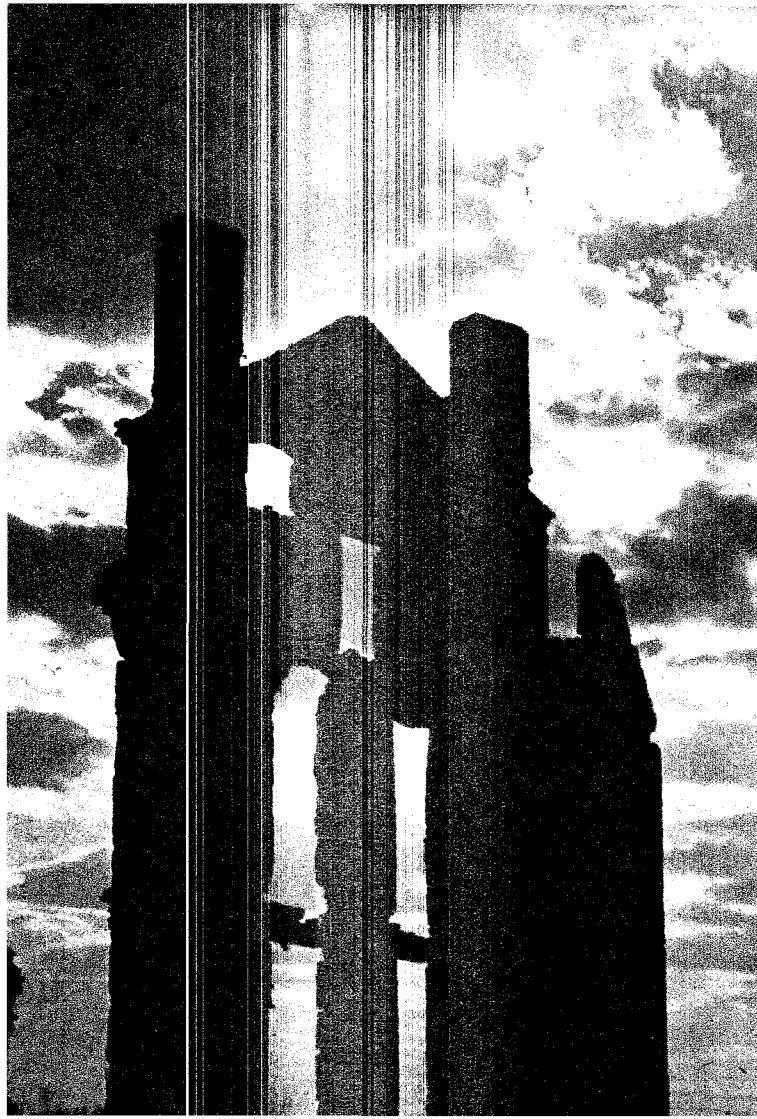

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The Great Chicago Fire

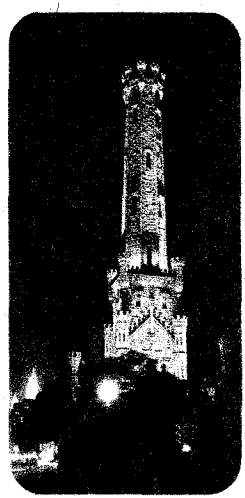
by KEITH WALTERS

From the ruins of a disaster 75 years ago rose a finer city of stone and steel

EVENING SERVICES had just ended in Chicago's churches. Worshipers leaving for home that Sunday night in October, 1871, suddenly stopped and listened, trying hard not to believe the sound that reached their ears. Were fire bells clanging again?

The people of this bustling city of 334,000 inhabitants were nervous and easily alarmed, for embers still glowed from a fire that had raged the evening before. Yet that earlier blaze was only a pale forerunner of the horror and devastation to follow.

The great Chicago fire first broke out in a barn near the lumber district on the west side. About two-thirds of the city's buildings were wooden, and the summer had been extremely dry. To make matters worse, a high wind was blowing, fanning the flames madly. The fire quickly leaped the river, first to the south side, then to the north, spreading with incredible speed.



This is the Chicago water tower, today—staunch survivor of a holocaust.

One eyewitness, a young newspaperman who was on the scene a few minutes after the fire started, wrote: "It had already advanced a distance of about a single square. The land was thickly studded with one-story frame dwellings, cowstables, pigsties, corn cribs, sheds innumerable; every wretched building within four feet of its neighbor, and everything of wood—not a brick or a stone in the whole area.

"The fire was under full headway in this mass before the engines arrived, and what could be done? Streams were thrown into the flames, and evaporated almost as soon as they struck them. A single fire-engine in the blazing forests of Wisconsin would have been as effective as were these machines in a forest of shanties.

"And now the scene of confusion had reached its height. Wagons were rushing through the streets, laden with stocks of goods, books, money, and everything conceivable; scores of men were dragging trunks frantically along the sidewalks, knocking down women and children. The scene was indescribable."

In but a matter of hours, a large part of Chicago had been laid waste, leaving some 100,000 residents homeless.

It has never been determined

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exactly how the fire started. The most popular story—though discounted in many accounts of the disaster—blames Mrs. Patrick O'Leary and her now-legendary cow. But though most historians disagree on whether the cow kicked over a lantern while being milked, they agree on one point: that the O'Learys' barn at the rear of their shack on DeKoven Street was the first to burn that Sunday night.

They agree, too, on the extent of the damage—close to $200,000,000—and on the robbery, pillage and crime that added to the general horror. An indignant eyewitness reported "scenes of violence that made my blood boil." In front of one store, he saw a man load a truck with silks in defiance of the store's employees. When someone threatened to shoot him, he replied: "Fire, and be damned!" The objector put his gun in his pocket and the looter drove away.

Hordes of thieves forced their way into stores and flung the merchandise to confederates in the street, who "received it without disguise, and fought over it openly." Hackmen and express drivers asked exorbitant prices for removing goods from buildings still standing.

On the south side of Chicago, the fire was finally checked by the use of gunpowder; in the north, where the water-works had been destroyed, the blaze extended almost to the prairie when a providential rain ended its 27-hour orgy of destruction. By that time some 250 Chicagoans had died.

Thousands fleeing for their lives sought refuge in the open prairie northwest of the city, the cemetery and Lincoln Park at the northeast, and in the waters of Lake Michigan. At times the fire came so close that those on the lake shore were driven far into the water, where they kept their bodies submerged and their heads constantly drenched as their only protection against the scorching air and a shower of firebrands. Far out in the lake were many mothers with babies in their arms, in constant danger of being forced beyond their depth and drowned.

In addition to exposure, fear of death, and anxiety for missing relatives and friends, the refugees were soon plagued by hunger. Most of them were without food from early Sunday evening until some time Tuesday, and by then they were in a state of exhaustion.

But relief forces went into action swiftly, and help poured in from other sections of the United States and from all over the world. Cash contributions totaled almost $5,000,000, in addition to gifts of food, clothing and supplies. The funds were used to erect temporary homes for nearly 40,000 people; to supply workmen with tools, and women with sewing machines; to care for the sick and bury the dead.

The work of rebuilding the city was attacked promptly and vigorously. The business district was largely restored within a year, and three short years after the fire few scars remained. So if ever it should be proven that Mrs. O'Leary's cow *did* kick over the lantern that fateful night in 1871, Chicago might well erect a monument to her. For from the ruins of the burned city rose a new and finer Chicago—a Chicago of brick, stone and steel—growing ever larger, ever greater, and ever more prosperous.

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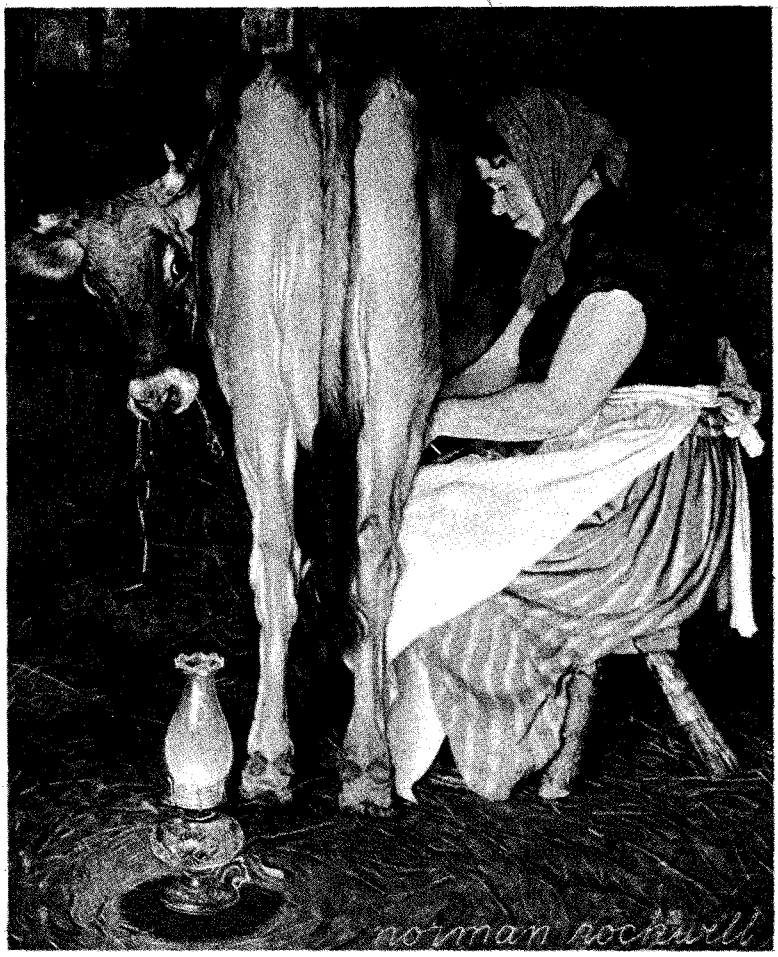

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow

Historians may differ about its accuracy, but the oft-told tale persists that when Mrs. Patrick O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern in 1871, it started the great fire that destroyed a large part of Chicago. Yet, innocent or guilty, the cow has become a popular American legend.

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PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Farnsworth of Television

by NORMAN CARLISLE

IT'S NOT THE sort of thing that is supposed to happen in modern science. It's too much like fiction, this tale of the Utah-born kid who had a major part in the invention of television, the kind of modern television that will bring a parade of action to the screen of the set you'll soon be able to buy.

Ever since it happened, the pundits of science have had about the same numbed feeling that came 25 years ago to Justin Tolman at the Rigby, Idaho, high school. One day he was cornered by a serious-minded student, Philo Farnsworth, who usually sat in class with a dreamy look in his blue eyes. Farnsworth timidly asked the teacher to stay after school.

"There's something I want to

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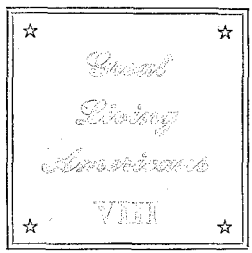
show you, some questions I want to ask." Tolman didn't know it, but history was about to be written on the worn blackboard of that back-country school.

"I've got an idea," the gangly youth blurted. "An idea for electronic television."

"Electronic television?" To the science teacher the words sounded strange.

Farnsworth began to draw. Minutes grew to hours as he wore out one piece of chalk after another, erasing, filling in, sketching a fantastic maze of tubes and circuits. The teacher sat and stared in amazement. When the demonstration was over, all that Tolman could do was to tell Farnsworth to go on working at his idea.



This was a dreadful letdown to the excited young inventor. Here he was, as far as anyone could be from a center of scientific learning. For tools he had only a few books, an obsolete Braun tube, an ancient laboratory generator. Nothing here for fingers that itched to work with modern apparatus. So apparently the television idea had to remain theory—something to be drawn on a blackboard.

Yet somehow this gaunt kid, with no money, no training, no equipment, managed to solve a problem that had baffled some of the world's greatest scientists. Farnsworth was 15 when he got the idea, 18 when he completed his plans, 21 when he took out his first television patent. No wonder that Philo Farnsworth, "the man who created instantaneous electronic television," has become almost legendary.

Today, Farnsworth is very much alive—just 40 years old. Slender, of medium height, with a winning smile, he looks like any young American—hardly like the key actor in one of science's greatest success stories.

At the age of six Philo announced he was going to be an inventor, and began tinkering with electrical contrivances. Somebody gave him a toy dynamo and he astonished his parents by hooking it to his mother's sewing machine. But the turning point in his life came when he was 12, when the family moved from Utah to a farm in Shake River Valley, Idaho. The trip, made by wagon, was an exciting experience for the boy.

That farm became a treasure house for Philo Farnsworth. It had a home electric-light system that excited the would-be inventor. More than once he exasperated his parents by putting it out of commission so that he could have the thrill of getting it working again. From odd pieces of farm machinery he even managed to make a motor to run his mother's old-fashioned washing machine.

About this time Philo's earnest, hard-working parents gave up their great ambition for their son. Their dream had been that he would become a concert violinist. But they had to admit that the boy's fierce interest in mechanics hardly fitted in with a musical career.

From the farm, Philo rode horseback to Rigby high school, four

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miles away. There his teachers had to set aside the rules and let the lanky freshman take such advanced courses as senior chemistry. He was still a freshman when the Big Idea began to shape in his mind.

He doesn't know just when it hit him—or how. It came out of the ferment of ideas boiling in young Philo's head. Electrons were no longer startling to renowned scientists. But to Philo, here was something tremendous.

He learned that deep at the core of matter is the sub-atomic world, where incredible swarms of electrons whirl in their mad dance. The ten-volume encyclopedia of electricity he had so painfully paid for at the rate of a dollar a month had barely mentioned this mystery. Radio was young, very young, but it did have the vacuum tube, and that tube was an *electronic* tube. Inside, the swarming electrons made broadcasting possible.

Electronic tubes! That idea kept hammering at young Farnsworth's mind, way back in 1921. You can make electrons break away from their parent atom at appalling speed—all inside a tube. Farnsworth knew that. Now suppose you focused an image through a camera lens onto a sensitized surface. That surface would give off electrons. Now find a way to control those electrons, use them to set up radio waves, pick up the waves and reassemble your electrons with another tube and there's your image again. You've got television—electronic television!

Yes, it sounds simple. But it wasn't simple when Farnsworth thought of it.

Two years after his talk with Justin Tolman, Farnsworth moved with his family to Provo, Utah. That helped. By sheer insistence, Farnsworth, who had had only two years of high school, managed to talk his way into Brigham Young University. Now he had plenty of laboratory equipment to work with. And while his experiments convinced him he was right, they failed to convince anyone else.

He was told his ideas might be all right, but that there was no chance for him to get any place with them. He was dismissed as just another student with bright ideas. Certainly no one would advance enough money for the expensive apparatus needed to prove he was right. And until then, he couldn't get a patent.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Farnsworth's father died, and Phil had to leave college. The family of six needed money, and it was up to him to get it. Pushing his dreams aside, Phil logically decided to go into the radio business, so he put the family savings into a little Salt Lake City shop.

Business didn't come in very fast, and soon the young inventor was faced with the cold fact that his venture was failing. Here was irony—a young man with a world-shaking idea who couldn't make a radio shop succeed! Farnsworth, however, wasted no time worrying about irony; he got a job as a common laborer in the railroad yards.

Just what might have happened if Farnsworth had not answered a want ad is anybody's guess. The job had nothing to do with radio, but Farnsworth figured it was better than the railroad yard. "Wanted—young man to conduct business

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survey." A host of applicants knocked at the hotel door of George Everson, a San Franciscan who had come to Salt Lake City to direct a community-fund drive. Instantly he was impressed with young Farnsworth and hired him. Though neither realized it then, their meeting was destined to have momentous consequences.

Everson knew nothing of Farnsworth's television ideas but he soon learned of the youngster's mechanical skill. Everson's car had broken down at Beaver City, and Farnsworth volunteered to go out and get it. He did, and brought it back in smooth condition.

"You seem to know something about machines," Everson commented. That started Farnsworth talking about electronic television. Fascinated, Everson listened for hours as Phil explained his bold ideas.

"Young man," said Everson finally, "you're ahead of your time, but I believe you've got something. However, we've got to make sure. I know some bankers back home . . . In the meantime your job with me is good."

When Everson announced it was necessary to move to Los Angeles to conduct a campaign there, Farnsworth seemed unhappy about the prospect of leaving. Everson finally got him to confess that he hated to leave Elma "Pem" Gardner, the girl he wanted to marry. She had lived next door to the Farnsworths and had always believed in Philo's future, even when he doubted himself. Lately she had been employed in Everson's office as a secretary, where she had impressed everybody with her efficiency.

When he heard the reason for Farnsworth's reluctance, Everson grinned and said, "Why not marry her right away and take her with you?" He loaned the young couple his car so they could get to Provo to be married by a Mormon bishop.

In Los Angeles the newlyweds settled in a little apartment, which immediately was turned into a laboratory. Farnsworth and his bride worked night and day. She made the mechanical drawings, while Phil painstakingly fashioned glass tubes, designed and built magnetic deflecting coils.

In a few months they had a stack of drawings ready, and Everson went to see Leonard Lyon, patent attorney. Lyon listened skeptically but admitted, "If you have what you think you have, you've got the world by the tail. If you haven't, then the sooner you stop spending money the better. We'd better get a top scientist to look into it."

Richard Lyon, technical member of the Lyon law firm and himself a scientist, approached Dr. Mott Smith of the California Institute of Technology, authority on electrophysics. One afternoon they met in the Lyons' office. Farnsworth found it hard to control his trembling hands. For the first time he was talking to an eminent scientist, a one-man jury sitting in judgment. If Smith said "nothing to it," that would end all Farnsworth's dreams.

Slowly and carefully Farnsworth explained his ideas. Smith began to lean forward tensely; Richard Lyon leaped to his feet and paced

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the room. "It's monstrous . . . amazing . . . the daring of that boy's mind," he muttered.

Smith shot sharp questions at Farnsworth. The young inventor always had an answer sound enough to satisfy the scientist. What he lacked in academic learning he made up for by his clear explanations and knowledge of mechanics. Everson listened too, impatiently at first, then with growing confidence. At the end of four hours he asked: "Well, is this thing scientifically sound?"

Dr. Smith wasted no words. "Yes," he said sharply.

"Is it original?"

"I know of no other research along these lines."

There was the answer, and Everson grinned at Farnsworth.

"I don't know how you're going to work out this thing commercially," Dr. Smith added. "Certainly you're going to meet plenty of difficulties — yet your work is staggering in its implications."

There was no doubting this tribute, because Dr. Smith admitted he had come prepared to hear a crackbrained scheme. In fact, as Everson made out a check for his services as consultant, Dr. Smith laughed and said, "Maybe you should add enough to cover my parking fine. I came here expecting to spend half an hour. Instead I've spent the whole afternoon."

Now Farnsworth and Everson faced the facts. They had cleared one hurdle, but there was still a vast amount of work to be done before they could hope to get a patent. Everson scraped up $8,000 and they opened a little laboratory in Hollywood. Not only did Farnsworth have to design and build complicated apparatus, but he practically had to acquire a new education to do it. Electro-chemistry, metallurgy, optics, photography and the ancient art of glass blowing—all these were involved.

Farnsworth crammed his head with knowledge from advanced textbooks and got help from some California scientists. With incredible speed he memorized complicated formulas and equations. But even though he made most of the equipment himself, costs mounted and soon the $8,000 was gone.

EVERSON went to San Francisco and found a banker, James Fagan, who thought the whole project was a "darn fool idea," but agreed that somebody ought to invest money in it. Fagan and another banker put up $100,000, and Farnsworth went to work again. Any of the big laboratories with a staff of veteran scientists would have considered this sum trifling for such an undertaking. To Farnsworth it looked like a fortune.

Yet his worst problems lay ahead. What he had so far was a fine theory, some parts of which had been proved. But would the whole system work? The financial backers wondered too, and in the cold light of reason, away from the enthusiasm of Everson and Farnsworth's magnetic personality, they were not at all sure they hadn't tossed their money away.

The television knowledge of that era was little short of primitive. Most scientists placed their faith in

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a mechanical scanning device which viewed the image through holes in a whirling perforated disc. To Farnsworth, this idea was sheer nonsense, because he knew that no device could be whirled with sufficient speed. What was needed was something with the speed of light, and that something was the electron itself. He proposed to create an electronic eye—an eye with capacities fantastically greater than those of the human eye.

Consider how *your* eye works. As you read this article, light waves falling on the page are reflected into your eye, carrying with them the image of the words. The image soon goes through a lens, which focuses it on the back wall of your eye—the retina. The retina is studded with the ends of millions of very special nerves. These nerve endings are photosensitive, which means that when light falls on them they are stimulated.

In each one a tiny "nerve current" is created. All these millions of nerves run out the back of the retina and are tied together in one big bundle, the optic nerve. The nerve currents, which are in effect a recording of the image, run through the nerves directly to the brain, which converts them into the sensation which we call sight.

Farnsworth built a tube that he called an "image dissector." In its own marvelous way it is like a human eye. As in your eye, light from a scene is focused on the back of the dissector. The image falls on millions of dots of a photoelectric material which throws off an electron stream when light strikes it. When an image strikes the photoelectric surface an identical shape bounces off in an invisible pattern of electrons. In his tube, Farnsworth built a kind of optic nerve, a small circular opening through which the electrons passed.

But now there was another big problem. How could he get a whole picture through that tiny hole? He solved it by figuring a way to keep the electronic picture moving back and forth in front of the tube by means of magnets. In effect, this method of "scanning" the picture shot a single-file parade of electrons through the optic nerve of Farnsworth's tube. He also found a method to make these magnets pull the electronic picture back and forth, each time raising or lowering it slightly, at the rate of 13,230 times a second. Obviously this scanning process is so fast that as far as the human eye is concerned, the whole image appears to come through as one.

Yet even this incredible achievement by no means ended Farnsworth's troubles. The electrons were weak and infinitesimal. As they came into the tube's optic nerve, they were not strong enough to travel far. Somehow he had to increase their strength. He found a way to do it, and created still another Farnsworth electronic miracle, the electron multiplier.

All this progress, however, was terribly complicated, terribly slow. Months went by, and with them vanished the $100,000, as had the $8,000. When his backers grew restless, Farnsworth finally told Fagan he was about to witness an experiment that would prove the Farnsworth system of television was actually going to work.

"This is something a banker will

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understand," Farnsworth assured him with a boyish grin.

On a flickering screen before him Fagan saw an image take firm and unquestionable shape—a large dollar sign. It was truly symbolic, because from that point onward, Farnsworth got the money he needed. Before he was through, $1,000,000 had been invested in his miraculous devices.

MEANTIME, OTHER events were occurring in the field of television. Some huge corporations, with huge arrays of scientific talent, were stung into the realization that they had been left behind by this youngster. It was humiliating, and from time to time efforts were made to minimize Farnsworth's magnificent contribution to the art of television. Even today there is a conspiracy of silence about him in many quarters.

Naturally shy and retiring, Farnsworth has shrunk from personal publicity, and has never joined in the modern battle to capture space in the public prints.

His company is flourishing, his old backers—Everson, Fagan and others—have profited handsomely by his success, and with television just on the threshold of becoming a great industry, the future looks bright indeed for the Farnsworth Company. Meanwhile some other electronic companies use Farnsworth Corporation devices, under licensing agreements whereby they pay royalties on the inventions. The Farnsworth Company in turn uses certain companies' devices under the licensing agreements.

Farnsworth's company played a brilliant role in the war, when a group of able engineers carried out some of Farnsworth's ideas for putting television to work. Perhaps the most spectacular of these was the television-guided bomb. The heart of the version of this device made by the Farnsworth company is the image dissector tube. The image of the target ahead is transmitted back to the plane, or to control stations on the ground. With this visual information, the bomb can be directed to its target with terrifying accuracy.

Farnsworth foresees many peacetime uses for the special camera used in this device, which will undoubtedly also become a more fearsome war weapon as further refinements are made. The apparatus, so small it fits into an 18-inch cylinder, is ideal for spot visual pickups of newsworthy occurrences, such as parades, fires, sports events.

Working with engineers of Curtiss-Wright, Farnsworth engineers found a valuable aviation application of Farnsworth's marvelous television tubes. By a device known as "television-telemetering," it is possible for engineers on the ground to see what is happening in a plane being tested. If there is a pilot in the plane, ground observers are able to warn him of impending danger since they can see meters placed in parts of the plane not visible to the pilot. In testing the radio-controlled rocket craft that will play so important a part in the future, this telemetering device is invaluable.

Another device developed by Farnsworth's company is the "weather sleuth," which promises

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to be one of modern aviation's greatest aids by permitting better weather forecasting. It is an improvement on the familiar radiosonde, the broadcasting balloon that goes aloft and reports back on weather conditions. The Farnsworth improvement consists of a direction finder which permits the men on the ground to follow the course of the balloon until it bursts or is lost by getting beyond efficient radio range. By enabling ground observers to know exact wind directions at different levels, it will make possible great increases in the speed of air travel, because a pilot will be able to select levels on which there are favorable tail winds.

Farnsworth's activities have taken him deep into the field of radio. During the war the company made more than $100,000,000 worth of electronic equipment, much of it radio and radar devices. The devices included an unusually compact FM transmitter. In a recent spectacular demonstration at the Ford Motor Company's River Rouge Railroad, Farnsworth engineers demonstrated the use of FM radio as a method of railroad signaling. Philo Farnsworth believes that railroads will soon be using FM, and has been active in pioneering equipment that will overcome the objections the railroads have raised, such as their claim that steel structures interfere with good radio reception.

In a climax to the River Rouge tests, direct radio contact between locomotives was made after the Diesel locomotive had taken up a position between two steel frame buildings, and beneath a steel overhead structure, while the steam engine moved *inside* a steel frame structure, seven miles away. With both the transmitting and receiving units "sealed in steel," the voices of the respective engineers came in with bell-like clarity. It was a real triumph for the Farnsworth FM equipment.

Farnsworth believes that television may not come as rapidly as some people hope. As a pioneer in the field, he has seen too many delays, too many unexpected setbacks. On one subject he speaks with eager enthusiasm.

"Some plans for television," he says, "leave out the medium-sized community. They make television a big-city affair. We *must* get television to the smaller cities if it is to achieve its place in our social and economic lives."

Today Farnsworth is pioneering a development which he believes will prove it is possible for smaller communities to have television, and have it soon. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, the Farnsworth Company is building a new kind of radio center. It will be a station which will send out television, FM, and regular AM broadcasts. With this rapid-television center, the first of its kind outside the largest cities, Farnsworth hopes to point the way toward localized television.

DURING THE YEARS his company was growing, Farnsworth was in the thick of manufacturing operations. Then one day he told officials, "I'm getting out." He grinned when he saw the look of alarm. "Just going fishing," he explained laconically. The truth was

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that Farnsworth had been driving himself so hard that he was endangering his health. The dynamo of energy was showing strain and the doctors had given him warning.

He did go fishing—permanently. In what is probably a unique exodus in modern science, he moved his laboratory to a sprawling Maine farmhouse. The astonishing clutter of coils, tubes and weird electrical devices that fill that farmhouse make it quite in accordance with the fictional tradition of the "mad scientist." Except that, in fiction, the scientist usually has a long gray beard and wild eyes. Farnsworth isn't bearded and wild-eyed at all, and Maine farmers who see him lounging about in rough clothes, fishing and hiking, probably have no idea that this easygoing young man is a top figure in the mysterious realm of television.

Farnsworth takes a sly delight in concealing his identity. Native fishermen have a high respect for his ability to spot the places where fish will bite. Local guides who are somewhat scornful of "city slickers" who come elaborately equipped with fancy tackle, often confide their troubles in the shy and modest young man whom they regard as one of themselves.

Farnsworth is still an ardent musician. Although he long since abandoned his plans to be a concert violinist, he still plays the instrument often. He finds that it helps him in thinking about intricate television problems. He plays both classical and popular tunes, and his rendition of *Turkey in the Straw* and other old-time folk classics delights his neighbors, who say he really did miss his calling and should have been a fiddler.

From time to time Farnsworth emerges from his laboratory long enough to toss his engineers a startling new development, then goes back to his fishing and his thinking. His wife still works with him, and he talks over with her some of the more perplexing difficulties of his work. On occasion he gets advice —not always solicited—from his two sons, Philo Farnsworth Jr., 16, and Russel, 11.

Over the long years of pioneering, the Farnsworth Corporation's patents have piled up until there are dozens of them in many fields. They all prove that the prolific mind of young Philo Farnsworth is still working as fast as it did in his Idaho and California days, when the gangling young man set out on the long and difficult scientific trail to prove that electronics can see through space.

Praise Absolute

AN ENGLISHMAN once startled Mark Twain by saying abruptly: "Mr. Clemens, I would give ten pounds not to have read your 'Huckleberry Finn'." When Twain looked up in astonishment, the Englishman smiled and added: "So that I could have again the great pleasure of reading it for the first time." —IRVING HOFFMAN

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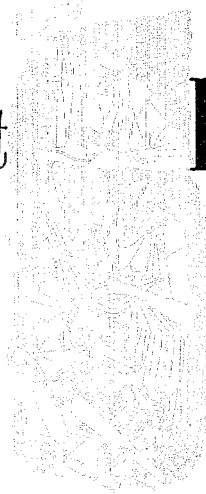
By putting new-found talents to practical use, many New Yorkers are licking scarcities and high prices

One Way to Beat Inflation

By Beatrice Peterson



THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS have found a way to lick postwar scarcities and high prices—and even satisfy Fifth Avenue tastes on a five-and-ten budget. Meantime they are learning that their usually chilly Big Town can generate as much warm-hearted friendliness as is to be found in any backroads village.

These canny city-dwellers build their own furniture, tailor-make their clothes, repair their shoes, streamline kitchen tasks and hold year-round barter-fests of scarce household items and clothing. It all takes place at the Home Planning Workshops and the Swap Shop of the Henry Street Settlement, fast-growing six-year-old offsprings of the famous welfare institution.

Tucked away in a basement of the 1,800-family Vladeck Housing Project on Manhattan's lower East Side, the unique center draws budget-minded folk from remote corners of the city and even suburban Long Island. Leading light in this inflation-beating program is Karin Peterfy, Danish-born designer who has directed the workshops for the past few years, blueprints practical home furnishings and helps New Yorkers from all walks of life to make lasting friendships. City folk who scarcely knew their next-door neighbors are amazed at the sincere good-fellowship she inspires.

Visitors to the workshops' home-like living-dining room find the lure of hammer and saw irresistible. The pine dinette table needs only $1.50 worth of finishing material, the elegant coffee table is a creation of scrapwood and linoleum, and Mrs. Peterfy's impressive desk was once a cast-out sideboard.

On a typical evening you will find an ex-GI and his pretty bride building furniture for their three-room apartment. At another work bench a local businessman cuts pickets to fence his summer cottage outside the city. Nearby, an 11-year-old boy refinishes a pint-sized armchair for his baby sister, while a young father paints a gay red mane on a newly finished rocking horse for his son.

A few feet away in the shoe repair

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shop—complete even to a finishing machine—amateur cobblers add miles of wear to their footgear. Morris Haydekowsky, a neighborhood shoe-repair expert, has been teaching his craft here for two years. When anyone suggests he should be paid, Morris retorts by bargaining for new equipment.

His assistant is Mack B. Goldstein, young lawyer who had never cut a piece of leather until he dropped into the Home Planning Workshop one evening. Mack had so much fun that he returned night after night to repair shoes for all his family. Then, when his job was finished, he came back to help Morris.

During a typical evening, a 10-year-old girl put new rubber heels on her brother's brogues while he resoled a pair of shoes for their father. A grandmother sewed new toecaps on a pair of baby boots and resoled her own 7-Es. A young war widow repaired her infant son's sandals; a veteran rehabilitated his GI boots. The only cost is a less-than-wholesale charge for materials—from five cents for women's leather lifts to thirty cents for men's heavy soles.

Along an opposite wall the dress forms, the big cutting table, and the fitting room of the Sewing Workshop are kept just as busy. Here Katherine Groll, a public-school teacher for 27 years, and Morris Schwartz, a professional tailor, teach beginners the secrets of dressmaking. Schwartz, fatherly and white-haired, is another unpaid volunteer who keeps the workshop humming with activity.

"Sometimes I finish work uptown so late I haven't time for supper," he says. "But I'd feel worse if I had to disappoint someone here."

Among the star pupils is a father who cut and sewed a black and cerise suit for his 17-year-old daughter. It is an exact copy of a $100 original they saw on Fifth Avenue. "I made it for just nine dollars," he boasts.

Only visitors express astonishment when workshop novices turn out attractive all-wool suits for $2.50, cotton dresses for 40 cents, and curtains and bed spreads for fractions of their usual cost. Many creations require no new material at all. A well-dressed matron transformed her sister's outgrown white organdy graduation dress into two crisp blouses. A teen-age girl cut her father's trousers to junior-miss size. An out-of-style dress was brought up to date as a dirndl skirt and bolero.

SOME OF THE OLD CLOTHING comes from the Swap Shop in another part of the basement, where making an exchange is as easy as shopping in a department store. Manned entirely by volunteers—college girls and housewives—it is always trim and neat. Dresses, coats, jackets hang on racks according to size. Blouses, gym clothes, scarce girdles are stacked in open bins.

Shoes are displayed on shelves. Household articles occupy an open cabinet. Baby baths are folded against a wall. Purses and costume jewelry are set on tables. Toys are placed decoratively throughout the store.

Customers bring barter goods to a committee of three who decide on values and give credit slips marked in code. Credits may be exchanged

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at any time for merchandise tagged with equal symbols. In its three years, the Swap Shop has exchanged more than 80,000 items for tens of thousands of New Yorkers. Today Mrs. Peterfy is helping communities throughout the country to launch similar shops. The only rule is that all goods must be practical, useful—and clean.

Regular clients try to fill each other's needs. If a mother cannot find a sweater for her baby, someone overhearing her difficulty will find a neighbor with one to swap. Sometimes transactions take on the dramatic element, like the time a young entertainer, newly discharged from the Navy, won a tryout engagement in a Greenwich Village night club.

"But I have no tuxedo," he wailed to his wife.

"The Swap Shop," she suggested, and with two dresses flung over her arm she led him there.

They found a tuxedo of the proper size in stock and in fine condition. "But it's worth a lot more than two dresses," one of the "salesgirls" said unhappily. "We just can't break the rules to give it to you."

Another patron, waiting her turn to swap, tossed a spring coat on the counter. "Will this make the difference?" she asked.

All three "salesgirls" gratefully agreed that it certainly would.

"The tuxedo is yours," the woman told the couple.

One below-zero evening after Christmas, when the shop was in the midst of the neighborhood youngsters' toy-exchange rush, a ragged 10-year-old wandered in with only a handful of marbles to offer. He wore nothing but a thin sweater, and his teeth were chattering. A 12-year-old gathered other youngsters for a whispered conference. Then they began piling toys on the counter.

"An overcoat for the little guy," ordered the ringleader.

Surrounded by his new friends the "little guy" was led among the racks to make his own choice. For the next hour the young benefactors collected credit slips from other children as they arrived. And the "little guy" went home warmly dressed from head to toe.

Latest workshop department is the culinary section, occupying another part of the basement. At Mrs. Peterfy's instigation, 150 housewives recently gathered here to discuss the faults and shortcomings of their "standard" apartment kitchens. As a result, the Cooking Workshop is now a dramatic exhibit of what such kitchens are and what they should be.

On one side of a dividing wall is a standard kitchen, like those in the Vladeck houses. Alongside is Mrs. Peterfy's new design, embodying the suggestions of the 150 practical critics. Mrs. Peterfy estimates the new design achieves 300 per cent more efficiency with only 25 per cent more material. Many of the ideas will be incorporated into new housing projects so that housewives

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Beatrice Oppenheim recently returned to the United States from a 30,000-mile trip by plane, jeep and truck across Europe, the Middle East and North Africa as a war correspondent. Her articles have appeared in many leading magazines, and she is the author of *Look Before You Lease*, a handbook for persons living in rented houses.

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all over the country may eventually enjoy the latest conveniences.

New Yorkers, stretching dollars and making friends at the workshops, can't understand why such a center was not organized long ago. In a small way, the project began in 1940 when Helen Hall, director of Henry Street Settlement, decided that families moving into Vladeck Houses might appreciate help in rebuilding old furniture.

With a professional instructor in charge, Miss Hall organized informal classes in woodworking, refinishing and light upholstery. Soon interested housewives placed so many requests to make slip covers and draperies that the sewing workshop was added.

Given a free hand when she took over in 1942, Mrs. Peterfy began marshaling volunteers and organizing still more departments. Today, 1,400 enthusiasts use the workshops and Swap Shop each month.

Housewives of the neighborhood say they drop in every day "because it's such a friendly place." A widow working as a Swap Shop volunteer since the death of her husband remarked: "At last I no longer feel alone in New York. This center is the most wonderful thing that ever happened. I hope other cities all over America will copy it."

Improving on the Dictionary

Bank—An institution where one can borrow money if one can submit evidence to show one doesn't need money.

Bore—A guy who never seems to have a previous engagement.

Chivalry—A man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

Coordinator—One who can bring organized chaos out of regimented confusion. —Louis Prima

Egotist—A man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about your self. —Marian Pehowski

Etiquette—The noise you don't make while eating soup.

Genealogy—Tracing yourself back to people better than you are. —John Garland Rollard

Husband—The man who runs things around the house, especially the lawn mower and errands.

Old Maid—A girl of advanced years who has gone through life with no hits, no runs and no errors —presumably.

Planning—The art of putting off until tomorrow what you have no intention of doing today.

Honest Politician—One who when he is bought will stay bought.

Punctuality—The art of guessing how late the other fellow will be.

Secret—Something a woman tells everybody not to tell anybody.

Vision—What people think you have when you guess right.

Window Screen—A device for keeping flies in the house.

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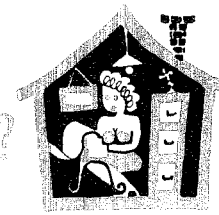
Will Heaven Protect the Working Girl?



by ALMA SUTTON MERCER

More than providence is looking after the welfare of women in American industry

AS THE DIN OF V-J celebrations tolled the end of high-level war production, American working women—the shock troops who comprised 29 per cent of the nation's labor force—felt the first cold wave of job insecurity. Today some 16,000,000 women are asking: "Do I face a squeeze-play in the labor market—or was the old song right that promised heaven would protect the working girl?"

The answer is that she doesn't have to depend solely on heaven to protect her. Thanks to proven competence, the working woman is high on the employment ladder—and is there to stay. If you doubt it, consult a graph of her progress over the last seven decades. The line shows a steady rise.

In 1870 there were 1,900,000 women workers; by 1920 the score had mounted to 8,600,000 or one-fifth of all workers. In 1940 the roster totaled 13,000,000 or one-fourth of America's workers, while at the peak of war production the number soared to over 20,000,000. It is estimated that by 1950 the number will have leveled off to 16,000,000 or about 29 per cent of our total working force.

Obviously, the working girl has proved her merit, mettle and staying qualities. As a result she no longer is just desirable, but essential. Today she enjoys more safeguards—legal and otherwise—than at any time in history.

Yet her doubts are understandable. Apparently all attention, sympathy and legislation have been directed toward returning the veteran to the working fold. The working girl heard the paeans of praise for her wartime efforts grow fainter as a back-to-the-home campaign crescendoed in her ears. Production slumps made it seem that someone must go without a job—and that "someone" would be she. And even if she could fit into the shrinking job market, the pay would not be adequate to meet the rise in living costs.

But the truth belies the feminine worker's fears. She is not the forgotten worker. Although not heralded by headlines, plans are in progress for her welfare. Before the

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war, 26 states had minimum-wage laws for women. Already 12 of these states have taken action resulting in increased wage scales to meet increased living costs. In the others, efforts are being made to promote such legislation.

In areas of substandard wages, women are seeking to force protective legislation by boycotting underpaid jobs. Most State Unemployment Compensation Boards agree with the stand that all women are entitled to suitable employment. Failing this, for a period of time, women are protected by unemployment compensation rather than being forced to take substandard work.

This situation prevails particularly in the service industries—public housekeeping, retail trades and laundries. Many women prefer these jobs, but are passing them by. A young widow in a Southern city sought to return to a laundry job she had held early in the war, but soon added her name to the list of applicants for unemployment compensation. The job itself was satisfactory, but the wages were no longer adequate.

During the war her take-home pay from a six-day week in the Southern laundry netted about $22—not a munificent sum, but she could make it do. Now, on a five-day week, her wage would drop to $17. "I can't afford to work for that," she said. The U. S. Employment Service steered her to a better-paying job.

Many capable women who drifted into other lines of work during the war now wish to return to household work, but they have reservations. One New York woman summed it up this way: "Of course I'd rather run the kitchen of a Wall Street broker than this factory machine, but if I go back to the kitchen I lose my Social Security. What's more, I never did like the way they used to refer to me as 'the maid' or 'that girl.' "

HER ATTITUDE is typical of many, and already higher standards are in prospect for domestic service, which included more than 2,000,000 women before the war. The Social Security Board has recommended to Congress that old-age and survivors' insurance be extended to include those in domestic service. There is also a growing inclination to substitute "household employee and employer" for "maid," "mistress" and "servant."

The women, not content to sit with folded hands and idly hope for betterment of working conditions, are organizing to go after it themselves. This year the Y.W.C.A. at its national convention emphasized putting domestic service on a business-like basis. A few weeks later the same theme was repeated at the Labor Department's Conference on Employment Problems of Women. There, such groups as the United Domestic Workers of Washington, the National Trade and Professional Schools for Women and the Household Employers League of Chicago joined in advocating minimum wages, Social Security, job classification and regular hours—in short, equality of domestic and industrial workers.

Widespread sponsorship of the "equal pay" principle—that is, a wage rate for the job regardless of sex—brings the most heartening gleam on the working girl's hori-

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zon. A national equal-pay bill has been introduced in Congress, and women's organizations are clamoring for quick action. The proposed legislation underlines the growing recognition of women's right to vie openly with men for jobs. The movement is fast gaining momentum. Already Michigan, Montana, Washington, Illinois, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts have such laws.

Labor unions, whose women members have grown from 382,000 in 1920 to more than 3,000,000 at the early part of this year, see the need for such action to protect men from "undercutting" salaries. In the settlement of the General Motors strike, the union proclaimed equal pay for women as one of its biggest gains. Thus the pessimist who predicted that the veteran's return would send women back to the home may now be invited to feast on his words.

Of course, there are exceptions, such as in the rubber, automobile, aircraft and munitions industries, where the numbers of women employees have been reduced. But it was due less to prejudice than to the fact that feminine skills are more limited than masculine in heavy work. In any case it is doubtful if many women would be content to pursue such jobs permanently. Work that calls for dungarees, dirty nails and clattering hammers was an adventure in the war years that glorified Wilda the Welder. But today Wilda wants a job where she can display painted nails for masculine approval.

The experience of women in less strenuous occupations has been an example of the Biblical lion-and-lamb parable. They welcomed the veteran back, then stayed on to work beside him. This has been true in newspapers, trades, research, business and consumer goods. There's more than enough work for both sexes. As one employer put it, "At last I see hope of cleaning up the work left over from '41. I haven't been up to date since Pearl Harbor."

RECENTLY a young woman in an Eastern city decided to test the rumor that employers prefer men. She spent a week looking for a job and was interviewed by 15 employers for sales or clerical jobs. All offered her work. Not once did she find that trousers were preferred to skirts. All employers voiced only two requirements—ability and permanence.

They harbored no misgivings as to ability, but transient women workers during the war had created doubts about staying quality. When asked to define "permanence," one executive explained, "I don't mean that I want a lifetime commitment or expect each candidate to be the company's oldest living employee at the turn of the century. I merely want assurance that she'll stay on the job at least a year. We need that guarantee in order to plan an efficient and smooth-running organization, which in turn can offer her lasting employment."

But this reservation about permanence is doomed to short life. Employers now admit that women workers since the war are approaching their jobs with a new seriousness. The reason is a basic economic one. Fourteen million women are on the job because they have to

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be. The day is past when women work for pin money.

Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach says that "at least one in ten working women provides the entire support for a family." A Labor Department survey in 10 major cities shows that 84 out of every 100 women working during 1944-45 had to support themselves, and sometimes others as well.

Two important population trends also contribute to women's permanence—an increase in the proportion of older persons, and a preponderance of women over men. A woman's pay check often helps older members of the family, and we may never reach the point where our Old-Age Benefits and Social Security will be able to relieve these responsibilities.

In addition, reduced chances of marriage will keep many women at work. Statistics show that a woman's best chance of marriage comes between the ages of 20 and 24. Between 25 and 30, seven out of ten women will marry. After 30, the picture gets darker.

Even a marriage certificate no longer automatically retires a woman from the working world. Although American youths scoffed at the budget problem during the war years and still make the most modest estimates of the cost of matrimony, an increasing number of couples find that a new home requires two pay checks instead of one, especially if the husband is a veteran with little pre-service business experience.

The housing shortage is still another reason why many married women will continue to work. They prefer to keep house—but there is no house to keep. Even couples living with relatives are far from happy. As one young bride put it, "It's swell of the folks to take us in, but I always feel the place is theirs, not ours. I'll work until we have a place of our own."

Thus the back-to-the home campaign, which created palpitation in feminine hearts after the war, seems doomed to die. Fortunately American enterprise offers women—married and single—a happy hunting ground of job opportunities.

Blueprints are being drawn for the biggest peacetime production in history, and women fit into these plans. Teachers, librarians and social workers are needed from coast to coast. Employment agencies are deluged with requests for almost every kind of worker. Here is proof that women are not only wanted in the working world—they are essential. That's why the employers of America have hung out the welcome sign.

The Perfect Spot

A CERTAIN DEPARTMENT store employee had grown gray and deaf during his many years of service. Rather than discharge him, the store's executives transferred him to a job where his deafness would be no handicap. They placed him in the Complaint Department!

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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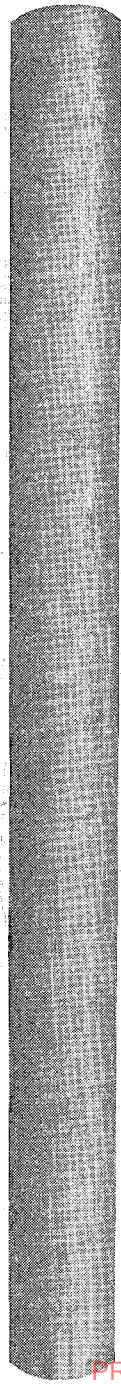

Part II Asylum

Condensed Book

by WILLIAM SEABROOK

Synopsis of Part I:
Author William Seabrook, in a desperate attempt to be cured of "acute alcoholism," had himself committed to one of the largest insane asylums in the East. At first he rebelled against the rules, the treatments, the constant control by doctors and nurses. But gradually he came to understand that they were all part of the therapy that restores broken minds. He began to understand, too, the strange and diverse activities that go on in a modern mental hospital. Now read the second installment of Seabrook's amazingly candid story.

IN FEBRUARY, after I had been in the asylum for two months, they decided my cure had progressed sufficiently to shift me to Hall Two where the patients had greater liberty and responsibility. It was up on a second floor, and while we were all locked in as securely as below, the windows were not barred.

We were no longer continually watched. We no longer had beautiful female nurses like the blonde Miss Pine. The atmosphere was a queer combination of fraternity house and military barracks.

The hall superintendent was a pompous, heel-clicking Canadian ex-top sergeant named Duval. His main quality was a sentimental ma-

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ternal instinct. He was like a setter dog which had adopted a lot of homeless monkeys. He hated us when we engaged in monkey-business, but he thought he was our mother. When any of us got sick he fluttered like an old hen. Yet he never coddled us. Although he was about 45, we called him "Papa" Duval even to his face. I went through the usual process of loathing him for a few weeks and eventually becoming very fond of him.

In fact, I loathed everything on this new hall. Instead of the lazy, easy, quiet (except when somebody began weeping, howling like a wolf or seeing his dead grandfather) lobby down on Hall Four, where we could loll in stuffed armchairs or sprawl on couches with pretty nurses to wait on us, we were forced to wait on ourselves. The smoking room was a stiff game-room, with a pool table, card tables, chess and checker tables, no couches, no armchairs. At the other end of the lobby was a cheerless, formal "library."

In our bedrooms the doors still remained always open, but the blue night-lights were abolished. We still could not have knives, matches or razors, but our watches, fountain pens, belts, were restored. We had to keep all our clothes and belongings in order, make out our own laundry lists.

Instead of enjoying the greater liberty I resented this too. I had gotten used to having Miss Pine do everything for me, including picking up behind me and telling me when to put on a different shirt.

What I liked least was my fellow patients. They were too normal. They were nearly well, or getting well. They lived and talked as I imagined they had on the outside, so that the social atmosphere was different from the hall below. Here there was, if not snobbery, the beginning of groups and cliques.

There was a group of five or six intellectuals who played contract bridge and listened to symphonies on the radio. There was a group of businessmen who played pool and pinochle and preferred listening to Eddie Cantor. There were three or four youths whom everybody was kind to but did not include, and two or three oldsters who moped or read. I wished I was back downstairs. In fact, I even tried to get sent back. On the second afternoon, before we were taken for our walk in the park, I went into the library, sprawled on the carpet and went to sleep. Duval was quite angry and phoned the main office, demanding that I be sent back to Four. They kept me in from the walk and soon Dr. Paschall came up.

"Do you really want to go back to Four?"

"Yes, this is lousy," I said. "I like everybody down there."

"Wait a minute," he said. "We think we've pampered you enough. We think you're soft. Did you come here to be cured or to loaf? Do you want to be a hospital case all your life? . . . The chairs up here are hard for a reason. It's time you sat up straight again. And it's time for you to begin mixing with people, whether you want to or not.

"You'll have to do it on the outside, unless you go out and drink yourself to death. We're not going to put you back on Four. You'll either stay on this hall and behave

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yourself, or we'll notify your friends outside to put you somewhere else."

"You win," I said, "but I liked it better on Four."

So I became a routine, polite if slightly surly patient on Hall Two. I still went to the workshops in the morning, thence to the gymnasium and showers before lunch, and to walk in the afternoons. At night I moped, read old books in the cheerless library, and knew that if I were outside I would soon be drinking like a fish again.

This demeanor, of course, was observed by Duval and put down on my daily chart. Dr. Paschall, puzzled and annoyed, told me that Dr. Quigley, superintendent-manager of the men's side of the institution, was going to haul me before the staff. Quigley felt that I was "not cooperating."

That afternoon I was escorted to the conference room, anticipating a general bawling out. But it was not like that. I told them I sincerely believed that no progress whatever had been made toward my cure. My nerves were less jangled, my general condition was perhaps improved, but this was merely because I hadn't been drinking for two long months. And the *only reason I hadn't been drinking was that I had been locked up where I couldn't get it.*

After the conference, Paschall said, "Well, I certainly wasn't proud of you."

The next day he came to see what he could drag out of me in private conversation. He was friendly, but somewhat disgusted.

I said: "I'm bored. You tell me the trouble with drunks is that they always get bored by restraint and want to go home, when all they've done is to get over their headaches. But I don't think I'm cured, and I wasn't ever bored on Four. I liked it. Now I'm bored on this Hall. The patients bore me. They talk about Wall Street and Walter Lippmann. They play contract and billiards. I didn't come here to do that."

Paschall said: "For a man past 45 you have the emotional reactions of a child. You miss your little playmates. You miss the fun and irresponsibility of Four. You played contract downstairs where they redouble seven no-trump and lead the queen of hippogriffs, but up here where they play real contract, you refuse. There's big news coming every day from Washington. It wouldn't hurt you to read Lippmann. Don't sneer. It's your country. You may get out of here some day and go back to work.

"And by the way," he continued, "your friends Spike and Reiss will be moving up here soon, and you won't be so lonesome."

Paschall was more or less right. I missed my playmates. This Johnny Reiss was a grand kid, though spectacular. He was childishly blond, not yet 21, muscled like a bobcat. As a high-school physical director he had missed a flying leap and landed on his head. When he came to in a hospital, he was crazier than Tarzan of the Apes.

They had netted him and brought him here, and he had been a handful, so the back-hall attendants told me. He was sweet-natured as a puppy, but believed he was one of Custer's men fighting redskins, and every little while, mistaking attendants or patients for

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Sioux in warpaint, he would make a "last stand." Two fast, wrestling attendants remained always in grabbing distance, to catch him in mid-air.

But a step forward was achieved when the doctors persuaded Johnny they were friendly Indians. So instead of making "last stands," he began to study Indian lore with friendly chiefs, practicing war whoops and rain dances. A little later he had given up Indians entirely. Now he believed he was in a musical conservatory in Pittsburgh and that Miss Pine was his sister. That is, he believed this most of the time. At intervals he didn't know who or where he was . . .

Yes, we had had a lively time on Hall Four. Diversions and mild disorders had occurred continually. But nothing seemed to happen on Two—until one night when plenty happened. It taught me, incidentally, that I had been mistaken again. It reconciled me to my new surroundings—partly because it had "Papa" Duval in a panic.

We all knew something was the matter during supper, but we didn't know what. All we knew was that Duval was scared, nervous and angry, that there had been muffled-voice telephoning. We counted noses and we were all there. Nobody knew anything. And after supper, we discovered the library was dark with its big double-doors closed and locked.

Pretty soon, by grapevine, we all knew everything, or thought we did. Somebody had tried to escape by way of the library. Our hall was 40 feet above ground and the windows, as I have said, were screened but not barred. Well, somebody had cut a screen in the library, and knotted sheets had been found behind the library divan. And what made it more interesting was that one of us, still present, had planned the escape for that same night.

We looked at each other and guessed our best, drifted into huddles comparing guesses. Then the doctors marched by on their way to Duval's office. They were hard-faced. Next to suicides, attempted escapes were what they feared most.

Paschall appeared in the doorway and motioned to me. I followed him to my bedroom. He shut the door and said. "Did you do it?"

"No."

"Well, I knew you didn't, but Quigley thought perhaps you did. That's that. You can forget it."

Back in the smoking room, nothing happened for a few minutes, and then we were all surprised when the superintendent-general himself came in and asked Showalter and Van Schaar to step into the hall. Showalter was one of the serious contract players, a suave professor of music who had committed himself voluntarily following a nervous breakdown. He had been on the front halls for a year, and was going to be sent home any day now, discharged as cured.

As for Van Schaar, he was a dull, commonplace kid, not yet 20, who had been committed by his mother; he had a lot of aunts and older sisters who visited him twice a week.

Whatever the doctors had on these two was unknown to us, but it must have been pretty strong for they didn't come back to the smoking room. Nor was there any pack-

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ing up. They were hustled back to Four, with only their pajamas and tooth brushes, for "observation."

The episode had a queer ending. Showalter came back in a couple of days, exonerated and unresentful. It was the young and innocuous Van Schaar who had done it. He had confessed. But it hadn't been precisely the "hospital" he had wanted to escape from. He had been trying to escape from his mother. aunts and sisters!

He had meant to run away and join the Navy. His father was dead, he had no brothers, and the women at home, who still wanted to treat him as though he were nine years old, had been "driving him crazy." A while later—I imagine the psychiatrists did some missionary work on those women—the kid was taken out of our institution and sent to an Annapolis prep school.

MY INCLUSION as an escape suspect made me like Hall Two better and feel more at home. I began to play contract, listen to radio symphonies, even tried to shoot pool—in short, I stopped beefing and sulking. Then suddenly one afternoon, deprived of drink for three months, I developed a new set of symptoms.

It was snowing outside; it was peaceful and warm inside; I was listening to a Carnegie Hall concert, tuned low on the radio. Without warning I began to feel myself illumined inside with a sort of mystical, if not maudlin, exaltation, strangely like that which sometimes comes from prolonged drinking. Suddenly I found it wonderful, strange and beautiful to be sober.

I was sitting close to the radio, and was afraid to lift my head for fear the sensation would fade. Four or five fellow-patients were scattered about the room. I looked at their faces: they were diffused with kindly, human light—even the face of one I had disliked.

I said to myself that if Quigley came in at the moment, his pinched face pursed in authority, I'd probably love him. I didn't like that idea. I got up and walked to the window. But the big, bare trees against the snow seemed of an unearthly, almost holy beauty. The thing persisted. I felt mildness and goodness and childlike wonder within myself.

I said, "Tripe!" to myself. I said, "I might as well be drunk. . . . This is a lot of baloney." I went to wash my face for supper.

At supper, I scarcely noticed my companions. I was absorbed, not knowing whether to be pleased or not, with a further phase of what I began to think might be an authentic "mystical illumination." The phase was that dry bread, a piece of boiled potato, even the water had a taste that was ridiculously delicious, heavenly.

The feeling was wonderful. It glowed benignly, like the third pipe of opium. I hoped I was drunk on sobriety. They had said it would take at least three months to get my alcohol-soaked body unpickled. I hoped it was that. I hoped I was seeing clear because I had been "purified," or some such nonsense.

But I suspected this was too good to be true. More likely some neur-

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asthenia, long drowned in gin, was now asserting itself. More likely I was "elated," which is a pleasant term in common parlance but means something not nearly so nice in psychiatric jargon.

The elation continued for several days. For instance, when I awoke the next morning, I was glad to be awake, glad to put on my shirt. For so long that I couldn't remember, I had been awakening in the morning not caring about anything.

I told Paschall about this new phase, and he didn't like it. He felt there was hidden cowardice in it. He was afraid I was becoming institutionalized, too grateful and dependent on imprisonment; afraid I loved being locked up as a substitute for being dead—that is, being afraid to face life.

That afternoon he put me on a couch and tried to find what might spill out of my subconscious. I rambled on for an hour, jumbling without thinking anything. Months afterward he showed me this, which he had jotted down because, he said, it was significant:

> ". . . when the coyote ran and chased in the baboon ditch the muddiest water before he was shut up in the asylum or the gashouse district before he was born or thought of being born while the red fox ran over the hill and so far away swift running little beast or beast when we go to the end of the said time we will find that their house has caught on fire before the people came and went away from this place in the old days before the war and he turned out to be a hound and Mary . . ."

He let me copy it, but said: "You'd better not put this in if you write anything about yourself."

"Why?"

"Well, it's too much of a give-away," he replied with a grin.

At the actual time this occurred, he had merely told me that I'd probably go through a period of depression next, and not to worry too much about it. That, he said, would be the "hangover." But all the rest of that week, the pleasant glow persisted.

I still awakened every morning glad to put on my shirt, and found a mild spontaneous delight in all things. For instance, about working in the shop, making a new chair. Up to now, I had made myself like it, but now I took spontaneous pleasure in the tools, the grain and texture of the oak under the fine edge of plane or chisel.

A FAVORITE THESIS among us, when we were fed up, was that psychiatry smells of baloney, that all psychiatrists are nuts. They often seemed so. Paschall, for instance, assured me that I was now doing much better, improving, because I felt awful! Since I loathed the dump, was sore at everybody, he was sure I was getting better!

"I'll be honest in telling you that the main thing now is time," he added. "Just a matter of sticking it out. Don't fool yourself that you're cured yet, don't expect any miracles. They don't occur in cases of your sort."

Yet miracles did occur from time to time in queerer cases, and I guessed he had in mind the recent

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miracle of Dr. Rowland, which had occurred before witnesses in the gymnasium. None of us knew whether we liked Dr. Rowland or not. For he generally just sat, or moved—sunken, staring—in awful, silent misery.

The doctors knew what was the matter with him, if not the why of it. He had a horrid, pathological case of self-hatred, self-condemnation, self-loathing. He had never committed any shameful crime, but his state was similar to that which a sane man's might be if he had murdered babies or cut off his mother's head. He felt he was too vile, too low, to live.

The first step toward his cure was to cheer him up a little, and we often tried; but it would have been easier to cheer a deaf, dumb and blind man suffering from cancer. They shunted him around continually—made him go to the workshops with us though he only sat and stared at old men weaving baskets, made him go to the gymnasium though he only stood and stared at the rest of us taking exercise. Then, one day, he began to stare at Daly.

This Daly was a young welterweight who had been in the ring before he went crazy. He was now on a back hall and was brought to the gym to punch the bag. Expertly, rhythmically, he tattooed it with lightning-like taps, interspersed with powerful hooks and smashes. Day after day, Dr. Rowland stared gloomily at Daly and the punching bag instead of at the floor.

Then one day he plucked an attendant's sleeve and asked who Daly was. This was astonishing, for it was the first time he had evinced an interest, if ever so slight, in *anything*.

Next day Daly was at his punching bag, with Rowland standing a few feet away, staring. The two were all by themselves. No need for any guard, for Daly had never been known to swing at anything except the bag and Rowland was always as docile as a sick cow.

Daly stepped away from the bag for a breathing spell, and half turned toward Rowland. Rowland stepped forward, slapped Daly's astonished face, then dropped his hands and stood open-mouthed with his chin lifted. Daly's mechanical reaction was a right hook to Rowland's jaw, with all his weight behind it.

Rowland dropped cold to the floor and Daly stood there in helpless, dazed surprise as attendants rushed forward. Soon Rowland opened his eyes dreamily and murmured: "I asked for it."

An attendant got up from his knees, grinned and said: "Well, you certainly got it, Dr. Rowland! Did it make you feel any better?"

Whereupon Rowland smiled a faint smile—the first smile any of us had ever seen on his lost-soul's face—and said cheerfully: "Yes, I think it did."

Believe it or not, Rowland began from then on to come out of it. He began to take an interest in things and to cooperate. The miracle of his cure was our best miracle, certainly our most spectacular during my residence in this realm of psychiatric voodoo. The unpredictable nature of the happening made me wonder whether a major ele-

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ment in psychiatry might not be simply a matter of supplying the patient with safe, pleasant surroundings, and then waiting for something to happen.

By May our park had changed: buds were bursting, robins came, swings and benches were repainted, the outdoor squad began to work on the tennis courts. Our tempo and routine changed too. They turned us all outdoors—all the halls, including the wild ones—and a certain amount of fraternizing was permitted. Thus I made new friends, and queer ones.

Patients who believed they were somebody else—usually characters from history—had been rare on Halls Two and Four, but now we met a number of them. There were the three Napoleons, one Julius Caesar, an artillery major who was sometimes a little girl, the movie director who was Pontius Pilate. There was an elderly gentleman who believed he was a rooster, and a little chap who said, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle." He thought he was a telephone bell.

I want to defend myself at this point against the charge that it is unkind and heartless to "laugh" at anything a deranged person does or says. My defense is that nine-tenths of the patients I describe, including some of the "wildest," have since gone out of that institution, cured and sane. In other words, that most forms of mental derangement have lost their element of hushed shame by the fact that modern psychiatry has proved them curable, and has shown them to be no more shameful than injuries resulting from an auto accident.

If you will come along with me on that basis, it may not shock your taste when I tell you that not only we patients, but attendants and doctors as well, refused to take "Suicide Simpkins" seriously. His name wasn't Simpkins, of course. We had nicknamed him. And the nickname stuck despite the fact that suicide is the least funny of all subjects in an asylum.

But not in cases like this man's. He spent his time trying to annoy the attendants and frighten the rest of us. We had long since ceased to be frightened or annoyed. His conversations were generally on a par with his remarking loudly one day when we walked around the pond, "No, I won't drown myself today. The water is too muddy."

Another day it was too cold, and on still another day it had muskrats in it. He was representative of a type of patient, of whom we had many examples. They all convinced me that a man may be quite mad and at the same time a comedian. When the wind was fair, they worked overtime razzing the life out of the doctors. They also razzed each other.

While Spike and I were on Four, they brought in a charming Episcopalian rector who had tried to emulate St. Francis by undressing in his pulpit. He sat at table to Spike's left, and Spike had afterward found a generous helping of mashed potatoes and gravy in his pocket. . . .

Toward the end of May, leading this new life outdoors, becom-

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ing now an inmate, as it were, of the whole institution, it began occurring to me—for the first time—that when I got out, I would write something about it. Perhaps that was why I began preferring the company of the wild men from the back halls to that of my own convalescent playmates. I had a shameless curiosity to know what life was like *inside* those back halls from which the wild men emerged each day to play with us in the park.

Everybody now knows what the padded cells, strong rooms, cages and chains were like in places where "raving maniacs" were confined less than a generation ago, and knows that they have since been cleaned up. But I for one had been completely ignorant of what this part of the interior of a modernized asylum might be like, and I imagine that most of the outside public has only the vaguest idea of precisely how these Bedlams have been reformed.

So I began by asking attendants, patients, nurses, huskies, to tell me everything they could about what "went on" in the back halls where men howled like wolves on moonlight nights and epic battles were frequently staged with singularly few casualties or scratches.

Soon nurses, superintendents, doctors began to volunteer information. I preferred to get most of it, however, from the huskies and the patients, checking back on each other, often provoking curious arguments. And I managed, of course, before leaving the place, to visit the back halls and see for myself.

The so-called "strong-room" which has replaced the "padded cell" is something no fiction writer could possibly concoct from imagination unless he had actually seen one. It is a medium-sized, squarish room, with cream-colored smooth walls and brown linoleum floors, absolutely bare except for a postless bed fastened immovably to the center of the floor, covered with rubber bedspread and pillow.

At first it looked as if there was nothing more, but the doctor pointed with pride to the door hinges. They were rounded at their tops, "sliding off," as he aptly put it. I had never thought of this, but with a bit of cord, shoestring or belt, you can hang yourself from an ordinary hinge. And the lock of the knobless door, so help me, was made of rubber! My, were the doctors proud of that! When the latch was in place the door could stand closed without banging, but neither by intent nor accident could it ever be locked, nor could it jam.

All windows are grill-barred, camouflage-barred, letting in sunlight but preventing patients breaking the glass for amusement. Bedrooms are equipped with bed, bureau, unbreakable mirror screwed to wall, and a chair. Attendants keep the keys to bureaus and all clothes are locked up at night, for it is not impossible for a man to strangle himself with a shirtsleeve.

Patients eat, those who can be persuaded, in a common dining room, with knives, forks and everything, but with hawk-eyed attendants eternally alert. They are never permitted anything with a point or cutting edge except under the actual eyes of the attendants. But from morning to night, locked with-

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in the large hall or in the park, they are free of any mechanical or physical restraint.

Free, consequently, to sit in their rooms or wander about with their playmates, free to start incipient wars, riots, massacres, to try to take the place to pieces or turn it inside out at any time that impulse strikes them. The answer obviously is a three-shift crew of hand-picked, alert whitecoats, half of them graduate nurses and all experts in wrestling.

The game has rules, and the attendants take pride in it. The patient has all the advantage of being permitted to gouge, slug, kick and hit below the belt, while the whitecoats must net him as nearly unhurt as is humanly possible. There is an ironclad rule that they can never stop a patient with their fists, no matter what the provocation.

They are so good at it that patients soon get discouraged, and the result is, I am told by veteran attendants, that there is surprisingly little violence—much less than when patients were tied up or locked like animals in solitary confinement.

"Just the same, Spike," I said, "what happens when a patient stays haywire . . . and keeps on trying to smash everybody and everything?"

"Well, if it's just an hysterical crisis, you know already what they do. You had a taste of it yourself. Prolonged baths and the wet pack. But they never keep a guy in the pack for long. If he stays on a permanent rampage they throw him in the strong room. While he is in there, two attendants simply sit at the open door, playing cards or reading, and when he tries to come out they throw him back.

"But look here, if we keep telling you all this stuff, you'll end by writing stuff that isn't true at all. You can believe it or not, but nine-tenths of the time, life is as quiet and peaceful on those back halls as it is on the front ones. You might be locked in one of them yourself for a week and never know you weren't in the corridor of an ordinary hospital."

ABOUT THE TIME I was completing my researches into the back halls, I came to, and ultimately out of, the worst final crisis of my own. I began wishing again, violently, that I had never allowed myself to be locked up in this place. The new trouble centered around a fight with Dr. Quigley.

I had come into the place leaving an unfinished job in my own trade of writing, and decided now that I had better get going again. Paschall recommended that I be given the facilities, but the recommendation came back, vetoed by Quigley. Since all the equipment I needed was a typewriter and paper, the veto surprised me—in fact surprised everybody.

The refusal seemed so arbitrary that Quigley himself took the trouble to come and tell me why. He had refused—for my own good, he said—for the precise reason that my trade was writing. I was welcome to a typewriter to play with, or write letters, but not to work on.

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It was bad occupational therapy, he said, for patients to work at professions they had followed outside. In other words, I mustn't write, because I was a writer!

I went back to making chairs, but was worried and unhappy. Paschall told me candidly that he didn't know . . . it was quite possible Quigley was right . . . that it might upset and harm me to "go back to work" before I was completely cured.

But this made me worry all the more. Then, a few days later, Paschall said: "Look here, would you feel any better if the question went before the staff? You might feel better if Storm passed on it."

Storm was the big chief. We put it up to him. He didn't know either, but he was big enough to phone my friend and publisher, Alfred Harcourt, admitting he didn't know, and he was big enough then to say, "Let's try it and see."

They gave me every chance. Duval lent me an empty room, found me a typewriter, fussed over me, kept the carpet sweepers away from my door while I was tapping. They released me from work in the carpentry shop and gave me every "break" they could.

I did my best, but it wasn't good enough. I don't mean that it wasn't good enough to print: I mean specifically that it wasn't what I meant to write. Even when it came alive at times and flowed, it wasn't what I had meant. Though the page or paragraph was alive and kicking, it wasn't the baby I had intended it to be.

So there it was. It was this frustration, or some form of it, that had made the neurasthenic pattern of my life, had made me finally a drunkard. If I had been free outside, I would surely have begun drinking again. Locked up where I couldn't get whiskey, I was forced to see sober a panorama that had been nothing but a miserable series of "runnings away from myself" since earliest childhood, and in which, I now fully realized for the first time, neither whiskey nor the particular trade I had adopted were anything more than incidental.

I saw that dissatisfaction—dotted with flights and attempted escapes—had been the pattern of my life. I had run away ineffectually at six to be a pirate, as all children do, and I had been running away ever since. I had said on all these occasions, sometimes proudly, that I had been running *to* some place or some thing, had invented plausible reasons and produced by-products. Now I knew that all the time I had been running away, either by boat or bottle. I had to stay with myself and look at myself, and it wasn't pleasant.

Yet I went back to work on that new basis, right there in the asylum. I had to tear up a lot of it, as usual, because it was wooden, and when parts of it came alive, as usual, they were not alive in the way I meant them to be. But I finally finished the book as best I could, and it has since been published.

After I had gone back to work, I began to notice, apart from writing, that life was more pleasant, more tolerable, more sober, than it had ever been while I was drinking. It was now summer, and I was taking pleasure in many things I

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had ceased to care for. I was playing tennis again, and enjoying golf. Furthermore I was enjoying waking up in the morning and enjoying breakfast, which I had loathed ever since I could remember.

I began answering letters and thinking about my friends in the outside world again. But most of all, I enjoyed my fellow-inmates, sometimes wondering whether I'd find my sane friends as congenial.

In June, seeing me more cheerful, better coordinated, they moved me from Two into one of the convalescent villas, where I was practically as free as I would have been in a summer hotel. I liked it so well, including the being sober, the going to bed never befuddled and never awakening with a hangover, that I felt when I got out I'd probably live generally sober, no matter how worried or depressed I became over work.

But would I be afraid of whiskey when I got out? Ought I to be afraid of it? Ought I to let it alone entirely? I didn't know, and I soon discovered that the doctors didn't know either. They were, however, dubious. They invited me to remain another six months in the villa, and said that at the end of that time they might have an opinion. I cordially accepted. I liked it there, and was enjoying not drinking. I seemed to be cured.

It was my friends on the outside who became dubious about my remaining so long. Conferences were held, and the loyal hard-boiled friend who had first had the idea of locking me up in an asylum developed another idea that met with everybody's approval.

They were to turn me loose as cured, but I was to agree to go six full additional months without touching a drop of alcohol in any form. They exacted no parole, but promised that if I fell in the ditch they'd let me come back.

So one day in June we waved good-bye. I went to the country. I continued to play tennis and golf, continued to work at my writing and continued to worry that I couldn't write better. Friends drank at the golf club, friends drank at the house where I lived and in the town where we frequently went to the movies.

The six months elapsed without my noting it. Except for wishing that I might drink beer on a few midsummer evenings, I hadn't thought much about it.

A fortnight after the six months elapsed, somebody brought out a bottle of sherry. I had a glass and liked it. We were soon at dinner. It didn't occur to me to want more of it. Some days later, being thirsty, I was pleased to be drinking a glass of beer instead of Coca-Cola. But I don't think I cared much.

Apparently, when I was a drunkard, I had been guzzling whiskey in a different way and for a different reason. Months have passed now since I first took those rare drinks, and I still drink rarely. I don't think I worry much about it. I have other worries. But I am less unhappy than I used to be when I tried to drown them. I seem to be cured of drunkenness.

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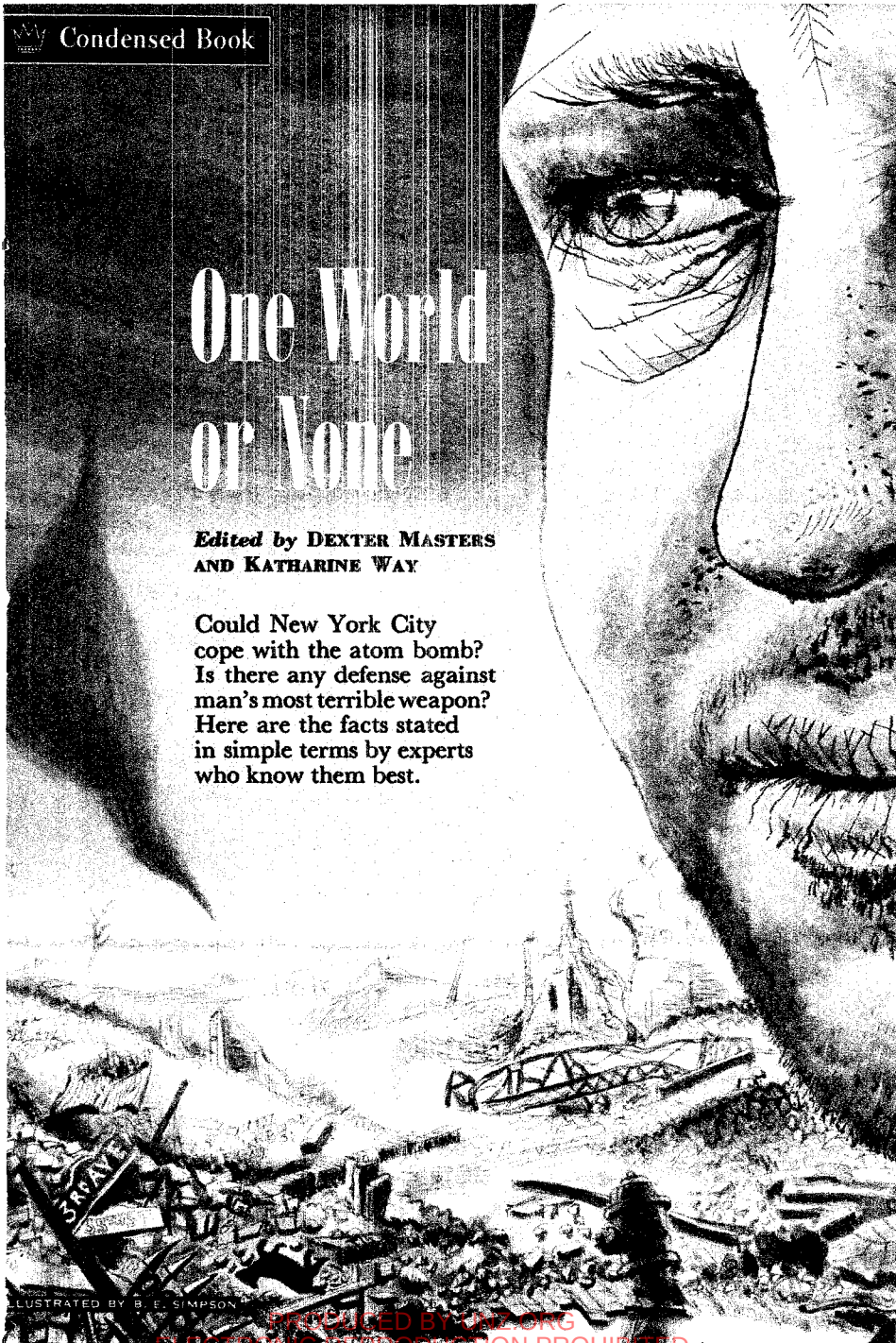
Condensed Book

One World or None

Edited by DEXTER MASTERS AND KATHARINE WAY

Could New York City cope with the atom bomb? Is there any defense against man's most terrible weapon? Here are the facts stated in simple terms by experts who know them best.



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One World or None

I. If the Bomb Gets out of Hand

by PHILIP MORRISON

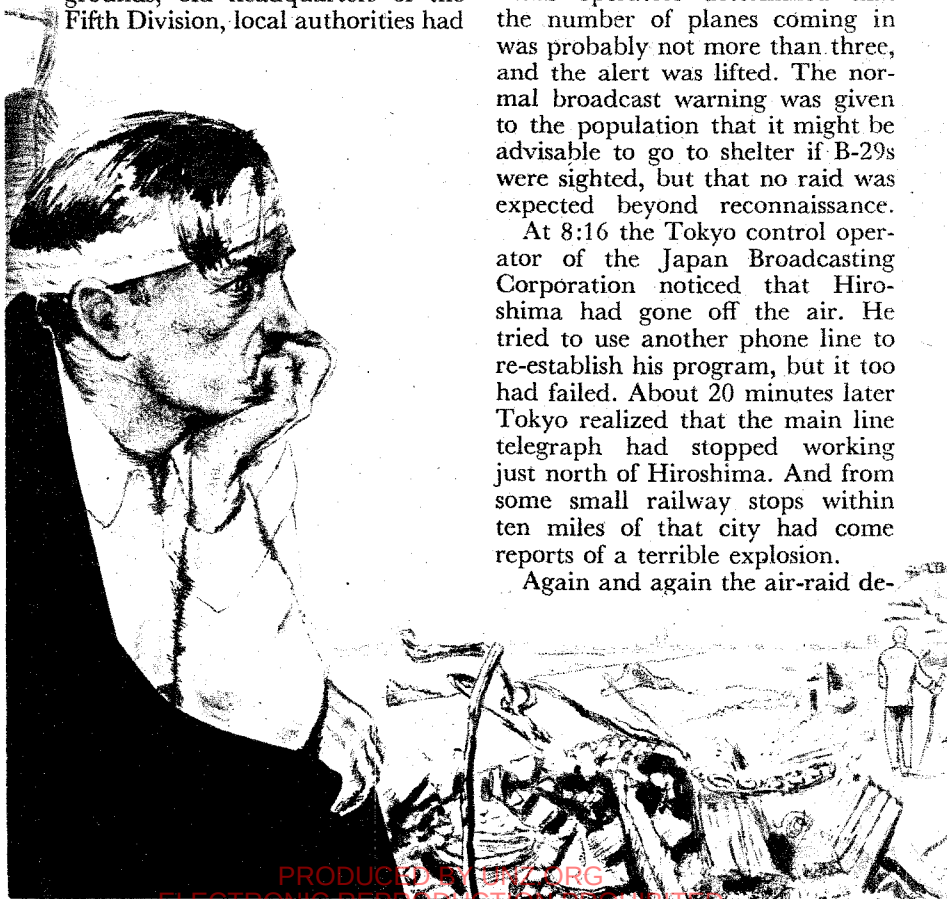
WE SAT IN A SMALL open wooden hut, listening to the Japanese General Staff major from Tokyo. Around us the ground was blackened, the trees were strangely bare. An advance American Army mission to study the effects of the atom bomb had come to Hiroshima.

In the rubble of the castle grounds, old headquarters of the Fifth Division, local authorities had arranged a meeting with the men who had lived through the first atomic bomb. The major was very young, very grave. He spoke slowly and carefully, like a man who wants to be properly translated and clearly understood. The story he told is worth hearing—the story of the first impact of the atomic bomb on the structure of a nation.

About 7:15 on Monday morning, August 6, the Japanese radar net had detected enemy aircraft headed for southern Honshu. The alert was given and radio broadcasting stopped in many cities, among them Hiroshima. At nearly 8 o'clock the radar operators determined that the number of planes coming in was probably not more than three, and the alert was lifted. The normal broadcast warning was given to the population that it might be advisable to go to shelter if B-29s were sighted, but that no raid was expected beyond reconnaissance.

At 8:16 the Tokyo control operator of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation noticed that Hiroshima had gone off the air. He tried to use another phone line to re-establish his program, but it too had failed. About 20 minutes later Tokyo realized that the main line telegraph had stopped working just north of Hiroshima. And from some small railway stops within ten miles of that city had come reports of a terrible explosion.

Again and again the air-raid de-



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fense headquarters called the army wireless station at the castle in Hiroshima. No answer. Something had happened in Hiroshima. Headquarters was puzzled.

The young General Staff major was ordered to fly to Hiroshima, survey the damage, return to Tokyo with reliable information. The major took off for the southwest. While still 100 miles from Hiroshima he saw a great cloud of smoke from the south. As the plane reached the city the major and his pilot circled in disbelief. A great scar, still burning, was all that was left of the center of a busy city.

About 30 miles south, the major landed at Kure naval base airfield. He was welcomed by naval officers as the first official representative of aid from Tokyo. They had seen the explosion at Hiroshima. Truckloads of sailors had been sent to help the city in this strange disaster, but terrible fires had blocked the roads and the men had turned back. A few refugees had straggled out of the town, clothes and skin burned, to tell near-hysterical stories of incredible violence.

Great winds blew in the streets, they said. Debris and the dead were everywhere. The great explosion had been for each survivor a bomb hitting directly on his house. The staff major, thrown into the grimmest of responsibilities, organized 2,000 sailors into parties. They were the first rescue workers to enter Hiroshima.

The rail line was repaired, and trains came first from Onomichi, 40 miles north, where there was a large naval hospital. Soon the hospital was filled, its supplies exhausted. Then the trains bore the injured still farther north, until there too the medical facilities were used up. Some sufferers were shipped 24 hours by train before they came to a place where they might be treated. Hospital units came from hundreds of miles to set up dressing stations in Hiroshima.

One bomb and one plane had reduced a city of 400,000 inhabitants to a singular position in the war economy of Japan: Hiroshima consumed bandages and doctors, while it produced only trainloads of the burned and the broken. Its story brought terror to all the cities of the islands.

EXPERTS IN THE science of killing cities have developed a concept which well describes the disaster of Hiroshima, the disaster which will come to any city which feels the atomic bomb. That is the idea of *saturation*. Its meaning is simple: if you strike at a man or a city, your victim defends himself. He hits you, he throws up flak, he fights fires, he cares for wounded, he rebuilds houses, he throws tarpaulins over shelterless machinery.

But if you strike all at once with overwhelming force, he cannot defend himself. He is stunned. The flak batteries are shooting as fast as they can, the firemen are all at work on the flames of their homes. Then your strike may grow larger with impunity. He can no longer respond to greater damage by greater effort in defense. The defenses are saturated.

The atomic bomb is pre-eminently the weapon of saturation. It destroys so large an area so com-

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pletely and so suddenly that the defense is overwhelmed. In Hiroshima there were 33 modern fire stations; 27 were made useless. Three-quarters of the fire-fighting personnel were killed or severely injured. At the same instant hundreds, perhaps thousands, of fires broke out. How could these fires be brought under control?

There were some 250,000 people injured in a minute. The officer in charge of public health was buried under his home. His assistant was killed, and so was *his* assistant. The commanding military officer was killed, with every member of his staff. Of 298 registered physicians, only 30 were able to care for survivors. Of nearly 2,400 nurses and orderlies, only 600 were ready for work after the blast. How could the injured be treated or evacuation organized?

The power sub-station which served the center of the city was destroyed, the railroad was cut, the telephone and telegraph exchange wrecked. Every hospital but one was badly damaged. Defenses had already been inadequate under the terrible fire raids of the B-29's. Now, under the atomic bomb, their defenses came to complete saturation. The people had given up.

A Hiroshima official waved his hand over his wrecked city and said: "All this from one bomb; it is unendurable." We knew what he meant. This kind of disaster *is* unendurable.

If war comes again, atomic war, there will not even be the chance for alerts. A single bomb can saturate a city the size of Indianapolis. The bombs can come by plane or rocket in thousands, and all at once.

It is not easy to picture what even one bomb will do. We saw the test shot in New Mexico and calculated the damage that a city would suffer. On the ground at Hiroshima there lies the first convincing proof of the havoc wrought.

But Hiroshima is unfamiliar to most of us. Even from pictures of the damage, it is difficult to realize what happened there. Hence, to bring home the awful devastation more clearly, here is what would have happened to an American target—New York City. Please do not believe there is exaggeration here; this story will be conservative. It will tell of only one bomb where, if there is atomic war, twenty will fall. Your city, too, is a good target. . . .

The radar towers on the Jersey coast and up past Riverside had recorded the approach of the missile. It was 12:07 in the afternoon when they noted the end of the signal, and the operators wondered what the thing had been.

When the phone circuits failed and the teletype stopped, they grew worried. When they listened to the shaky news report from WABC a few minutes later, they knew what had made the mark on their radar screen. One of the men walked outside with his camera and looked north in the bright noon sun to see the great pillar of cloud he knew would come.

The device detonated about half a mile in the air, just above Third Avenue and East 20th Street, near Gramercy Park. Evidently there had been no special target chosen,

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just Manhattan. The flash startled every New Yorker out of doors from Coney Island to Van Cortlandt Park, and in the minute it took the sound to travel over the whole great city, millions understood dimly what had happened.

The district near the center of the explosion was incredible. From the river west to Seventh Avenue, and from south of Union Square to the middle Thirties, the streets were filled with dead and dying. Old men sitting on park benches never knew what had happened: they were charred black on the side toward the bomb. Everywhere were men with burning clothing, women with terrible red burns, dead children caught while hurrying home to lunch.

The thousands of brick and brownstone walk-ups, packed thickly between the rivers, were badly shaken. Parapets and porches tumbled into the streets, window glass blew sometimes out and sometimes in. Old floors and stairs collapsed under the terrible wind of the blast, only heavy walls stood to mark the homes.

Closer to the center nothing much was left. Many streets were choked with rubble. Here and there collapsed buildings had piled a great heap of pitiful debris. Everywhere there were fires, making heartbreakingly difficult the escape of the injured and the slow work of half-stunned rescue parties.

All the "L" stations from Fourteenth Street almost to midtown were wrecked. Only the clean steel frames were intact. Near Twenty-third, the main frame had gone, and twisted columns remained above the nightmare of steel below. The loss of life was very large from this alone. A train had been pushed off going at full speed north on Second Avenue near Twentieth, and the flames which burned the whole of the district seemed to begin from the wreckage.

The great buildings were not destroyed; none had been very close to the blast. But they were not unharmed. The Metropolitan Life Tower was the worst damaged. The steelwork stood unharmed nearly to the top, though it was badly twisted where a ten-story wall section had come down into the street.

The interior partitions from the sixteenth floor and up were gone, and even some floors had failed, leaving a kind of half-filled honeycomb above the twentieth floor. More than 50 people managed to clamber down from the wreck. It is known that 18 of the radiation deaths recorded later in St. Louis hospitals were of people who had been in the higher floors when the bomb struck.

The people below the tenth floor were not fatally injured for the most part. Fractures and lacerations from glass were the principal cause of injury. But a good many

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Philip Morrison left the physics department of the University of Illinois to work on the atomic bomb project at the University of Chicago, at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and in the Mariannas. At the request of the War Department he went to Japan to investigate the effects of the atom bomb explosion in Hiroshima. He is now professor of physics at Cornell University.

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hundreds of people from the south side of the building died two or three weeks after the blast from radiation. Among them was a well known aeronautical engineer who had managed to remain uninjured by flash burn or blast. He bravely worked the whole day in a rescue party. The bad nauseous symptoms which he underwent at 6 o'clock caused him to seek hospitalization in Philadelphia, where he died in 12 days.

The Empire State Building, nearly a mile away, suffered strikingly little damage. The radio structures and external ornament were swept clean. The windows of course were shattered and much damage was done to light partitions. The flash scorched papers and window screens, and set fires going in all offices on the side facing the blast.

For months after the blast the high tower seemed to stand defiantly at the upper edge of the vanished district, but the building was useless except in the very lowest floors. The tenants had not fared so well as its steel and concrete frame; the great dressing stations established in the corridors and rooms of the first five floors handled many of them, and sent many of them to the Police Department's common graves.

The underground world of the city had been relatively safe. When the power failed on the lower east side of Manhattan because of the destruction of transformer substations, subway power alone was restorable. Lexington Avenue gratings collapsed, but the greater number of subway passengers and crews escaped. A few hundred were trampled in a panic at the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and one train piled into the wreckage below ground near the aiming point.

The nearness of Bellevue Hospital to the blast—half a mile—was tragic. The long brick walls collapsed. Only a few patients survived. Doctors and nurses had no time to salvage even the carefully prepared emergency supplies. Fire attacked the ruin, and the scenes which followed are indescribable.

There were many stories of unbelievable good fortune. One man, a glassblower apprentice, was walking along Lexington Avenue south to Twenty-fourth Street. He described the great flash, but he was protected from the direct view by the corner building. The blast knocked him down, but no heavy object hit him and he escaped without serious injury. All day and night he worked, pulling people from the wreckage. Though he was only a few hundred yards from the point below the point of impact, he suffered no symptoms of radiation injury. He was the only person on the streets within a 10-block radius who is known to have survived without serious injury.

The most tragic of all stories of the disaster is that of the radiation casualties. Most of them came from the streets between the river and Fifth Avenue. They were all lucky people. Most of them had had remarkable escapes from fire, from flash burns, from falling buildings. The people around them had never gotten away, but they had crawled from the wreckage.

They were all lucky, as they said. Some were dramatically uninjured,

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like the aeronautical engineer. But they all died. They died in the hospitals of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rochester and St. Louis in the three weeks following the bombing. They died of unstoppable internal hemorrhages, of wildfire infections, of slow oozing of the blood into the flesh. They were relatively few in number—doctors argued for months about their census—but it was certainly 20,000, and it may have been many more.

Homes and offices were badly damaged as far away as Fifty-seventh Street and Fulton Market, and across both rivers. Every block had collapsed brick structures. There were not many windows intact on Manhattan Island, and there were many thousands of people wearing the face dressings that marked the target of glass splinters.

The rerouting of traffic, the repair of the telephone and electrical and water systems, had its effect on the economic life of the whole city. The loss of one-tenth of the city's people and property was enough to lessen the work of New York by half. People moved away and tried to forget.

The statistics were never very accurate. About 300,000 were killed, all agreed. At least 200,000 had been buried or cremated by crews of volunteer police and of the Army division sent in. Others were still in the ruins, or burned to vapor and ash. As many again were seriously injured. They clogged the hospitals of the East and turned many a Long Island and New Jersey resort that summer into a hospital town.

There was no one of the city's 8,000,000 who had not his story to tell. The man who saw the blast through the netting of the monkey cage in Central Park, and bore for days on the unnatural ruddy tan of his face the white imprint of the shadow of the netting, was famous. Amateurs who collected radioactive souvenirs from the strong patch of radioactivity which sickened Greenwich Villagers were matched by those who found scorched shadow patterns in the wallpaper and plasterboard of wrecked homes.

New York City had thus suffered under one bomb, and the story is unreal in only one way: the bombs will never again, as in Japan, come in ones or twos. They will come in hundreds, even in thousands. In this kind of warfare, the cities of men on earth will perish.

II. There Is No Defense

by LOUIS RIDENOUR

PROJECTING INTO THE future what we learned regarding air defense in the war just past, we must first consider whether it is necessary to shoot atomic bombs down in order to render them ineffective. Is there not some specific countermeasure which would keep the bomb from exploding or cause it to explode harmlessly far from its target? Many authorities and semi-authorities, including the House Naval Affairs Committee, have made public statements which encourage this hope.

All such statements are dangerous because of the mistaken complacency they can engender. There

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is no such thing as a specific countermeasure against an atomic bomb. For that matter, there is no specific countermeasure against an old-fashioned chemical explosive such as TNT. All explosives, including atomic explosives, go off when set off by their detonating mechanism, which are made tamper-proof.

Many misleading statements about hopeful countermeasures have been made by honest men who have no desire to mislead. Their reasoning goes like this: it is assumed that the detonator of the bomb, or the steering mechanism of the vehicle which carries it, or some other vital device connected with the bomb, takes a certain form. A means is then devised for interfering with the operation of this device. But the inventor of the countermeasure forgets entirely that if the enemy does not make use of exactly the device imagined, his idea is useless.

Take a specific example. The atomic bombs dropped on Japan were caused to explode about 1,500 feet in the air. The fuse may have been connected either to a barometric switch, set to close at an air pressure corresponding to the desired altitude, or to a radar altimeter. If an enemy used bombs equipped with a radar altimeter, we *might* be able to send out interfering radio signals which would set off the bomb at a higher altitude. If he used a barometric altimeter, there is nothing we could do about it.

The V-1 flying bomb used against England was a good example of a weapon that did not lend itself to any countermeasure except direct interception. The pained disappointment this caused the countermeasure experts was nothing to that caused by the properties of the V-2. When V-2's began to land in London, the experts spent a good deal of hazardous flying time in the vicinity of the launching sites, hoping to pick up and identify radio-control signals as a preliminary to jamming them.

But, as with the V-1, there was no radio control; the Germans were simply firing V-2's at the target and hoping for the best. There was no countermeasure short of winning the war, which luckily was done. But there would not have been time to win the war if the V-weapons had had atomic heads.

IN THE LIGHT OF everything we know about the atomic bomb, there is no such thing as a specific countermeasure. We are faced, then, with the problem of mounting an active defense against the carriers of atomic bombs, which may come without warning. What are our chances of success? They are vanishingly small.

To understand why, we shall have to look into the character of the defenses. The problem separates itself into four main parts—detection, identification, course prediction and interception.

Detection will certainly be accomplished by radar, for there is no other tool that can be relied on under all conditions of visibility at all times. The best of the search radar with which we finished the war could see a single heavy bomber some 200 miles away and

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covered a region of space extending up to 40,000 feet. Radar equipment for atomic defense will have to provide coverage over the entire upper hemisphere, for high-angle projectiles derived from the V-2 rocket must be detected.

It will not be enough to install radar simply around the coasts and borders of our country. We shall have to defend St. Louis by nearby installations, for the arching trajectory of a long-range rocket could bring it across the coast at an altitude of hundreds of miles—where it would be extremely difficult to pick up—and guide it to its inland target undetected, unless there were inland radar installations.

Proper coverage would probably demand that about 250 long-range installations be operated on a 24-hour basis. The crew for each installation would be about 200 men; the cost of a single installation would be about $1,500,000. We should thus have to spend $375,000,000 to make these installations and employ some 50,000 men in operating them.

But our principal difficulty then would be an embarrassment of riches; for radar detects friend and foe alike. In the war just past a special radar beacon, which gave a coded reply to a specific challenge, was originally meant to be carried in every ship and aircraft of the United Nations. This equipment was called IFF (Identification of Friend and Foe). It was an abject operational failure. The main troubles arose from heavy traffic—when many aircraft were in the view of a single radar set.

For future defense we shall have to supplement our radar chain with an IFF system which will be quick and reliable in detecting atomic missiles while they are still 100 or 200 miles from their target, and of recognizing that they are not friendly. But even then, we are faced with the problem of destroying them before they have come dangerously close.

In the air defense of World War II this was done either by piloted fighter aircraft or by artillery shells. In either case such interception was preceded by a course prediction, performed for antiaircraft artillery by an electrical computer. It was performed for the fighter either by the pilot himself, if visibility permitted, or by a ground controller who watched the radar plots of both enemy and friendly craft.

Since the device used for course prediction depends fundamentally on the device used for interception, we can consider the two problems of course prediction and interception together. What sort of vehicle will be used as a defensive intercepter against the atomic bomb? It seems certain that it will be neither the piloted fighter nor the

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Louis N. Ridenour, professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, was one of a small group of physicists summoned by the National Research Committee to set up the Radiation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There, as assistant director of the laboratory, he had charge of the development of several types of radar. In 1944 he served in Europe as radar adviser to General Spaatz. Professor Ridenour returned this year to the University of Pennsylvania.

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conventional antiaircraft shell, for both were already obsolete by the end of the past war.

Faced with this problem, it seems most likely that our military designers will develop a vehicle launched at high speed in accordance with a predicted target position (like a shell), and that has motive power, flight controls and a target-seeking mechanism (like a piloted fighter). All this can be done. We can conceive of a missile that might be fired from a sort of gun, propelled by a rocket charge or other means during later flight, and caused to find its target by radar or other target-seeking means. Perhaps an atomic warhead would also be used on new defensive missiles to increase their radius of effectiveness.

This completes the picture of our possible active defenses. We should have to install a radar chain for search and warning, we should have to be very clever in our design of new IFF equipment, we should have to spend a great deal of ingenuity in the design of a homing antiaircraft rocket missile. But—let's do it! If we dare not put our trust in any magical countermeasure, then let's concentrate on an airtight defense. Why be pessimistic? Why is this chapter headed "There Is No Defense?"

The answer is that a war, or even a new phase of a war already in progress, *always* starts with a Pearl Harbor attack. In a war involving old-fashioned explosives, we have called what happened while we were getting our guard up a "disaster," but we survived it and went on to fight. In an atomic war the first attack,no matter how well prepared for it we may be, will *really* be a disaster. Such an attack is quite likely to end the war, if we have a practical, ingenious and determined enemy.

For, regardless of our state of preparedness for an atomic bomb attack, it is likely that the initial effectiveness of any defense we may prepare will be small. We never anticipate the exact character of the actual attack nor the defense strategy best adapted to meet it.

If an atomic-bomb attack does not devastate its target in the early days of low defense efficiency, the maximum efficiency that can be expected when the defenders are experienced is around 90 per cent.

But with atomic explosives, 90 per cent efficiency is definitely too low to afford adequate protection. The destructive effect of the remaining 10 per cent of incoming missiles penetrating the defenses would be great enough to wipe out the target. Hence, even though the attack were carried out on a modest scale, *there is no defense.*

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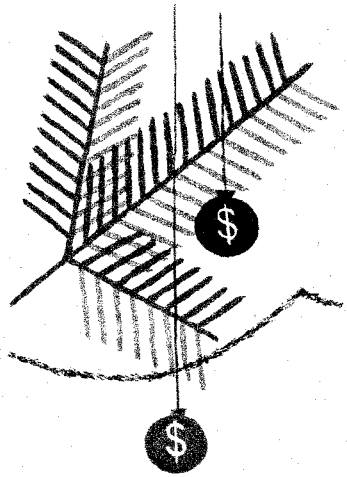

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Cover Girl: Maggie Long, 21-year-old art student, left her native Philadelphia for New York, where she became a Powers Model. Next she was called to Hollywood for the usual screen test. The result will determine her choice of a career. KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

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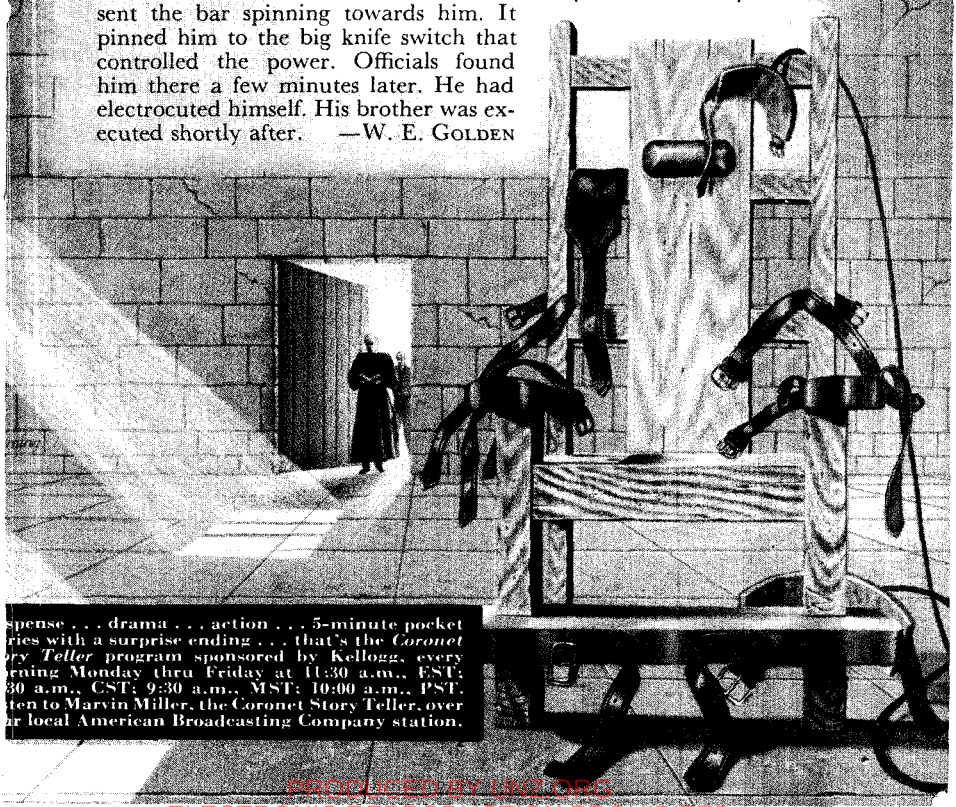
The Twins of Fate

GENE TRUMBULL and Bill Moddox were twin brothers. Both had landed in a Southern prison for different crimes, Moddox under an assumed name. He was doing a fifty-year stretch for armed robbery and was sent to work in the prison power plant.

Trumbull had been convicted of murder and sentenced to die. Led by two stalwart prison guards, he shuffled through the little green door at 9 o'clock on the appointed day. As the warden read the death warrant, the lights overhead winked once and went out, leaving the death chamber in total darkness. "Take the man back to his cell," the warden ordered. "Something's gone wrong."

And something had. Unlike other prisons, executions in that one depended solely on the power from the prison plant. One week before the date set for the execution Moddox managed to put emery dust in the lubricants of the generator in the hope of burning out the bearings. At 8 o'clock that morning, while preparations were being made to execute his brother, he saw that the bearings of the generator were smoking. Would they burn out in time?

Moddox waited until almost 9 o'clock, then he grabbed a huge crowbar and heaved it into the massive flywheel. The flywheel sent the bar spinning towards him. It pinned him to the big knife switch that controlled the power. Officials found him there a few minutes later. He had electrocuted himself. His brother was executed shortly after. —W. E. GOLDEN



spense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket
ries with a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet*
ry Teller program sponsored by Kellogg, every
rning Monday thru Friday at 11:30 a.m., EST;
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ten to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller, over
r local American Broadcasting Company station.

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O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

— Helen Hunt Jackson

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